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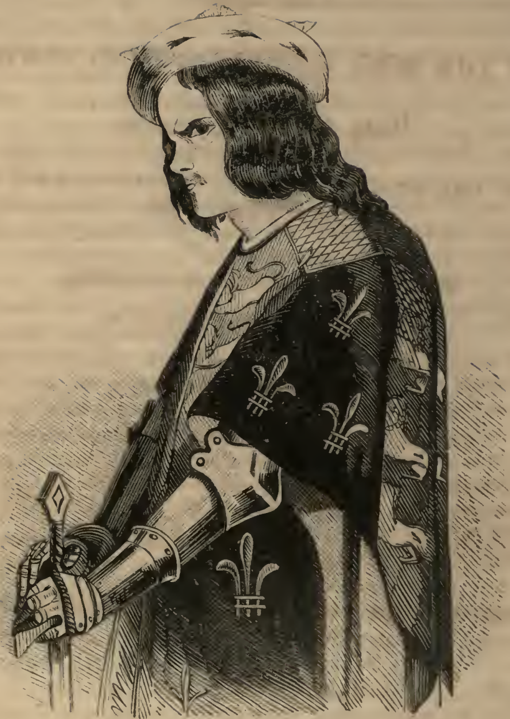

MR. CHARLES KEAN

As Richard III.

L.E.C
S245m

# THE
# MODERN STANDARD DRAMA:

A COLLECTION

OF THE MOST POPULAR ACTING PLAYS,

With Critical Remarks,

*ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, CAST OF CHARACTERS, ETC.*

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &C.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING

THE STRANGER,
GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD,
RICHARD III.,
LOVE'S SACRIFICE,
THE GAMESTER,
CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE,
THE HUNCHBACK,
DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

NEW YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

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1846.

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# MEMOIR OF CHARLES KEAN.

Charles Kean was born on the eighteenth of January, 1811, in the city of Waterford, Ireland. His father, the celebrated Edmund Kean, was at the time one of the company of actors attached to the Waterford theatre, among whom was also Sheridan Knowles, afterwards made famous by the production of "Virginius," "The Hunchback," &c. Charles had an elder brother, named Howard, for whom he has been sometimes mistaken; but who died of water on the brain, at Dorchester, a short time before his father appeared at Drury Lane in February, 1814. Howard performed occasionally with his father; but we have not heard that he ever attained an independent reputation.

The subject of our memoir was seven years at a school, preparatory for Eton College, under the charge of the Rev. E. Polehampton, at Greenford, near Harrow. The number of scholars at this seminary was limited, and they were composed principally of noblemen's sons In June, 1824, he was sent to Eton; where he was placed as high as the rules of the institution, having reference to age, would allow Boating and cricket are the two great amusements of the Etonians in summer; and Charles Kean became so expert a leader in the aquatic sport, that he was chosen Second Captain of the "Long Boats," as they are called—no insignificant honor in Etonian eyes. Under the tuition of the celebrated Angelo, he also won distinction as an accomplished fencer.

The fortunes of the elder Kean had for some time been darkening and now a crisis approached. Charles had attained an honorable position at Eton, when, towards the end of July, 1827, he was taken from the College; and here the most eventful period of his history begins. The Hon. Mr. Calcraft, a member of Parliament, and one of the most active members of the Drury Lane Committee of that day, had offered to procure for him a commission in the East India army. The father thought the offer too eligible to be declined, and gave his son notice that he had accepted it, ordering him to make instant preparations for his departure. But Charles did not forget that he had a mother.

Mrs. Kean had at that time been separated some two or three years from her husband. She was in a broken, pitiable state of health—helpless as an infant—and without a single relative to whom she could look for succor or consolation. Under these circumstances, Charles sought an interview with his father, that he might satisfy himself of his intention and ability in regard to placing her beyond the reach of want. But Edmund Kean was then so precariously situated, that he was living to-day on the earnings of yesterday; and Charles, on finding that his father no longer had it in his power to settle on her any income that could be regarded as certain, though ever so scanty, respectfully but decidedly told him that he would not leave England while his mother lived, and declined the kind offer of Mr. Calcraft. This answer excited the anger of the elder Kean to the highest pitch. He withheld *all* allowance from both mother and son, and for some time refused to have anything to do with either.

A misunderstanding arose about this time between Edmund Kean and Mr. Price, the well-known American lessee of Drury Lane Theatre; and, for the first time, the great tragedian left his old theatrical home, and engaged with Mr. Charles Kemble at Covent Garden. Mr. Price having heard from Mr. Calcraft of the son's position, immediately made him an offer of £10 a week to appear at Drury Lane for a season. This offer Charles *was compelled by necessity to accept.* How little does the world know of the secret springs of our actions! How often does it give credit where it is not due. and deny it where it is most deserved! For this act he was called wilful, thankless, and disobedient—and all because he would not leave a helpless mother unprotected, who, if, during his absence, his father had died, might have starved in her bed!

The first appearance of young Kean on any stage took place at Drury Lane Theatre on the opening night of the season, October 1st, 1827. Young Norval, in Home's tragedy of Douglas, was his chosen character. Curiosity to see the son of the great actor, filled the vast theatre to overflowing. The disposition of the audience was most kind and encouraging; and from their verdict one would have inferred he had succeeded amply. The press, however, assailed him with bitterness; and if he had not had a soul above being dismayed by that potent but generally misdirected engine, he would have abandoned the stage in despair. Undoubtedly his performance, viewed in the most indulgent light, was an imperfect one; but the critics, instead of regarding it as the immature effort of a schoolboy, treated it as if it had been the attempt of a man, who had gone through the probation of a provincial apprenticeship.

The young aspirant to histrionic honors lingered at Drury Lane through the season, occasionally playing Norval, Selim in "Barbarossa," Frederick in "Lovers' Vows," and Lothair in "Adelgitha," when Mrs. Duff, the American actress, made her appearance. At length he left London for the provinces, that he might obtain the practice so much required.

During this tour, and while he was acting in Glasgow, his father was induced to receive him through the friendly intervention of the manager. Charles visited his father at the cottage where the latter was then residing in the Isle of Bute. This led to their acting together one night in the Glasgow theatre, the first of October, 1828. They appeared as Brutus and Titus in Howard Payne's tragedy of "Brutus." The house, as might be supposed, was crowded to excess on the occasion.

In January, 1829, the subject of this memoir returned to Drury Lane, and appeared as Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Phillips, who afterwards visited this country and married in New Orleans. But fortune did not seem to smile upon his efforts; and the press would not concede to his credit even the indication of a promise of future excellence. He continued attached to the theatre, but seldom appeared; and took the first opportunity of again visiting the provinces for the sake of hard study and practice. During the summer he acted in conjunction with his father in Cork and Dublin, appearing as Titus, Bassanio, Wellborn, Iago, Icilius, and Macduff.

The following October he accepted an offer from Mr. Morris, of the Haymarket theatre, to play six nights during the concluding fortnight of his season, for the sum of £20! He acted Romeo twice on the occasion to Miss F. H. Kelly's Juliet; Frederick, in "Lovers' Vows," twice; and on the fifth night appeared as Sir Edward Mortimer in the "Iron Chest," and, for the first time in his life, felt that he had succeeded. This play was repeated the closing night of the season to an overflowing and enthusiastic audience.

Hope had become almost extinct in the young actor's breast. He had studied hard—practised hard—but all to no avail. His spirit had been well nigh broken by the unmitigated abuse bestowed upon his efforts. The impression he made as Sir Edward Mortimer, however, was productive of a change in his favor; and the London press awarded him positive praise. He could scarcely believe it real.

Once more he scoured the provinces, to accomplish himself farther in all the resources of his art. An offer was made to him by Mr. Morris to return to the Haymarket for the whole of the following season; but he preferred trying his fortunes in the United States. He made his first appearance on the American stage at the Park Theatre, on or about the first of September, 1830, in the character of Richard III. His reception was most hearty; and the greatest kindness and encouragement were everywhere extended to his professional efforts. His hopes began to revive. It was no small triumph for a boy not yet twenty years old, to gain anything like a footing in the higher walks of the Drama. In Richard III., Sir Edward Mortimer, Sir Giles Overreach, and Reuben Glenroy, he drew excellent houses, and attained an enduring American reputation. He even played Master Walter, in the Hunchback; and it is generally admitted that the part has never been so effectively personated in this country.

In January, 1833, the still youthful actor returned to England; and as if to prepare him for a cold reception, he tumbled into the water on landing at Portsmouth; but he received no serious detriment from the casualty. Immediately after his arrival in London, he was engaged at Covent Garden by Monsieur Laporte, at a salary of £30 per week. Contrary to the wish of the management, he made it a stipulation that he should open in Sir Edward Mortimer—impressed as he was with the belief that his success in that character at the Haymarket in 1829, was a guarantee that his efforts would not be less acceptable in the same part on the present occasion. But he had only acted ten nights, when his father was engaged by Laporte, and appeared in the month of March as Shylock. The great tragedian was now the mere wreck of his former self; and his feebleness was painfully apparent. His second character was Othello—Charles playing Iago, and Miss Ellen Tree Desdemona. During the third act the father's prostration became more and more obvious; and, on the conclusion of his "Farewell," as he uttered "Othello's occupation's gone," he sank upon his son's shoulder, and faltered out, "*Charles, I'm a dead man!*" One of the actors rushed on the stage, and assisted in leading him to his dressing-room. He lingered without suffering for six weeks, and died at Richmond, near London, at his residence adjoining the theatre, of which he was at the time the lessee. He died much involved in his pecuniary circumstances.

Shortly after the representation of Othello, Knowles's play of "The Wife" was produced. Charles Kean was the original Leonardo Gonzaga, and Miss Ellen Tree the Mariana—Knowles himself playing St.

Pierre. This piece ran for the remainder of the season. But Kean felt he had as yet made little or no impression, and resolved never again to act in London, until the managers of the leading London theatres should have sufficient confidence in his success to offer him a large nightly salary. He kept his resolve. The provinces once more became his field of action. Edinburgh and Dublin received him with great cordiality. In Edinburgh alone, for a four weeks' engagement, he received £1200 sterling. Hamlet was the chief attraction, and was acted twelve nights. Bath, Liverpool, Manchester, Exeter, and Plymouth, soon followed the example of Dublin and Edinburgh. In the summer of 1836 he visited his native city of Waterford, in Ireland, where the warm-hearted inhabitants gave him a public dinner, and presented him a vase worth £100. He found himself making rapid strides towards fame and fortune. He had hosts of influential friends, who placed him in the best society of every city he visited. The theatres were crowded whenever he acted; and his popularity in the provinces, before he took his position in London, enabled him to feel perfectly independent of the metropolis.

In 1837 Mr. Macready undertook the management of Covent Garden Theatre, and wrote to Mr. Kean to co-operate with him in his endeavors to revive the Drama. The latter gratefully declined his offer; for he felt that it could not be Mr. Macready's interest to place him in that position, at which he now aimed. He therefore accepted an offer made him by Mr. Bunn to act twenty nights at Drury Lane at a salary of £20 per night. He appeared as Hamlet on the 8th of January; and his whole engagement was one of the most prosperous in the annals of the theatre, as may be seen by reference to Bunn's "Book of the Stage," where a faithful transcript of the nightly receipts may be found. So rapidly did Mr. Kean now rise in the general estimation, that a public dinner was given him the following March in the saloon of Drury Lane Theatre, on which occasion he was presented with a magnificent vase valued at £200 sterling. Lord Morpeth would have presided, but was detained at the House of Commons: and the chair was consequently taken by the Vice President, the Marquis of Clanricarde.

After this season Mr. Kean had an engagement of forty nights at £50 per night, for five successive summers at the Haymarket theatre; but, at the close of the first summer, anxious once more to perform before that public who first had extended a liberal encouragement to his efforts, he again visited the United States. In September, 1839, he appeared at the National Theatre in Church street, New York, in the character of Hamlet. He was suffering at the time from an affection of the throat; and, on the fourth night, entirely broke down. The theatre was destroyed by fire soon after. This calamity, joined to an attack of bronchitis, induced him to visit the Havana, so that his sojourn on this side the Atlantic was anything but productive. On his return to the Haymarket Theatre in June, 1840, he added Macbeth for the first time in London to his *role*. It ran eighteen nights. The following season, "Romeo and Juliet" was produced in superb style under his direction—Miss Ellen Tree being the Juliet. On the 29th of the following January, 1842, he was married in Dublin to this estimable lady and excellent actress; and, on the return of the newly married pair to the Haymarket in the summer, they produced "As You Like It," "The Gamester" and "The Rose of Arragon."

The succeeding season Mr. Kean again engaged at Drury Lane under Mr. Bunn, and produced Richard in a style of unprecedented magnificence, with correct costumes and decorations. It had a great run.—After a provincial tour, he was induced a third time to visit America in the summer of 1845, in order that Mrs. Kean might bid farewell to the many kind friends she had made in this country. It is her intention, we learn, soon after their return to England, to take leave of the British public, and retire to Keydell, a small estate in Hampshire, which Mr. Kean purchased soon after his marriage, and there devote herself to the education of her little daughter, who has been residing with the mother of her husband.

The production of Richard at the Park Theatre in the early part of 1846 by Mr. Kean, was attended with a most encouraging degree of success. The costumes, the scenery, the banners and decorations, were all in a style of unwonted magnificence, and so correct, that the most fastidious antiquary could not find occasion to sneer. Mr. Kean's dresses were unusually rich and becoming. The portrait, which accompanies this memoir, though it does not do him justice, will give a pretty accurate idea of his appearance in the part.

It will be seen from our brief and imperfect memoir that Mr. Kean has had much to struggle against in his career; and his history presents new encouragements to young aspirants, of whatever art or profession. The towering reputation of his father was probably rather a disadvantage, as inviting invidious comparisons, than an assistance to him at the outset. But by the force of his genius and the steadiness of his perseverance he has made his way to a position in the public favor, where he is independent of the assaults of interested enemies. We rejoice to have it in our power to add, that his private qualities are of a character to grace his public success.

No. IX.

## MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

# THE STRANGER.

A Play.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY AUGUSTUS FREDERIC FERDINAND VON KOTZEBUE.

WITH STAGE DIRECTIONS, AND COSTUMES, MARKED AND CORRECTED
BY J. B. ADDIS, PROMPTER.

NEW YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR, No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.
BALTIMORE:
TAYLOR, WILDE, & CO., JARVIS BUILDINGS; AND WASHINGTON, D. C.
1846.

PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

# EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE *Stranger* was written by Kotzebue in the year 1787, during a period of severe illness. "Never before or since," he says, "did I feel such a rapid flow of ideas and imagery as during that period; and I believe it to be undeniable that by some kinds of illness, particularly those in which the irritation of the nerves is increased, the powers of the mind are abundantly elevated, *as diseased muscles alone produce pearls*."

Few dramatic works have ever been so much abused as this by the critics. Even in our own day, we continually hear it condemned as a mawkish combination of false sentiment, exaggerated passion and unnatural incident. And yet for more than half a century it has kept rooted possession of the stage in every city of Europe and America where the drama exists; and at the present time its popularity seems greater than ever, if we may judge from the frequency of its representation. It is therefore idle for the critics to storm and sneer. Time, the great umpire, and the popular heart, give them the lie. That interpretation of human passion cannot be wholly false, which awakens so many responses. The sentiment cannot be wholly mawkish or sickly, which, among various people and at various times, touches the deepest sensibilities of an audience.

It cannot be denied, however, that there is something repulsive in the terminating scene of this play as it exists in the original German, where the erring wife and the misanthropic husband are reconciled. It is but fair to give the author's own views on this subject. "Among other accusations that have been brought against me," he says, "it has been urged that I have not administered strict poetical justice in granting unqualified pardon to Eulalia (Mrs. Haller), and restoring so great a criminal to her station in society and to every joy of life. But no one seems to have considered the dreadful punishment she has necessarily incurred from the reflections upon her own misconduct, or to have examined whether any pardon could release her from those reflections, and whether a woman with such a mind, laboring under the pressure of a sullied conscience, could ever be happy again.

This is an ingenious, but by no means a satisfactory defence of Kotzebue's conception. The characters of both man and wife suffer in their reconciliation. At any sacrifice of her own feelings, Mrs. Haller should have saved her husband's honor from the profanation involved in that reconciliation; and he, like every man with a true reverence for the pure and beautiful in woman, should have shunned while he forgave the fascinating penitent. He loses our respect the moment he takes her again to his arms. Some of our best actors have been of this opinion; and on the American stage, the reconciliation scene is generally omitted, and the play is supposed to end with the catastrophe of the final separation of husband and wife.

There have been several English versions of the Stranger. The present one, which is the most approved, is by Benjamin Thompson, and has had the advantage of the emendations of Sheridan and John Philip Kemble. One of the most distinguished personators of the character of the Stranger was John Palmer, whose tragical death will always be remembered in connection with the history of this play. He was enacting the part of the hero on the Liverpool stage, and had exerted himself with great effect until, on uttering, in a tone of indescribable pathos, the words,

> "There is *another* and a *better* world,"

he seemed overpowered with emotion. He paused for the space of almost ten seconds as if waiting for the prompter to give him the word—then put out his right hand—heaved a convulsive sigh—fell, and never breathed after—dying apparently without a pang. The audience for some minutes supposed he was merely acting his part; but, on the truth being known, the excitement was intense, and the house was immediately cleared. Palmer had been suffering for some days from great depression of spirits occasioned by the loss of his wife and a favorite son.

A parallel instance to this is that of Peterson, the actor, who, in 1758, while playing the Duke in *Measure for Measure*, in an unusually masterly style, came to these words:

> "——— Reason thus with life:
> "If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
> "That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art"—

here he dropped into the arms of Mr. Moody, the Claudio of the evening, and never spoke more!

Augustus Von Kotzebue, the author of the "Stranger," was doomed at the age of fifty-eight to meet with a death quite as tragical as any he had imagined for the hero of his many dramas. The 23d of March, 1819, he was assassinated in his own house at Manheim by Karl Ludwig Sand, a political fanatic, who denounced his victim as a traitor to his country and a stipendiary of Russia. Two or three minutes before receiving his death-wound, Kotzebue was seated with his family. Some lady visitors entered the room, and after the usual compliments were exchanged, he remarked, while holding his youngest son, scarcely two months old, in his arms, "I was exactly the age of this child when my father died." The next moment Kotzebue was called out to see Sand, and, before many moments more had elapsed, his mortal career was terminated.

Of such coincidences we may say with Hamlet, "there is something *in them* more than *natural*, if philosophy could but find it out."

## COSTUMES.

**BARON STEINFORT.**—White body and pantaloons, with scarlet hussar cloak and sleeves, hanging over one shoulder; the whole trimmed with gold lace: hessian boots, cap and feathers.

**COUNT WINTERSEN.**—A green dress of the same make.

**STRANGER.**—Dark grey doublet and pantaloons, trimmed with black velvet ribbon; boots and slouch hat.

**FRANCIS.**—Drab-coloured doublet and pantaloons, russet boots, and round cap.

**SOLOMON.**—Brown coat, scarlet embroidered waistcoat, black velvet breeches, striped stockings, shoes, buckles, full curled powdered wig. Second dress: flowered satin suit.

**PETER.**—White cotton body, grey fly, and trunks, blue stockings, russet shoes, small round white hat, broad shirt collar. Second dress: flowered silk suit, and white stockings.

**TOBIAS.**—Dark drab or grey body, with trunks of same, blue stockings, cap, and shoes.

**COUNT'S SON.**—Light blue suit, silver buttons and sash, white stockings, shoes, and cap.

**WILLIAM, (THE STRANGER'S SON.)** Buff coloured dress, white stockings, shoes, sash, and cap.

**GEORGE.**
**HARRY.** } Drab or grey jerkins and trunks, blue stockings and shoes.

**COUNTESS.**—Travelling pelisse, hat and tassel. Second dress: white satin, richly trimmed.

**MRS. HALLER.**—Neat white muslin dress, very plainly trimmed, white lace head dress, confined in the centre of the forehead, and falling over the shoulders.

**CHARLOTTE.**—Blue or pink body, and white muslin petticoat, trimmed with same colour as the body.

◆

### EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* *M. D. Middle Door.*

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. *means Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre.*

*** *The reader is supposed to be on the stage, facing the Audience.*

# THE STRANGER.

## ACT I.

**Scene I.**—*The skirts of Count Wintersen's park.—The park gates in the centre.—On the* R. *side, a low lodge among the trees.—On the* L., *in the back-ground, a Peasant's hut.*

*Enter* Peter, L.

*Pet.* Pooh! pooh!—never tell me.—I'm a clever lad, for all father's crying out every minute, "Peter," and "stupid Peter!" But I say, Peter is not stupid, though father will always be so wise. First, I talk too much; then I talk too little; and if I talk a bit to myself, he calls me a driveller. Now I like best to talk to myself; for I never contradict myself, and I don't laugh at myself as other folks do. That laughing is often a plaguy teazing custom. To be sure, when Mrs. Haller laughs, one can bear it well enough; there is a sweetness even in her reproof, that somehow—But, lud! I had near forgot what I was sent about.—Yes, then they would have laughed at me indeed.—[*Draws a green purse from his pocket.*]—I am to carry this money to old Tobias; and Mrs. Haller said, I must be sure not to blab, or say that she had sent it. Well, well, she may be easy for that matter; not a word shall drop from my lips. Mrs. Haller is charming, but silly, if father is right; for father says, "He that spends his money is not wise," but "he that gives it away, is stark mad."

[*Going up to the Hut,* L. U. E.

*Enter the* STRANGER *from the Lodge,* R. U. E. *followed by* FRANCIS.—*At sight of Peter, the Stranger stops, looks suspiciously at him. Peter stands opposite to him, with his mouth wide open. At length he takes off his hat, scrapes a bow, and goes into the Hut,* L. U. E.

*Stra.* Who is that?

*Fra.* The steward's son.

*Stra.* Of the Castle?

*Fra.* Yes.

*Stra.* [*After a pause.*] You were—you were speaking last night—

*Fra.* Of the old countryman?

*Stra.* Ay.

*Fra.* You would not hear me out.

*Stra.* Proceed.

*Fra.* He is poor.

*Stra.* Who told you so?

*Fra.* Himself.

*Stra.* Ay, ay; he knows how to tell his story, no doubt.

*Fra.* And to impose, you think?

*Stra.* Right!

*Fra.* This man does not.

*Stra.* Fool!

*Fra.* A feeling fool is better than a cold skeptic.

*Stra.* False!

*Fra.* Charity begets gratitude.

*Stra.* False!

*Fra.* And blesses the giver more than the receiver.

*Stra.* True.

*Fra.* Well, sir. This countryman—

*Stra.* Has he complained to you?

*Fra.* Yes.

*Stra.* He who is really unhappy, never complains. [*Pauses.*] Francis, you have had means of education beyond your lot in life, and hence you are encouraged to attempt imposing on me:—but go on.

*Fra.* His only son has been taken from him.

*Stra.* Taken from him?

*Fra.* By the exigency of the times, for a soldier.

*Stra.* Ay!

*Fra.* The old man is poor.

*Stra.* 'Tis likely.

*Fra.* Sick and forsaken.

*Stra.* I cannot help him.

*Fra.* Yes.

*Stra.* How?

*Fra.* By money. He may buy his son's release.

*Stra.* I'll see him myself.

*Fra.* Do so.

*Stra.* But if he is an impostor!—

*Fra.* He is not.

*Stra.* In that hut?

*Fra.* In that hut. [*Stranger goes into the hut,* L. U. E.] A good master, though one almost loses the use of speech by living with him. A man kind and clear—though I cannot understand him. He rails against the whole world, and yet no beggar leaves his door unsatisfied. I have now lived three years with him, and yet I know not who he is. A hater of society, no doubt; but not by Providence intended to be so. Misanthropy in his head, not in his heart.

*Enter* PETER *and the* STRANGER *from the Hut,* L. U. E.

*Pet.* Pray walk on.

*Stra.* [*To Francis.*] Fool! [*Crosses to Francis.* So soon returned!

*Stra.* What should I do there?

*Fra.* Did you find it as I said?

*Stra.* This lad I found.

*Fra.* What has he to do with your charity?

*Stra.* The old man and he understand each other perfectly well. (*Crosses to* R.

*Fra.* How?

*Stra.* What were this boy and the countryman doing?

*Fra.* [*Smiling, and shaking his head.*] Well, you shall hear. [*To Peter.*] Young man, what were you doing in that hut?

*Pet.* Doing!—Nothing.

*Fra.* Well, but you could not go there for nothing?

*Pet.* And why not, pray?—But I did go there for nothing, though.—Do you think one must be paid for everything?—If Mrs. Haller were to give me but a smiling look, I'd jump up to my neck in the great pond for nothing.

*Fra.* It seems then Mrs. Haller sent you ?

*Pet.* Yes she did—But I'm not to mention it to anybody.

*Fra.* Why so ?

*Pet.* How should I know ? "Look you," says Mrs. Haller, "Master Peter, be so good as not to mention it to anybody." [*With much consequence*] "Master Peter, be so good"—Hi ! hi ! hi !—"Master Peter, be so"—Hi ! hi ! hi !—

*Fra.* Oh ! that is quite a different thing. Of course you must be silent then.

*Pet.* I know that ; and so I am too. For I said to old Tobias—says I, "Now, you're not to think as how Mrs. Haller sent this money ; for she told me not to say a word about that as long as I live," says I.

*Fra.* There you were very right. Did you carry him much money ?

*Pet.* I don't know ; I did'nt count it. It was in a bit of a green purse. Mayhap it may be some little matter that she has scraped together in the last fortnight ?

*Fra.* And why just in the last fortnight.

*Pet.* Because about a fortnight since, I carried him some money before.

*Fra.* From Mrs. Haller ?

*Pet.* Ay, sure ; who else, think you ? Father's not such a fool. He says it is our bounden duty as Christians, to take care of our money, and not give anything away, especially in summer ; for then, says he, there's herbs and roots enough in conscience to satisfy all the reasonable hungry poor. But I say, father's wrong, and Mrs. Haller right.

*Fra.* Yes, yes.—But this Mrs. Haller seems a strange woman, Peter ?

*Pet.* Ay, at times she is plaguy odd. Why she'll sit and cry you a whole day through, without any one knowing why, or wherefore. And somehow or other, whenever she cries I always cry too—without knowing why or wherefore.

*Fra.* [*To the Stranger.*] Are you satisfied ?

*Stra.* Rid me of that babbler.

*Fra.* Good day, Master Peter.

*Pet.* You're not going yet, are you?

*Fra.* Mrs. Haller will be waiting for an answer.

*Pet.* So she will. And I have another place or two to call at. [*Takes off his hat to the Stranger.*] Servant, sir!

*Stra.* Pshaw!

*Pet.* Pshaw! What—he's angry. [*Peter turns to Francis in a half whisper.*] He's angry, I suppose, because he can get nothing out of me.

*Fra.* It almost seems so.

*Pet.* Ay, I'd have him to know I'm no blab! [*Exit,* L.

*Fra.* Now, Sir!

*Stra.* What do you want?

*Fra.* Were you not wrong, sir?

*Stra.* Hem! Wrong? [*Crosses,* L.

*Fra.* Can you still doubt?

*Stra.* I'll hear no more! Who is this Mrs. Haller? Why do I always follow her path? Go where I will, whenever I try to do good, she has always been before me.

*Fra.* You should rejoice at that.

*Stra.* Rejoice!

*Fra.* Surely! that there are other good and charitable people in the world beside yourself.

*Stra.* Oh, yes!

*Fra.* Why not seek to be acquainted with her? I saw her yesterday in the garden up at the Castle. Mr. Solomon, the steward, says she has been unwell, and confined to her room almost ever since we have been here. But one would not think it to look at her; for a more beautiful creature I never saw.

*Stra.* So much the worse. Beauty is a mask.

*Fra.* In her it seems a mirror of the soul. Her charities——

*Stra.* Talk not to me of her charities. All women wish to be conspicuous:—in town by their wit; in the country by their heart.

*Fra.* 'Tis immaterial in what way good is done.

*Stra.* No; 'tis not immaterial.

*Fra.* To this poor old man, at least.

*Stra.* He needs no assistance of mine.

*Fra.* His most urgent wants, indeed, Mrs. Haller may have relieved; but whether she has, or could have given as much as would purchase liberty for the son, the prop of his age—

*Stra.* Silence! I will not give him a doit! [*Crosses*, R.] You interest yourself very warmly in his behalf. Perhaps you are to be a sharer in the gift.

*Fra.* Sir, sir, that did not come from your heart.

*Stra.* [*Recollecting himself.*] Forgive me!

*Fra.* My poor master! How must the world have used you, before it could have instilled this hatred of mankind, this constant doubt of honesty and virtue!

*Stra.* Leave me to myself!

[*Throws himself on a seat*, R. U. E.*; takes from his pocket "Zimmerman on Solitude," and reads.*

*Fra.* [*Aside, surveying him.*] Again reading! Thus it is from morning till night. To him nature has no beauty; life no charm. For three years I have never seen him smile. [*Tobias enters from the hut.*] What will be his fate at last? Nothing diverts him. Oh, if he would but attach himself to any living thing! Were it but an animal—for something man must love.

TOBIAS *advances*, L.

*Tob.* Oh! how refreshing, after seven long weeks, to feel these warm sun-beams once again! Thanks! thanks! bounteous Heaven, for the joy I taste.

[*Presses his cap between his hands, looks up and prays.*—
[*The Stranger observes him attentively.*

*Fra.* [*To the Stranger.*] This old man's share of earthly happiness can be but little; yet mark how grateful he is for his portion of it.

*Stra.* Because, though old, he is but a child in the leading strings of Hope.

*Fra.* Hope is the nurse of life.

*Stra.* And her cradle is the grave.

[*Tobias replaces his cap.—Francis crosses behind to* L.

*Fra.* I wish you joy. I am glad to see you are so much recovered.

*Tob.* Thank you. Heaven, and the assistance of a kind lady, have saved me for another year or two.

*Fra.* How old are you, pray?

*Tob.* Fourscore and four. To be sure, I can expect but little joy before I die. Yet, there is another and a better world.

*Fra.* To the unfortunate, then, death is scarce an evil?

*Tob.* And am I so unfortunate? Do I not enjoy this glorious morning? Am I not in health again? Believe me, sir, he, who, leaving the bed of sickness, for the first time breathes the fresh pure air, is, at that moment, the happiest of his Maker's creatures.

*Fra.* Yet 'tis a happiness that fails upon enjoyment.

*Tob.* True; but less so in old age. Some sixty years ago, my father left me this cottage. I was a strong lad; and took an honest wife. Heaven blessed my farm with rich crops, and my marriage with five children. This lasted nine or ten years. Two of my children died. I felt it sorely. The land was afflicted with a famine. My wife assisted me in supporting our family; but four years after she left our dwelling for a better place. And of my five children, only one son remained. This was blow upon blow. It was long before I regained my fortitude. At length, resignation and religion had their effect. I again attached myself to life. My son grew, and helped me in my work. Now the State has called him away to bear a musket. This is to me a loss indeed. I can work no more. I am old and weak; and true it is, but for Mrs. Haller, I must have perished.

*Fra.* Still, then, life has charms for you?

*Tob.* Why not, while the world holds anything that's dear to me? Have not I a son?

*Fra.* Who knows that you will ever see him more? He may be dead.

*Tob.* Alas! he may. But as long as I am not sure of it, he lives to me. And, if he falls, 'tis in his country's cause. Nay, should I lose him, still I should not wish to die. Here is the hut in which I was born. Here is the tree that grew with me; and, I am almost ashamed to confess it—I have a dog which I love.

[*Stranger rises and advances,* R.

*Fra.* A dog!

*Tob.* Yes!—Smile, if you please: but hear me. My benefactress once came to my hut herself, some time before you fixed here. The poor animal, unused to see the form of elegance and beauty enter the door of penury, growled at her.—"I wonder you keep that surly, ugly animal, Mr. Tobias," said she; "you who have hardly food enough for yourself."—"Ah, madam," I replied, "and if

I part with him, are you sure that anything else will love me?"—She was pleased with my answer.

*Fra.* [*To Stranger.*] Excuse me, sir; but I wish you had listened.

*Stra.* I have listened. [*Crosses*, C.

*Fra.* Then sir, I wish you would follow this poor old man's example.

*Stra.* Here; take this book and lay it on my desk. [*Francis goes into the Lodge with the book.*] How much has this MRS. Haller given you?

*Tob.* Oh, sir, she has given me so much that I can look towards winter without fear.

*Stra.* No more?

*Tob.* What could I do with more?—Ah! true; I might—

*Stra.* I know it.—You might buy your son's release.—There! [*Presses a purse into his hand, and exit*, R.

*Tob.* What's all this? [*Opens the purse, and finds it full of gold.*] Merciful heaven!

*Enter* FRANCIS *from the Lodge, just in time to see the Stranger give the purse.*

—Now look, sir: is confidence in Heaven unrewarded?

*Fra.* I wish you joy! My master gave you this?

*Tob.* Yes, your noble master. Heaven reward him!

*Fra.* Just like him. He sent me with his book, that no one might be witness to his bounty.

*Tob.* He would not even take my thanks. He was gone before I could speak.

*Fra.* Just his way.

*Tob.* Now I'll go as quick as these old legs will bear me. What a delightful errand! I go to release my Robert! How the lad will rejoice! There is a girl, too, in the village, that will rejoice with him. O, Providence, how good art thou! [*Exit*, L.

### SCENE II.—*An Antichamber in Wintersen Castle.*

*Enter* SUSAN, R. *meeting* GEORGE, L.

*Susan.* Why, George! Harry! Where have you been loitering? Put down these things. Mrs. Haller has been calling for you this half hour.

*Geo.* Well, here I am, then. What does she want with me?

*Susan.* That she will tell you herself. Here she comes.

*Enter* MRS. HALLER, *with a letter:* HANNAH *following*, R.

*Mrs. H.* Very well; if those things are done, let the drawing room be made ready immediately.—[*Exeunt Maids*, R.] And, George, run immediately into the park, and tell Mr. Solomon I wish to speak with him. [*Exit George*, L.] I cannot understand this. I do not learn whether their coming to this place be but the whim of a moment, or a plan for a longer stay! If the latter, farewell, solitude! Farewell, study!—farewell!—Yes, I must make room for gaiety, and mere frivolity. Yet could I willingly submit to all: but should the Countess give me new proofs of her attachment, perhaps of her respect, Oh! how will my conscience upbraid me! Or if this seat be visited by company, and chance should conduct hither any of my former acquaintance—Alas! alas! how wretched is the being who fears the sight of any one fellow-creature! But, oh! superior misery! to dread still more the presence of a former friend!—[*Peter knocks*, L.] Who's there?

*Enter* PETER, L.

*Pet.* Nobody. It's only me.

*Mrs. H.* So soon returned?

*Pet.* Sharp lad, an't I! On the road I've had a bit of talk too, and—

*Mrs. H.* But you have observed my directions?

*Pet.* Oh, yes, yes:—I told old Tobias as how he would never know, as long as he lived, that the money came from you.

*Mrs. H.* You found him quite recovered, I hope?

*Pet.* Ay, sure did I. He's coming out to-day, for the first time.

*Mrs. H.* I rejoice to hear it.

*Pet.* He said that he was obliged to you for all; and before dinner would crawl up to thank you.

*Mrs. H.* Good Peter, do me another service.

*Pet.* Ay, a hundred, if you'll only let me have a good long stare at you.

*Mrs. H.* With all my heart! Observe when old Tobias comes, send him away. Tell him I am busy, or asleep, or unwell, or what you please.

*Pet.* I will, I will.

*Sol.* [*Without.*] There, there, go to the post-office.

*Mrs. H.* Oh! here comes Mr. Solomon.

*Pet.* What! Father? Ay, so there is. Father's a main clever man:—he knows what's going on all over the world.

*Mrs. H.* No wonder; for you know he receives as many letters as a prime minister and all his secretaries.

*Enter* SOLOMON, L.—*Peter crosses behind*, L.

*Sol.* Good morning, good morning to you, Mrs. Haller. It gives me infinite pleasure to see you look so charmingly well. You have had the goodness to send for your humble servant. Any news from the Great City? There are very weighty matters in agitation. I have had my letters, too.

*Mrs. H.* (*Smiling.*) I think, Mr. Solomon, you must correspond with the four quarters of the globe.

*Sol.* Beg pardon, not with the whole world, Mrs. Haller; but, [*consequentially,*] to be sure, I have correspondents, on whom I can rely, in the chief cities of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

*Mrs. H.* And yet I have my doubts whether you know what is to happen this very day, at this very place.

*Sol.* At this very place! Nothing material. We meant to have sown a little barley to-day, but the ground is too dry; and the sheep-shearing is not to be till to-morrow.

*Pet.* No, nor the bull-baiting till—

*Sol.* Hold your tongue, blockhead! Get about your business.

*Pet.* Blockhead! There again! I suppose I'm not to open my mouth. [*To Mrs. H.*] Good bye! [*Exit*, R.

*Mrs. H.* The Count will be here to-day.

*Sol.* How! What!

*Mrs. H.* With his lady, and his brother-in-law, Baron Steinfort.

*Sol.* My letters say nothing of this. You are laughing at your humble servant.

*Mrs. H.* You know, sir, I'm not much given to jesting.

*Sol.* Peter! (*Crosses*, R.) Good lack-a-day! His Right

Honourable Excellency the Count Wintersen, and her Honourable Excellency the Countess Wintersen, and his Honourable Lordship Baron Steinfort,—and, Lord have mercy! nothing in proper order!—Here, Peter! Peter!

*Enter* PETER, R.

*Pet.* Well, now, what's the matter again?

*Sol.* Call all the house together, directly! Send to the gamekeeper: tell him to bring some venison. Tell Rebecca to uncase the furniture, and take the covering from the Venetian looking-glasses, that her Right Honourable Ladyship the Countess may look at her gracious countenance; and tell the cook to let me see him without loss of time; and tell John to catch a brace or two of carp. And tell—and tell—and tell—tell Frederick to friz my Sunday wig. Mercy on us—tell—There—Go! [*Exit Peter*, R.] Heavens and earth! So little of the new furnishing of this old castle is completed!—Where are we to put his Honourable Lordship the Baron?

*Mrs. H.* Let him have the little chamber at the head of the stairs; it is a neat room, and commands a beautiful prospect.

*Sol.* Very right, very right. [*Crosses*, L.] But that room has always been occupied by the Count's private secretary. Suppose—Hold, I have it! You know the little lodge at the end of the park: we can thrust the secretary in that.

*Mrs. H.* You forget, Mr. Solomon; you told me that the Stranger lived there.

*Sol.* Pshaw! What have we to do with the Stranger? Who told him to live there? He must turn out.

*Mrs. H.* That would be unjust; for you said that you let the dwelling to him, and by your own account he pays well for it.

*Sol.* He does, he does. But nobody knows who he is. The devil himself can't make him out. To be sure, I lately received a letter from Spain, which informed me that a spy had taken up his abode in this country, and from the description—

*Mrs. H.* A spy! Ridiculous! Everything I have heard bespeaks him to be a man who may be allowed to dwell any where. His life is solitude and silence.

*Sol.* So it is.

*Mrs. H.* You tell me, too, he does much good.

*Sol.* That he does.

*Mrs. H.* He hurts nothing: not the worm in his way.

*Sol.* That he does not.

*Mrs. H.* He troubles no one?

*Sol.* True, true!

*Mrs. H.* Well, what do you want more?

*Sol.* I want to know who he is. If the man would only converse a little, one might have an opportunity of *pumping;* but if one meets him in the lime walk, or by the river, it is nothing but "Good morrow;" and off he marches. Once or twice I have contrived to edge in a word: "Fine day"—"Yes." "Taking a little exercise, I perceive?"—"Yes"—and off again like a shot. The devil take such close fellows, say I. And, like master like man—not a syllable do I know of that mumps, his servant, except that his name is Francis.

*Mrs. H.* You are putting yourself into a passion, and quite forget who are expected.

*Sol.* So I do—mercy on us! There now, you see what misfortunes arise from not knowing people.

*Mrs. H.* 'Tis near twelve o'clock! If his lordship has stolen an hour from his usual sleep, the family must soon be here. I go to my duty: you will attend to yours, Mr. Solomon. [*Exit,* R.

*Sol.* Yes, I'll look after my duty, never fear. There goes another of the same class. Nobody knows who she is, again. However, thus much I do know of her, that her Right Honourable Ladyship the Countess, all at once, popped her into the house, like a blot of ink upon a sheet of paper; but why, wherefore, or for what reason, not a soul can tell. "She is to manage the family within doors." She to manage! Fire and faggots! Havn't I managed every thing, within and without, most reputably, these twenty years? I must own I grow a little old, and she does take a deal of pains; but all this she learned of me. When she first came here—mercy on us! she didn't know that linen was made of flax! But what was to be expected from one who has no foreign correspondence? [*Exit,* L.

END OF ACT I.

# ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Drawing Room in the Castle, with Sofa and Chairs.*

*Enter* SOLOMON, L.—*Rural music heard* L. *without.*

*Pet.* [*Without,* L.] Stop; not yet, not yet; but make way there, make way, my good friends, tenants, and villagers.—John, George, Frederick! Good friends, make way.

*Sol.* It is not the Count: its only Baron Steinfort. Stand back, I say; and stop the music!

*Enter* BARON STEINFORT, L. *ushered in by* PETER, *who mimicks and apes his father.*

I have the honour to introduce to your lordship myself, Mr. Solomon, who blesses the hour in which fortune allows him to become acquainted with the Honorable Baron Steinfort, [*Baron passes Solomon and throws himself on the Sofa,*] brother-in-law of his Right Honourable Excellency Count Wintersen, my noble master.

*Pet.* Bless our noble master! [*Peter is on* R. *of sofa.*

*Bar.* Old and young, I see they'll allow me no peace. [*Aside.*] Enough, enough, good Mr. Solomon, I am a soldier. I pay but few compliments, and require as few from others.

*Sol.* I beg pardon, my lord—We do live in the country to be sure, but we are acquainted with the reverence due to exalted personages. [*Sitting beside the Baron,* L.

*Pet.* Yes—We are acquainted with exalted personages.

*Bar.* What is to become of me?—Well, well, I hope we shall become better acquainted. You must know, Mr. Solomon, I intend to assist, for a couple of months at least, in attacking the well stocked cellars of Wintersen.

*Sol.* Why not whole years, my lord?—Inexpressible would be the satisfaction of your humble servant. And, though I say it, well-stocked indeed are our cellars. I have, in every respect, here, managed matters in so frugal and provident a way, that his Right Honorable Excellency the Count will be astonished. [*Baron yawns.*] Extremely sorry it is not in my power to entertain your lordship.

*Pet.* Extremely sorry.

*Sol.* Where can Mrs. Haller have hid herself?

*Bar.* Mrs. Haller! Who is she?

*Sol.* Why, who she is, I can't exactly tell your lordship.

*Pet.* No, nor I.

*Sol.* None of my correspondents give any account of her. She is here in the capacity of a kind of a superior housekeeper. Methinks I hear her silver voice upon the stairs. [*Crosses* R., *Peter crosses behind to* L.] I will have the honour of sending her to your lordship in an instant.

*Bar.* Oh! don't trouble yourself.

*Sol.* No trouble whatever! I remain, at all times, your honorable lordship's most obedient, humble, and devoted servant. [*Exit, bowing.* R.

*Pet.* Devoted servant. [*Exit, bowing,* L.

*Bar.* Now for a fresh plague. Now am I to be tormented by some chattering old ugly hag, till I am stunned with her noise and officious hospitality. O, patience! what a virtue art thou!

*Enter* MRS. HALLER, R. *with a courtsey;* BARON *rises, and returns a bow in confusion.*

[*Aside.*] No, old she is not. [*Casts another glance at her.*] No, by Jove, nor ugly.

*Mrs. H.* I rejoice, my lord, in thus becoming acquainted with the brother of my benefactress.

*Bar.* Madam, that title shall be doubly valuable to me, since it gives me an introduction equally to be rejoiced at.

*Mrs. H.* [*Without attending to the compliment.*] This lovely weather, then, has enticed the Count from the city.

*Bar.* Not exactly that. You know him. Sunshine or clouds are to him alike, as long as eternal summer reigns in his own heart and family.

*Mrs. H.* The Count possesses a most cheerful and amiable philosophy. Ever in the same happy humor; ever enjoying each minute of his life. But you must confess, my lord, that he is a favourite child of fortune, and has much to be grateful to her for. Not merely because she has given him birth and riches, but for a native sweetness of temper, never to be acquired; and a graceful suavity of manners, whose school must be the mind. And, need I enumerate among fortune's favours, the hand and affections of your accomplished sister?

*Bar.* [*More and more struck.*] True, madam. My good easy brother, too, seems sensible of his happiness, and is resolved to retain it. He has quitted the service, to live here. I am yet afraid he may soon grow weary of Wintersen and retirement.

*Mrs. H.* I should trust not. They, who bear a cheerful and unreproaching conscience into solitude, surely must increase the measure of their own enjoyments. They quit the poor, precarious, the dependent pleasures which they borrowed from the world, to draw a real bliss from that exhaustless source of true delight, the fountain of a pure unsullied heart.

*Bar.* Has retirement long possessed so lovely an advocate!

*Mrs. H.* I have lived here three years.

*Bar.* And never felt a secret wish for the society you left, and must have adorned?

*Mrs. H.* Never.

*Bar.* To feel thus, belongs either to a very rough or a very polished soul. The first sight convinced me in which class I am to place you.

*Mrs. H.* [*With a sigh.*] There may, perhaps, be a third class.

*Bar.* Indeed, madam, I wish not to be thought forward; but women always seemed to me less calculated for retirement than men. We have a thousand employments, a thousand amusements, which you have not.

*Mrs. H.* Dare I ask what they are?

*Bar.* We ride—we hunt—we play—read—write—

*Mrs. H.* The noble enjoyments of the chase, and the still more noble enjoyments of play, I grant you.

*Bar.* Nay, but dare I ask, what are your employments for a day?

*Mrs. H.* Oh, my lord! you cannot imagine how quickly time passes, when a certain uniformity guides the minutes of our life. How often do I ask, "Is Saturday come again so soon?" On a bright cheerful morning, my books and breakfast are carried out upon the grass-plot. Then is the sweet picture of reviving industry, and eager innocence, always new to me. The bird's notes so often heard, still waken new ideas: the herds are led into the fields: the peasant bends his eye upon his plough. Every thing lives and moves; and in every creature's mind, it seems as it were morning. Towards evening, I begin to roam abroad: from the park into the meadows. And sometimes, returning, I pause to look at the village boys and girls as they play. Then do I bless their innocence, and pray to Heaven those laughing thoughtless hours could be their lot for ever.

*Bar.* This is excellent!—But these are summer amusements. The winter! The winter!

*Mrs. H.* Why for ever picture winter like old age, torpid, tedious, and uncheerful? Winter has its own delights: this is the time to instruct and mend the mind by reading and reflection. At this season, too, I often take my harp, and amuse myself by playing or singing the little favorite airs that remind me of the past, or solicit hope for the future.

*Bar.* Happy indeed are they, who can thus create and vary their own pleasures and employments.

*Enter* PETER, L. *(Mrs. Haller crosses to Peter.)*

*Pet.* Well—well—Pray now—I was ordered—I can keep him out no longer—'Tis old Tobias: he will come in.

*Enter* TOBIAS, L., *forcing his way: Exit Peter,* L.

*Tob.* I must, good Heaven, I must.

*Mrs. H.* [*Confused.*] I have no time at present—I—I—You see I am not alone.

*Tob.* Oh! this good gentleman will forgive me.

*Bar.* What do you want?

*Tob.* To return thanks. Even charity is a burden if one may not be grateful for it.

*Mrs. H.* To-morrow, good Tobias; to-morrow.

*Bar.* Nay, no false delicacy, madam. Allow him to vent the feelings of his heart; and permit me to witness a scene which convinces me, even more powerfully than your conversation, how nobly you employ your time. Speak, old man.

*Tob.* Oh, lady, that each word which drops from my lips, might call down a blessing on your head! I lay forsaken and dying in my hut: not even bread or hope remained. Oh! then you came in the form of an angel; brought medicines to me; and your sweet consoling voice did more than those. I am recovered. To-day, for the first time, I have returned thanks in the presence of the sun: and now I come to you, noble lady. Let me drop my tears upon your charitable hand. For your sake, Heaven has blessed my latter days. The Stranger too, who lives near me, has given me a purse of gold to buy my son's release. I am on my way to the city: I shall purchase my Robert's release. Then I shall have an honest daughter-in-law. And you, if ever after that you pass our happy cottage, oh! what must you feel when you say to yourself, "This is my work!"

*Mrs. H.* [*In a tone of entreaty.*] Enough, Tobias; enough!

*Tob.* I beg pardon! I cannot utter what is breathing in my breast. There is One who knows it. May His blessing and your own heart reward you! [*Exit*, L.

*Mrs. H.* [*Endeavoring to bring about a conversation.*] I suppose, my lord, we may expect the Count and Countess every moment now?

*Bar.* Not just yet, madam. He travels at his leisure. I am selfish, perhaps, in not being anxious for his speed: the delay has procured me a delight which I never shall forget.

*Mrs. H.* [*Smiling.*] You satirise mankind, my lord.

*Bar.* How so?

*Mrs. H.* In supposing such scenes to be uncommon.

*Bar.* I confess I was little prepared for such an acquaintance as yourself: I am extremely surprised. When Solomon told me your name and situation, how could I suppose that——Pardon my curiosity: You have been, or are married?

*Mrs. H.* [*Suddenly sinking from her cheerful raillery into mournful gloom.*] I have been married, my lord.

*Bar.* [*Whose enquiries evince curiosity, yet are restrained within the bounds of the nicest respect.*] A widow, then?

*Mrs. H.* I beseech you—There are strings in the human heart, which, touched, will sometimes utter dreadful discord—I beseech you—

*Bar.* I understand you. I see you know how to conceal every thing except your perfections.

*Mrs. H.* My perfections, alas! [*Rural music without*, L.] But I hear the happy tenantry announce the Count's arrival. Your pardon, my lord; I must attend them. [*Exit*, L.

*Bar.* Excellent creature!—What is she, and what can be her history? I must seek my sister instantly. How strong and how sudden is the interest I feel for her! But it is a feeling I ought to check. And yet, why so? Whatever are the emotions she has inspired, I am sure they arise from the perfections of the mind; and never shall be met by unworthiness in mine. [*Exit*, L.

### Scene II.—*The Lawn.*

*(Rural Music,* L.*)*

*Enter* Solomon *and* Peter, L. *ushering in the* Count, Child, Countess Wintersen *leading the Child;* Mrs. Haller, *the* Baron, *and* Servants *following.*

*Sol.* Welcome, ten thousand welcomes, your Excellencies!

*Count.* Well! here we are! Heaven bless our advance and retreat! Mrs. Haller, I bring you an invalid, who in future will swear to no flag but yours.

*Mrs. H.* Mine flies for retreat and rural happiness.

*Count.* But not without retreating Graces, and retiring Cupids too.

*Countess.* [*Who has in the meantime kindly embraced Mrs. Haller, and by her been welcomed to Wintersen.*] My dear Count, you forget that I am present.

*Count.* Why, in the name of chivalry, how can I do less than your gallant brother, the Baron, who has been so kind as nearly to kill my four greys, in order to be here five minutes before me?

*Bar.* If I had known all the charms of this place, you should have said so with justice.

*Countess.* Don't you think William much grown?

[*Puts William over to Mrs. Haller.*

*Mrs. H.* The sweet boy! [*Stoops to kiss him, and deep melancholy overshadows her countenance. Retires with the Child a little,* L.

*Count.* Well, Solomon, you've provided a good dinner?

*Sol.* As good as haste would allow, please your Right Honourable Excellency!

*Pet.* Yes, as good as—

[*Count retires a little* R., *with Solomon and Peter.*

*Bar.* Tell me, I conjure you, sister, what jewel you have thus buried in the country?

*Countess.* Ha! ha! What, brother, *you* caught at last?

*Bar.* Answer me.

*Countess.* Well, her name is Mrs. Haller.

*Bar.* That I know; but—

*Countess.* But!—but I know no more myself.

*Bar.* Jesting apart, I wish to know.

*Countess.* And, jesting apart, I wish you would not plague me. I have at least a hundred thousand important things to do. Heavens! the vicar may come to pay his respects to me before I have been at my toilet; of course I must consult my looking glass on the occasion. Come, William, [*crossing*, R.] will you help to dress me, or stay with your father?

*Count.* We'll take care of him. [*Goes to the Child*, C.

*Countess.* Come, Mrs. Haller.

[*Mrs. Haller crosses to the Countess.*

[*Exit with Mrs. Haller, Susan and Hannah following*, R.

*Bar.* [*Aside, and going.*] I am in a very singular humor. [*Crosses*, R.

*Count.* Whither so fast, good brother?

*Bar.* To my apartment: I have letters to—I—

*Count.* Pshaw! Stay. Let us take a turn in the park together.

*Bar.* Excuse me. I am not perfectly well. I should be but bad company. I— [*Exit*, R.

*Count.* [*Solomon and Peter advance bowing*, R.] Well, Solomon, you are as great a fool as ever, I see.

*Sol.* Ha! ha! At your Right Honourable Excellency's service.

*Count.* [*Points to Peter.*] Who is that ape at your elbow?——

*Sol.* Ape!—Oh! that is—with respect to your Excellency be it spoken—the son of my body; by name, Peter. [*Peter bows.*

*Count.* So, so! Well, how goes all on?

*Sol.* Well and good; well and good. Your Excellency will see how I've improved the park. You'll not know it again. A hermitage here; serpentine walks there; an obelisk; a ruin; and all so sparingly, all done with the most economical economy.

*Count.* Well, I'll have a peep at your obelisk and ruins, while they prepare for dinner.

*Sol.* I have already ordered it, and will have the honor of attending your Right Honourable Excellency.

*Count.* Come, lead the way. [*Solomon crosses,* L.] Peter, attend your young master to the house; [*Gives the Child over to Peter,* R.] we must not tire him. [*Exeunt,* L. U. E. *conducted by Solomon; George and Harry follow.*

*Pet.* We'll go round this way, your little Excellency, and then we shall see the bridge as we go by; and the new boat, with all the fine ribands and streamers. This way, your little Excellency. [*Exit, leading the Child,* R.U.E.

### SCENE III.—*The Antichamber.*

*Enter* MRS. HALLER, R.

*Mrs. H.* What has thus alarmed and subdued me? My tears flow; my heart bleeds. Already had I apparently overcome my chagrin: already had I at least assumed that easy gaiety once so natural to me, when the sight of this child in an instant overpowered me. When the Countess called him William—Oh! she knew not that she plunged a poinard in my heart. I have a William too, who must be as tall as this, if he be still alive. Ah! yes, if he be still alive. His little sister, too! Why, fancy, dost thou rack me thus? Why dost thou image my poor children, fainting in sickness, and crying to their mother? To the mother who has abandoned them? [*Weeps.*] What a wretched outcast am I! And that just to-day I should be doomed to feel these horrible emotions! Just to-day, when disguise was so necessary.

*Enter* CHARLOTTE, R.

*Char.* [*Entering.*] Very pretty, very pretty indeed! Better send me to the garret at once. Your servant, Mrs. Haller. I beg, madam, I may have a room fit for a respectable person.

*Mrs. H.* The chamber into which you have been shown is, I think, a very neat one.

*Char.* A very neat one, is it? Up the back stairs, and over the laundry! I should never be able to close my eyes.

*Mrs. H.* [*Very mildly.*] I slept there a whole year.

*Char.* Did you! Then I advise you to remove into it again, and the sooner the better. I'd have you to know, madam, there is a material difference between certain persons and certain persons. Much depends upon the manner in which one has been educated. I think, madam, it would only be proper if you resigned your room to me.

*Mrs. H.* If the Countess desires it, certainly.

*Char.* The Countess! Very pretty, indeed! Would you have me think of plaguing her ladyship with such trifles? I shall order my trunk to be carried wherever I please.

*Mrs. H.* Certainly; only not into my chamber.

*Char.* Provoking creature! but how could I expect to find breeding among creatures born of one knows not whom, and coming one knows not whence?

*Mrs. H.* The remark is very just.

*Enter* PETER, *in haste,* L.

*Pet.* Oh lud! Oh lud! Oh lud! Oh lud!

*Mrs. H.* What's the matter!

*Pet.* The young Count has fallen into the river! His little Excellency is drowned!

*Mrs. H.* Who! What?

*Pet.* His honour, my young master!

*Mrs. H.* Drowned?

*Pet.* Yes.

*Mrs. H.* Dead?

*Pet.* No; he's not dead.

*Mrs. H.* Well, well, then softly;—you will alarm the Countess.

*Pet.* Oh lud! Oh lud!

*Enter the* BARON, R.

*Bar.* What is the matter? Why all this noise?

*Pet.* Noise? Why—

*Mrs. H.* Be not alarmed, my lord. Whatever may have happened, the dear child is now at least safe. You said so, I think, master Peter?

*Pet.* Why, to be sure, his little Excellency is not hurt; but he's very wet, though: and the Count is taking him by the garden door to the house.

*Bar.* Right, that the Countess may not be alarmed. But how could it happen? Pray tell us, young man?

*Pet.* What, from beginning to end? [*Crossing to Baron.*

*Mrs. H.* Never mind particulars. You attended the dear child?

*Pet.* True.

*Mrs. H.* Into the park?

*Pet.* True.

*Mrs. H.* And then you went to the river?

*Pet.* True.—Why, rabbit it, I believe you're a witch.

*Mrs. H.* Well, and what happened further?

*Pet.* Why, you see, his dear little Excellency would see the bridge that father built out of the old summer house; and the streamers, and the boat, and all that.—I only turned my head round for a moment, to look after a magpie—Crush! Down went the bridge with his little Excellency; and oh, how I was scared to see him carried down the river!

*Bar.* And you drew him out again directly?

*Pet.* No, I did'nt.

*Mrs. H.* No; your father did?

*Pet.* No, he did'nt.

*Mrs. H.* Why, you did not leave him in the water?

*Pet.* Yes, we did!—But we bawled as loud as we could! You might have heard us down to the village.

*Mrs. H.* Ay—and so the people came immediately to his assistance?

*Pet.* No, they did'nt; but the Stranger came, that lives yonder, close to old Toby, and never speaks a syllable. Odsbodkins! What a devil of a fellow it is! With a single spring bounce he slaps into the torrent; sails and dives about and about like a duck; gets me hold of the little angel's hair, and, Heaven bless him! pulls him safe and sound to dry land again.—Ha! ha! ha!

*Bar.* Is the Stranger with them?

*Pet.* Oh, lud! no. He ran away. His Excellency wanted to thank him, and all that; but he was off; vanquished—like a ghost. [*Crosses to* R.

*Enter* SOLOMON, L.

*Sol.* Oh! thou careless varlet! I disown you! What an accident might have happened! And how you have terrified his Excellency! [*Crosses to Mrs. Haller.*] But I beg pardon, [*Bows.*] His Right Honourable Excellency, the Count, requests your—

*Bar.* We come. [*Crosses, and exit with Mrs. Haller,* L.

*Char.* [*Advances,* R.] Ha! ha! ha! Why, Mr. Solomon, you seem to have a hopeful pupil.

*Sol.* Ha! sirrah!

*Char.* But Mr. Solomon, why were you not nimble enough to have saved his young lordship?

*Sol.* Not in time, my sweet Miss. Besides, mercy on us! I should have sunk like a lump of lead; and I happened to have a letter of consequence in my pocket, which would have been made totally illegible, a letter from Constantinople, written by Chevalier——What's his name? [*Draws a letter from his pocket, and putting it up again directly, drops it. Peter takes it up slily and unobserved.*] It contains momentous matter, I assure you. The world will be astonished when it comes to light; and not a soul will suppose that old Solomon had a finger in the pie.

*Char.* No, that I believe.

*Sol.* But I must go and see to the cellar. Miss, your most obedient servant. Oh, sirrah, Oh! [*Exit,* L.

*Char.* [*With pride.*] Your servant, Mr. Solomon.

*Pet.* Here's the letter from Constantinople. I wonder what it can be about. Now for it! [*Opens it.*

*Char.* Aye, let's have it.

*Pet.* [Reads.] "*If so be you say so, I'll never work for you, never no more. Considering as how your Sunday waistcoat has been turned three times, it doesn't look amiss, and I've charged as little as any tailor of 'em all. You say I must pay for the buckram; but I say, I'll be damn'd if I do. So no more from your loving nephew,* TIMOTHY TWIST." From Constantinople! Why, Cousin Tim writ it.

*Char.* Cousin Tim! Who is he?

*Pet.* Good lack! Don't you know cousin Tim? Why, he's one of the best tailors in all—

*Char.* A tailor! No, sir, I don't know him. [*Crosses* L.] My father was a state coachman, and wore his Highness's livery. [*Exit,* L.

*Pet.* [*Mimicking.*] "My father was a state coachman, and wore his Highness's livery."—Well, and cousin Tim could have made his Highness's livery, if you go to that. State coachman, indeed! [*Exit,* L.

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of the Park and Lodge, &c. as before. The* STRANGER *is discovered on a seat, reading.*

*Enter* FRANCIS, *from the Lodge.*

*Fra.* Sir, sir, dinner is ready. [*Comes forward,* L.

*Stra.* I want no dinner.

*Fra.* I've got something good.

*Stra.* Eat it yourself.

*Fra.* You are not hungry?

*Stra.* No. [*Rises.*

*Fra.* Nor I. The heat does take away all appetite.

*Stra.* Yes.

*Fra.* I'll put it by; perhaps at night—

*Stra.* Perhaps.

*Fra.* Dear sir, dare I speak?

*Stra.* Speak.

*Fra.* You have done a noble action.

*Stra.* What?

*Fra.* You have saved a fellow creature's life.

*Stra.* Peace.

*Fra.* Do you know who he was?

*Stra.* No.

*Fra.* The only son of Count Wintersen.

*Stra.* Immaterial.

*Fra.* A gentleman, by report worthy and benevolent as yourself.

*Stra.* [*Angry.*] Silence! Dare you flatter me?

*Fra.* As I look to Heaven for mercy, I speak from my heart. When I observe how you are doing good around you, how you are making every individual's wants your own, and are yet yourself unhappy, alas! my heart bleeds for you.

*Stra.* I thank you, Francis. [*Crosses* L.] I can only thank you. Yet share this consolation with me;—my sufferings are unmerited. [*Crosses,* R.

*Fra.* My poor master!

*Stra.* Have you forgotten what the old man said this morning? "There is another and a better world!" Oh, 'tis true. Then let us hope with fervency, and yet endure with patience!—[*Charlotte sings without.*] What's here?

*Enter* CHARLOTTE, [*singing*,] *from the Park Gate*, L. U. E.

*Char.* I presume, sir, you are the strange gentleman that drew my young master out of the water?—[*The Stranger reads.*] Or, [*To Francis.*] are you he? [*Francis makes a wry face.*] Are the creatures both dumb? [*Looks at them by turns.*] Surely, old Solomon has fixed two statues here, by way of ornament; for of any use there is no sign. [*Approaches Francis.*] No, this is alive, and breathes; yes, and moves its eyes. [*Bawls in his ear.*] Good friend!

*Fra.* I'm not deaf.

*Char.* No, nor dumb, I perceive at last.—Is yon lifeless thing your master?

*Fra.* That honest, silent gentleman, is my master.

*Char.* The same that drew the young Count out of the water?

*Fra.* The same.

*Char.* [*To the Stranger.*] Sir, my master and mistress, the Count and Countess, present their respectful compliments, and request the honour of your company at a family supper this evening.

*Stra.* I shall not come.

*Char.* But you'll scarce send such an uncivil answer as this. The Count is overpowered with gratitude. You saved his son's life.

*Stra.* I did it willingly.

*Char.* And won't accept of "I thank you," in return?

*Stra.* No.

*Char.* You really are cruel, sir, I must tell you. There are three of us ladies at the Castle, and we are all dying with curiosity to know who you are. [*Exit Stranger*, R.] The master is crabbed enough, however. Let me try what I can make of the man. Pray, sir—[*Francis crosses*, R.]—The beginning promises little enough. Friend, why won't you look at me?

*Fra.* I like to look at green trees better than green eyes.

*Char.* Green eyes, you monster! Who told you that my eyes were green? Let me tell you, there have been sonnets made on my eyes before now. Green eyes!

*Fra.* Glad to hear it.

*Char.* To the point, then, at once. What is your master?

*Fra.* A man.

*Char.* I surmised as much. But what's his name?

*Fra.* The same as his father's.

*Char.* Not unlikely; and his father was—

*Fra.* Married.

*Char.* To whom?

*Fra.* To a woman.

*Char.* [*Enraged.*] I'll tell you what; who your master is, I see I shall not learn, and I don't care; but I know what you are.

*Fra.* Well, what am I?

*Char.* A bear! [*Exit at gate.*

*Fra.* Thank you! Now to see how habit and example corrupt one's manners. I am naturally the civilest spoken fellow in the world to the pretty prattling rogues; yet, following my master's humour, I've rudely driven this wench away. I must have a peep at her, though.

[*Looking towards the Park Gate.*

*Enter* Stranger, r.

*Stra.* Is that woman gone?

*Fra.* Yes.

*Stra.* Francis!

*Fra.* Sir.

*Stra.* We must be gone too.

*Fra.* But whither?

*Stra.* I don't care.

*Fra.* I'll attend you.

*Stra.* To any place?

*Fra.* To death.

*Stra.* Heaven grant it—to me, at least! There is peace.

*Fra.* Peace is every where. Let the storm rage without if the heart be but at rest. Yet I think we are very well where we are: the situation is inviting; and nature lavish of her beauties, and of her bounties too.

*Stra.* But I am not a wild beast to be stared at, and sent for as a show. Is it fit I should be?

*Fra.* Another of your interpretations! That a man, the life of whose only son you have saved, should invite you to his house, seems to me not very unnatural.

*Stra.* I will not be invited to any house.

*Fra.* For once, methinks, you might submit. You'll not be asked a second time. [*Half aside.*

*Stra.* Proud wretches! They believe the most essential service is requited, if one may but have the honour of sitting at their table. Let us begone. [*Crosses,* L.

*Fra.* Yet hold, sir! This bustle will soon be over. Used to the town, the Count and his party will soon be tired of simple nature, and you will again be freed from observation.

*Stra.* Not from your's.

*Fra.* This is too much. Do I deserve your doubts?

*Stra.* Am I in the wrong?

*Fra.* You are, indeed!

*Stra.* Francis, my servant, you are my only friend.

*Fra.* That title makes amends for all.

*Stra.* But, look! look, Francis! There are uniforms and gay dresses in the walk again. No, I must be gone. Here I'll stay no longer. [*Crosses,* R.

*Fra.* Well, then, I'll tie up my bundle.

*Stra.* The sooner the better! They come this way. Now must I shut myself in my hovel, and lose this fine breeze. Nay, if they be your high-bred class of all, they may have impudence enough to walk into my chamber. Francis, I shall lock the door.

[*Goes into the Lodge, locks the door, and is fastening the shutters.*

*Fra.* And I'll be your sentinel.

*Stra.* Very well. [*Closes the shutters.*

*Fra.* Now, should these people be as inquisitive as their maid, I must summon my whole stock of impertinence. But their questions and my answers need little study. They can learn nothing of the Stranger from me; for the best of all possible reasons—I know nothing of him myself.

*Enter* BARON *and* COUNTESS, *from Gates.*

*Countess.* [*Comes down* C.] There is a strange face. The servant, probably.

*Bar.* (L.) Friend, can we speak to your master?

*Fra.* (R.) No.

*Bar.* Only for a few minutes.

*Fra.* He has locked himself in his room.

*Countess.* Tell him a lady waits for him.

*Fra.* Then he's sure not to come.

*Countess.* Does he hate our sex?

*Fra.* He hates the whole human race, but women particularly.

*Countess.* And why?

*Fra.* He may have been deceived.

*Countess.* This is not very courteous.

*Fra.* My master is not over courteous; but when he sees a chance of saving a fellow creature's life, he'll attempt it at the hazard of his own.

*Bar.* You are right. Now hear the reason of our visit. The wife and brother-in-law of the man, whose child your master has saved, wish to acknowledge their obligations to him.

*Fra.* That he dislikes. He only wishes to live unnoticed.

*Countess.* He appears to be unfortunate.

*Fra.* Appears!

*Countess.* An affair of honor, perhaps, or some unhappy attachment may have—

*Fra.* It may.

*Countess.* Be this as it may, I wish to know who he is.

*Fra.* So do I.

*Countess.* What! Don't you know him yourself?

*Fra.* Oh! I know him well enough. I mean his real self—His heart—his soul—his worth—his honour!—Perhaps you think one knows a man, when one is acquainted with his name and person.

*Countess.* 'Tis well said, friend; you please me much. And now I should like to know you. Who are you?

*Fra.* Your humble servant. [*Exit*, R.

*Countess.* This is affectation! A desire to appear singular! Every one wishes to make himself distinguished. One sails round the world; another creeps into a hovel.

*Bar.* And the man apes his master!

*Countess.* Come, brother, let us seek the Count. He and Mrs. Haller turned into the lawn— [*Going.*

*Bar.* Stay. First, a word or two, sister. I am in love.

*Countess.* For the hundredth time.

*Bar.* For the first time in my life.

*Countess.* I wish you joy.

*Bar.* Till now, you have evaded my inquiries. Who is she? I beseech you, sister, be serious. There is a time for all things.

*Countess.* Well, if I am to be serious, I obey. I do not know who Mrs. Haller is, as I have already told you; but what I do know of her, shall not be concealed from you. It may now be three years ago, when, one evening, about twilight, a lady was announced, who wished to speak with me in private. Mrs. Haller appeared, with all that grace and modesty which have enchanted you. Her features, at that moment, bore keener marks of the sorrow and confusion which have since settled into gentle melancholy. She threw herself at my feet; and besought me to save a wretch who was on the brink of despair. She told me she had heard much of my benevolence, and offered herself as a servant to attend me. I endeavoured to dive into the cause of her sufferings, but in vain. She concealed her secret; yet opening to me more and more each day a heart, chosen by virtue as her temple, and an understanding improved by the most refined attainments. She no longer remained my servant, but became my friend, and, by her own desire, has ever since resided here. [*Curtseying.*] Brother, I have done.

*Bar.* Too little to satisfy my curiosity; yet enough to make me realize my project. Sister, lend me your aid—I would marry her.

*Countess.* You!

*Bar.* I.

*Countess.* Baron Steinfort!

*Bar.* For shame! If I understand you.

*Countess.* Not so harsh, and not so hasty! Those great sentiments of contempt of inequality in rank are very fine in a romance; but we happen not to be inhabitants of an ideal world. How could you introduce her to the circle we live in? You surely would not attempt to present her to—

*Bar.* Object as you will—my answer is—*I love.* Sister, you see a man before you, who—

*Countess.* Who wants a wife.

*Bar.* No; who has deliberately poised advantage against disadvantage; domestic ease and comfort against the false gaieties of fashion. I can withdraw into the country. I need no honours to make my tenants happy; and my heart will teach me to make their happiness my own. With such a wife as this, children who resemble her, and fortune enough to spread comfort around me, what would the soul of man have more?

*Countess.* This is all vastly fine. I admire your plan; only you seem to have forgotten one trifling circumstance.

*Bar.* And that is—

*Countess.* Whether Mrs. Haller will have you or not.

*Bar.* There, sister, I just want your assistance.—Good Henrietta.

*Countess.* Well, here's my hand. I'll do all I can for you. St!—We had near been overheard. They are coming. Be patient and obedient.

*Enter at the Gates*, Count, *and* Mrs. Haller *leaning on his arm*, l. *They advance*, c.

*Count.* Upon my word, Mrs. Haller, you are a nimble walker; I should be sorry to run a race with you.

*Mrs. H.* Custom, my lord. You need only take the same walk every day for a month.

*Count.* Yes; if I wanted to resemble my greyhounds.—Well, what says the Stranger?

*Countess.* He gave Charlotte a flat refusal; and you see his door, and even his shutters are closed against us.

*Count.* What an unaccountable being! But it won't do. I must show my gratitude one way or other. [*Crosses to Steinfort.*] Steinfort, we will take the ladies home, and then you shall try once again to see him. You can talk to these oddities better than I can.

*Bar.* If you wish it, with all my heart.

*Count.* Thank you, thank you. Come, ladies; come, Mrs. Haller.

[*Exeunt Countess & Mrs. H., Count & Baron, thro' Gates.*

### Scene II.—*A Chamber in the Castle.*

*Enter* Countess *and* Mrs. Haller, r.

*Countess.* Well, Mrs. Haller, how do you like the man that just now left us?

*Mrs. H.* Who do you mean, madam?

*Countess.* My brother.

*Mrs. H.* He deserves to be your brother.

*Countess.* [*Curtseying.*] Your most obedient! That shall be written in my pocket book.

*Mrs. H.* Without flattery, then, madam, he appears to be most amiable.

*Countess.* Good!—And a handsome man?

*Mrs. H.* [*With indifference.*] Oh, yes.

*Countess.* "Oh, yes!" It sounded almost like "Oh, no!" But I must tell you, that he looks upon you to be a handsome woman. [*Mrs. Haller smiles.*] You make no reply to this?

*Mrs. H.* What shall I reply? Derision never fell from your lips; and I am little calculated to support it.

*Countess.* As little as you are calculated to be the cause of it. No;—I was in earnest.—Now?

*Mrs. H.* You confuse me!—But why should I play the prude? I will own there was a time when I thought myself handsome. 'Tis past. Alas! The enchanting beauties of a female countenance arise from peace of mind—the look, which captivates an honorable man, must be reflected from a noble soul.

*Countess.* Then Heaven grant my bosom may ever hold as pure a heart as now these eyes bear witness lives in yours.

*Mrs. H.* [*With sudden wildness*]. Oh! Heaven forbid!

*Countess.* [*Astonished.*] How!

*Mrs. H.* [*Checking her tears.*] Spare me! I am a wretch. The sufferings of three years can give me no claim to your friendship—No, not even to your compassion. Oh! Spare me! [*Going.*

*Countess.* Stay, Mrs. Haller. For the first time, I beg your confidence.—My brother loves you.

*Mrs. H.* [*Starting and gazing full in the face of the Countess.*] For mirth, too much—for earnest, too mournful!

*Countess.* I revere that modest blush. Discover to me who you are. You risk nothing. Pour all your griefs into a sister's bosom. Am I not kind? And can I not be silent?

*Mrs. H.* Alas! But a frank reliance on a generous mind is the greatest sacrifice to be offered by true repentance. This sacrifice I will offer. [*Hesitating.*] Did you never hear—pardon me—did you never hear—Oh! how shocking is it to unmask a deception, which alone has recommended me to your regard! But it must be so.—Madam—Fie, Adelaide! Does pride become you? Did you ever hear of the Countess Waldbourg?

*Countess.* I think I did hear, at the neighboring court, of such a creature. She plunged an honourable husband into misery. She ran away with a villain.

*Mrs. H.* She did indeed. [*Falls at the feet of the Countess.*] Do not cast me from you.

*Countess.* For Heaven's sake! You are—

*Mrs. H.* I am that wretch.

*Countess.* [*Turning from her with horror.*] Ha!—Begone! [*Going, but her heart draws her back.*] Yet, she is unfortunate: she is unfriended! Her image is repentance—Her life the proof. Be still awhile, remorseless prejudice, and let the genuine feelings of my soul avow—they do not truly honour virtue, who can insult the erring heart that would return to her sanctuary. [*Looking with sorrow on her.*] Rise, I beseech you, rise! My husband and my brother may surprise us. I promise to be silent. [*Raising her.*

*Mrs. H.* Yes, you will be silent—But, oh! conscience! conscience! thou never wilt be silent.—[*Clasping her hands.*] Do not cast me from you.

*Countess.* Never! Your lonely life, your silent anguish and contrition, may at length atone your crime. And never shall you want an asylum, where your penitence may lament your loss. Your fault was youth and inexperience! your heart never was, never could be concerned in it.

*Mrs. H.* Oh! spare me! My conscience never reproaches me so bitterly, as when I catch my base thoughts in search of an excuse! No, nothing can palliate my guilt; and the only just consolation left me, is to acquit the man I wronged, and own I erred without a cause of fair complaint.

*Countess.* And this is the mark of true repentance. Alas! my friend, when superior sense, recommended, too, by superior charms of person, assail a young though wedded—

*Mrs. H.* Ah! not even that mean excuse is left me. In all that merits admiration, respect, and love, he was far, far beneath my husband. But to attempt to account for my strange infatuation—I cannot bear it. I thought my husband's manner grew colder to me. 'Tis true, I knew that his expenses, and his confidence in deceitful friends, had embarrassed his means, and clouded his spirits; yet I thought he denied me pleasures and amusements still within our reach. My vanity was mortified! My confidence not courted. The serpent tongue of my seducer promised every thing. But never could such arguments avail, till, assisted by forged letters, and the treachery of a servant, whom I most confided in, he fixed my belief that my lord was false, and that all the coldness I complained of was disgust to me, and love for another—all his home retrenchments but the means of satisfying a rival's luxury. Maddened with this conviction, (conviction it was, for artifice was most ingenious in its proof,) I left my children—father—husband, to follow—a villain.

*Countess.* But, with such a heart, my friend could not remain long in her delusion?

*Mrs. H.* Long enough to make a sufficient penitence impossible. Oh, what were my sensations when the mist dispersed before my eyes! I called for my husband, but in vain!—I listened for the prattle of my children, but in vain!

*Countess.* [*Embracing her.*] Here, here, on this bosom only shall your future tears be shed; and may I, dear sufferer, make you again familiar with hope!

*Mrs. H.* Oh! impossible!

*Countess.* Have you never heard of your children?

*Mrs. H.* Never.

*Countess.* We must endeavor to gain some account of them. We must—Hold! My husband and my brother! Oh! my poor brother! I had quite forgotten him. Quick, dear Mrs. Haller, wipe your eyes. Let us meet them.

*Mrs. H.* Madam, I'll follow. Allow me a moment to compose myself.—[*Exit Countess,* R.] I pause!—Oh! yes—to compose myself! [*Ironically.*] She little thinks it is but to gain one solitary moment to vent my soul's remorse. Once, the purpose of my unsettled mind was self-destruction. Heaven knows how I have sued for hope and resignation. I did trust my prayers were heard.—Oh! spare me further trial! I feel, I feel my heart and brain can bear no more. [*Exit,* R.

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

### Scene I.—*The Skirts of the Park, Lodge, &c., as before. A Table, spread with Fruits, &c.*

Francis *discovered placing the Supper.*

*Fra.* I know he loves to have his early supper in the fresh air; and, while he sups, not that I believe any thing can amuse him, yet I will try my little Savoyard's pretty voices. I have heard him speak as if he had loved music. [*Music without,* L.] Oh, here they are.

*Enter,* L., Annette *and* Claudine, *playing on their Guitars.*

*Ann.* To welcome mirth and harmless glee,
We rambling minstrels, blithe and free,
With song the laughing hours beguile,
And wear a never fading smile:
Where'er we roam,
We find a home,
And greeting, to reward our toil.

*Clau.* No anxious griefs disturb our rest,
Nor busy cares annoy our breast;
Fearless we sink in soft repose,
While night her sable mantle throws.
With grateful lay,
Hail, rising day,
That rosy health and peace bestows!

*During the Duet, the* Stranger *looks from the Lodge window, and at the conclusion, comes out.*

*Stra.* (R.) What mummery is this?

*Fra.* (R. C.) I hoped it might amuse you, sir.

*Stra.* Amuse me—fool!

*Fra.* Well, then, I wished to amuse myself a little. I don't think my recreations are so very numerous.

*Stra.* That's true, my poor fellow; indeed they are not. Let them go on.—I'll listen. [*Retires and sits down,* R.

*Fra.* But to please you, my poor master, I fear it must be a sadder strain.—Annette, have you none but these cheerful songs?

*Ann.* O, plenty. If you are dolefully given, we can be as sad as night. I'll sing you an air Mrs. Haller taught me, the first year she came to the Castle.

*Fra.* Mrs. Haller! I should like to hear that.

*Ann.* I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart.
This cherish'd woe, this loved despair,
My lot for ever be,
So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
Be never known by thee:

And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this alter'd cheek,
When my poor wasted trembling breath
My life's last hope would speak,
I shall not raise my eyes to Heaven,
Nor mercy ask for me;
My soul despairs to be forgiven,
Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

*Stra.* [*Surprised and moved.*] Oh! I have heard that air before, but 'twas with other words. [*Rises.*] Francis, share our supper with your friends—I need none.

[*Enters the Lodge.*

*Fra.* So I feared. Well, [*Crosses,* C.] my pretty favourites, here are refreshments.—[*Leads them to the table.*]—So, disturbed again! Now will this gentleman call for more music, and make my master mad! Go, go, and return when you observe this man is gone.—[*Exeunt,* L., *Annette and Claudine, singing. Francis sits and eats.*]—I was in hopes that I might at least eat my supper peaceably in the open air; but they follow at our heels like bloodhounds.

*Enter* BARON *from Gates.*

*Bar.* (L.) My good friend, I must speak to your master.

*Fra.* (R.) Can't serve you.

*Bar.* Why not?

*Fra.* It's forbidden.

*Bar.* [*Offers money.*] There! Announce me.

*Fra.* Want no money.

*Bar.* Well, only announce me, then.

*Fra.* [*Rising.*] I will announce you, sir; but it won't avail! I shall be abused, and you rejected. However, we can but try. [*Going.*

*Bar.* I only ask half a minute. [*Francis goes into the*

*Lodge.*] But when he comes, how am I to treat him? I never encountered a misanthrope before. I have heard of instructions as to conduct in society; but how am I to behave towards a being who loathes the whole world, and his own existence, I have never learned.

*Enter the* STRANGER, *from Lodge*

*Stra.* (R.) Now; what's your will?

*Bar.* (L.) I beg pardon, sir, for—[*Suddenly recognizing him.*] Charles!

*Stra.* Steinfort! [*They embrace.*

*Bar.* Is it really you, my dear friend?

*Stra.* It is.

*Bar.* Merciful Heavens! How you are altered!

*Stra.* The hand of misery lies heavy on me. But how came you here? What want you?

*Bar.* Strange! Here was I ruminating how to address this mysterious recluse; he appears, and proves to be my old and dearest friend.

*Stra.* Then you were not in search of me, nor knew that I lived here?

*Bar.* As little as I know who lives on the summit of Caucasus. You this morning saved the life of my brother-in-law's only son: a grateful family wishes to behold you in its circle. You refused my sister's messenger; therefore, to give more weight to the invitation, I was deputed to be the bearer of it. And thus has fortune restored to me a friend, whom my heart has so long missed, and whom my heart just now so much requires.

*Stra.* Yes, I am your friend; your sincere friend. You are a true man; an uncommon man. Towards you, my heart is still the same. But if this assurance be of any value to you—go—leave me—and return no more.

*Bar.* Stay! All that I see and hear of you, is inexplicable. 'Tis you; but these, alas! are not the features which once enchanted every female bosom, beamed gaiety through all society, and won you friends before your lips were opened! Why do you avert your face? Is the sight of a friend become hateful? Or, do you fear that I should read in your eye what passes in your soul? Where is that open look of fire, which at once penetrated into every heart and revealed your own?

*Stra.* [*With asperity.*] My look penetrate into every heart!—Ha! ha! ha!

*Bar.* Oh, Heavens! Rather may I never hear you laugh, than in such a tone!—For Heaven's sake, tell me, Charles! tell me, I conjure you, what has happened to you?

*Stra.* Things that happen every day; occurrences heard of in every street. Steinfort, if I am not to hate you, ask me not another question. If I am to love you, leave me.

*Bar.* Oh, Charles! awake the faded ideas of past joys. Feel that a friend is near. Recollect the days we passed in Hungary, when we wandered arm in arm upon the banks of the Danube, while nature opened our hearts, and made us enamored of benevolence and friendship. In those blessed moments, you gave me this seal as a pledge of your regard. Do you remember it?

*Stra.* Yes.

*Bar.* Am I, since that time, become less worthy of your confidence?

*Stra.* No!

*Bar.* Charles! it grieves me that I am thus compelled te enforce my rights upon you. Do you know this scar?

*Stra.* Comrade! Friend! It received and resisted the stroke aimed at my life. I have not forgotten it. You knew not what a present you then made me.

*Bar.* Speak, then, I beseech you.

*Stra.* You cannot help me.

*Bar.* Then I can mourn with you.

*Stra.* That I hate. Besides, I cannot weep.

*Bar.* Then give me words instead of tears. Both relieve the heart.

*Stra.* Relieve the heart! My heart is like a close-shut sepulchre. Let what is within it, moulder and decay. Why, why open the wretched charnel-house to spread a pestilence around?

*Bar.* How horrid are your looks! For shame! A man like you thus to crouch beneath the chance of fortune!

*Stra.* Steinfort! I did think that the opinion of all mankind was alike indifferent to me; but I feel that it is not so. My friend, you shall not quit me without learning how I have been robbed of every joy which life afforded. Listen—Much misery may be contained in few words!

Attracted by my native country, I quitted you and the service. What pleasing pictures did I form of a life employed in improving society and diffusing happiness! I fixed on Cassel to be my abode. All went on admirably. I found friends. At length, too, I found a wife; a lovely, innocent creature, scarce sixteen years of age. Oh! how I loved her! She bore me a son and a daughter. Both were endowed by nature with the beauty of their mother. Ask me not how I loved my wife and children! Yes; then, then I was really happy. [*Wiping his eyes.*] Ha! a tear! I could not have believed it. Welcome, old friends! 'Twas long since we have known each other. Well, my story is nearly ended. One of my friends, for whom I had become engaged, treacherously lost me more than half my fortune. This hurt me. I was obliged to retrench my expenses. Contentment needs but little. I forgave him. Another friend—a villain! to whom I was attached heart and soul; whom I had assisted with my means, and promoted by my interest, this fiend! seduced my wife, and bore her from me. Tell me, sir, is this enough to justify my hatred of mankind, and palliate my seclusion from the world?—Kings, laws, tyranny, or guilt, can but imprison me, or kill me. But, O God! O God! Oh! what are chains or death, compared to the tortures of a deceived, yet doting husband! [*Crosses*, L.

*Bar.* To lament the loss of a faithless wife is madness.

*Stra.* Call it what you please—say what you please—I love her still.

*Bar.* And where is she?

*Stra.* I know not, nor do I wish to know.

*Bar.* And your children?

*Stra.* I left them at a small town hard by.

*Bar.* But why did you not keep your children with you? They would have amused you in many a dreary hour.

*Stra.* Amused me! Oh, yes! while their likeness to their mother, should every hour remind me of my past happiness! No. For three years I have never seen them. I hate that any human creature should be near me, young or old! Had not ridiculous habit made a servant necessary, I should never have engaged him, though he is not the worst among the bad.

*Bar.* Such too often are the consequences of great alliances. Therefore, Charles, I have resolved to take a wife from a lower rank of life.

*Stra.* You marry!

*Bar.* You shall see her. She is in the house where you are expected. Come with me.

*Stra.* What! I mix again with the world!

*Bar.* To do a generous action without requiring thanks is noble and praiseworthy. But so obstinately to avoid those thanks, as to make the kindness a burthen, is affectation.

*Stra.* Leave me! leave me! Every one tries to form a circle, of which he may be the centre: so do I. As long as there remains a bird in these woods to greet the rising sun with its melody I shall court no other society. [*Crosses* R.

*Bar.* Do as you please to-morrow; but give me your company this evening.

*Stra.* No!

*Bar.* Not though it were in your power, by this single visit, to secure the happiness of your friend for life?

*Stra.* Ha! Then I must.—But how?

*Bar.* You shall sue in my behalf to Mrs. Haller. You have the talent of persuasion.

*Stra.* I! my dear Steinfort!

*Bar.* The happiness or misery of your friend depends upon it. I'll contrive that you shall speak to her alone. Will you?

*Stra.* I will; but upon one condition.

*Bar.* Name it.

*Stra.* That you allow me to be gone to-morrow, and not endeavor to detain me.

*Bar.* Go! Whither?

*Stra.* No matter. Promise this, or I will not come.

*Bar.* Well, I do promise. Come.

*Stra.* I have directions to give my servant. [*Crosses*, L.

*Bar.* In half an hour, then, we shall expect you. Remember, you have given your word.

*Stra.* I have. [*Exit Baron through gates. The Stranger walks up and down, thoughtful and melancholy.*] Francis! Francis!

*Enter* FRANCIS, *from Lodge.*

*Stra.* Why are you out of the way?

*Fra.* Sir, I came when I heard you call.

*Stra.* I shall leave this place to-morrow.

*Fra.* With all my heart.

*Stra.* Perhaps to go into another land.

*Fra.* With all my heart again.

*Stra.* Perhaps into another quarter of the globe.

*Fra.* With all my heart still. Into which quarter?

*Stra.* Wherever Heaven directs! Away! away! from Europe! From this cultivated moral lazaret! Do you hear, Francis? To-morrow, early.

*Fra.* Very well. [*Going.*

*Stra.* Come here, come here first, I have an errand for you. Hire that carriage in the village; drive to the town hard by; you may be back by sunset. I shall give you a letter to a widow who lives there. With her you will find two children. They are mine.

*Fra.* [*Astonished.*] Your children, sir?

*Stra.* Take them and bring them hither.

*Fra.* Your children, sir?

*Stra.* Yes, mine! Is it so very inconceivable?

*Fra.* That I should have been three years in your service, and never have heard them mentioned, is somewhat strange.

*Stra.* Pshaw! Blockhead!—

*Fra.* You have been married, then?

*Stra.* Well—go, go, and prepare for our journey.

*Fra.* That I can do in five minutes. [*Going.*

*Stra.* I shall come and write the letter directly.

*Fra.* Very well, sir. [*Exit*, L.

*Stra.* Yes, I'll take them with me. I'll accustom myself to the sight of them. The innocents! they shall not be poisoned by the refinements of society. Rather let them hunt their daily sustenance upon some desert island with their bow and arrow; or creep, like torpid Hottentots, into a corner, and stare at each other. Better to do nothing than to do evil. Fool that I was, to be prevailed upon once more to exhibit myself among these apes! What a ridiculous figure shall I make! And in the character of a suitor, too. He cannot be serious! 'Tis but some friendly artifice to draw me from my solitude. Why did I promise him? Yet, my sufferings have been many: and to oblige a friend, why should I hesitate to add another painful hour to the wretched calendar of my life! I'll go, I'll go. [*Exit into Lodge.*

### SCENE II.—*The Antichamber.*

*Enter* CHARLOTTE, R.

*Char.* No, indeed, my lady! If you choose to bury yourself in the country, I shall take my leave. I am not calculated for a country life. And, to sum up all, when I think of this Mrs. Haller———

*Enter* SOLOMON, L.

*Sol.* [*Overhearing her last words.*] What of Mrs. Haller, my sweet Miss?

*Char.* Why, Mr. Solomon, who is Mrs. Haller? You know everything; you hear everything.

*Sol.* I have received no letters from any part of Europe on the subject, Miss.

*Char.* But who is to blame? The Count and Countess. She dines with them; and at this very moment is drinking tea with them. Is this proper?

*Sol.* By no means.

*Char.* Should not a Count and Countess, in all their actions, show a proper degree of pride and pomposity?

*Sol.* To be sure! To be sure, they should!

*Char.* No, I won't submit to it. I'll tell her ladyship, when I dress her to-morrow, that either Mrs. Haller or I must quit the house.

*Sol.* [*Seeing the Baron.*] St!

*Enter* BARON, R.

*Bar.* Did'nt I hear Mrs. Haller's name here?

*Sol.* [*Confused.*] Why—yes—we—we—

*Bar.* Charlotte, tell my sister I wish to see her as soon as the tea-table is removed. [*Crosses*, L.

*Char.* Either she or I go, that I'm determined. [*Exit*, R.

*Bar.* May I ask what it was you were saying?

*Sol.* Why, please your Honourable Lordship, we were talking here and there—this and that—

*Bar.* I almost begin to suspect some secret.

*Sol.* Secret! Heaven forbid! Mercy on us! No! I should have had letters on the subject if there had been a secret.

*Bar.* Well, then, since it was no secret, I presume I may know your conversation.

*Sol.* You do us great honour, my lord. Why, then, at first, we were making a few common-place observations. Miss Charlotte remarked we all had our faults. I said, "Yes." Soon after, I remarked that the best persons in the world were not without their weaknesses. She said, "Yes."

*Bar.* If you referred to Mrs. Haller's faults and weaknesses, I am desirous to hear more.

*Sol.* Sure enough, sir, Mrs. Haller is an excellent woman; but she's not an angel, for all that. I am an old faithful servant to his Excellency the Count, and therefore it is my duty to speak when anything is done disadvantageous to his interest.

*Bar.* Well!

*Sol.* For instance, now; his Excellency may think he has at least some score of dozens of the old six-and-twenty hock. Mercy on us! There are not ten dozen bottles left; and not a drop has gone down my throat, I'll swear.

*Bar.* [*Smiling.*] Mrs. Haller has not drank it, I suppose?

*Sol.* Not she herself, for she never drinks wine. But if anybody be ill in the village, any poor woman lying-in, away goes a bottle of the six-and-twenty! Innumerable are the times that I've reproved her; but she always answers me snappishly, that she will be responsible for it.

*Bar.* So will I, Mr. Solomon.

*Sol.* Oh! with all my heart, your Honourable Lordship. It makes no difference to me. I had the care of the cellar twenty years, and can safely take my oath, that I never gave the poor a single drop in the whole course of my life.

*Bar.* How extraordinary is this woman! [*Crosses*, R.

*Sol.* Extraordinary! One can make nothing of her. To-day, the vicar's wife is not good enough for her. To-morrow, you may see her sitting with all the women in the village. To be sure, she and I agree pretty well; for between me and your Honourable Lordship, she has cast an eye upon my son Peter.

*Bar.* Has she?

*Sol.* Yes—Peter's no fool, I assure you. The schoolmaster is teaching him to write. Would your Honourable Lordship please to see a specimen? I'll go for his copy-book. He makes his pot-hooks capitally.

*Bar.* Another time, another time. Good bye for the present, Mr. Solomon. [*Solomon bows without attempting to go.*] Good day, Mr. Solomon.

*Sol.* [*Not understanding the hint.*] Your Honourable Lordship's most obedient servant.

*Bar.* Mr. Solomon, I wish to be alone.

*Sol.* As your lordship commands. If the time should seem long in my absence, and your lordship wishes to hear the newest news from the seat of war, you need only send for old Solomon. I have letters from Leghorn, Cape Horn, and every known part of the habitable globe. [*Exit,* L.

*Bar.* Tedious old fool! Yet hold. Did he not speak in praise of Mrs. Haller? Pardoned be his rage for news and politics.

*Enter* COUNTESS, R.

Well, sister, have you spoken to her?

*Countess.* I have: and if you do not steer for another haven, you will be doomed to drive upon the ocean for ever.

*Bar.* Is she married?

*Countess.* I don't know.

*Bar.* Is she of a good family?

*Countess.* I can't tell.

*Bar.* Does she dislike me?

*Countess.* Excuse my making a reply.

*Bar.* I thank you for your sisterly affection, and the explicitness of your communications. Luckily, I placed little reliance on either; and have found a friend, who will save your ladyship all further trouble.

*Countess.* A friend!

*Bar.* Yes. The Stranger, who saved your son's life this morning, proves to be my intimate friend.

*Countess.* What's his name?

*Bar.* I don't know.

*Countess.* Is he of good family?

*Bar.* I can't tell.

*Countess.* Will he come hither?

*Bar.* Excuse my making a reply.

*Countess.* Well, the retort is fair—but insufferable.

*Bar.* You can't object to the *Da Capo* of your own composition.

*Enter* COUNT *and* MRS. HALLER, R.

*Count.* Zounds! do you think I am Xenocrates; or like the poor sultan with marble legs? There you leave me, *tete-à-tete* with Mrs. Haller, as if my heart were a mere flint. So you prevailed, brother. The Stranger will come then, it seems.

*Bar.* I expect him every minute.

*Count.* I am glad to hear it. One companion more, however. In the country, we never can have too many.

*Bar.* This gentleman will not exactly be an addition to your circle, for he leaves this place to-morrow.

[*Crosses behind Mrs. Haller,* R.

*Count.* But he won't, I think. Now, Lady Wintersen, summon all your charms. There is no art in conquering us poor devils; but this strange man who does not care a doit for you all together, is worth your efforts. Try your skill. I shan't be jealous.

*Countess.* I allow the conquest to be worth the trouble. But what Mrs. Haller has not been able to effect in three months, ought not to be attempted by me.

*Mrs. H.* Oh, madam, he has given me no opportunity of trying the force of my charms, for I never once happened to see him.

*Count.* Then he's a blockhead; and you an idler.

*Sol.* [*Without,* L.] This way, sir! This way!

*Enter* SOLOMON, L.

*Sol.* The Stranger begs leave to have the honour—

*Count.* Welcome! Welcome! [*Exit Solomon.*

[*Runs to meet the Stranger, whom he conducts in by the hand.*

My dear sir—Lady Wintersen—Mrs. Haller—

[*Mrs. Haller, as soon as she sees the Stranger, shrieks, and swoons in the arms of the Baron. The Stranger casts a look at her, and, struck with astonishment and horror, rushes out of the room,* L. *The Baron and Countess bear Mrs. Haller off,* R.; *Count following in great surprise.*

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The Antichamber.*

*Enter* BARON, R.

*Bar.* Oh! deceitful hope! Thou phantom of future happiness. To thee have I stretched out my arms, and thou hast vanished into air! Wretched Steinfort! The mystery is solved. She is the wife of my friend! I cannot myself be happy; but I may, perhaps, be able to reunite two lovely souls whom cruel fate has severed. Ha! they are here. I must propose it instantly.

*Enter* COUNTESS *and* MRS. HALLER, R.

*Countess.* Into the garden, my dear friend! Into the air!

*Mrs. H.* I am quite well. Do not alarm yourselves on my account.

*Bar.* Madam, pardon my intrusion; but to lose a moment may be fatal. He means to quit the country to-morrow. We must devise means to reconcile you to the Stranger.

*Mrs. H.* How, my lord! You seem acquainted with my history?

*Bar.* I am. Waldbourg has been my friend ever since we were boys. We served together from the rank of cadet. We have been separated seven years. Chance brought us this day together, and his heart was open to me.

*Mrs. H.* How do I feel what it is to be in the presence of an honest man, when I dare not meet his eye.

*Bar.* If sincere repentance, if years without reproach, do not give us a title to man's forgiveness, what must we expect hereafter? No, lovely penitent! your contrition is complete. Error for a moment wrested from slumbering virtue the dominion of your heart; but she awoke, and, with a look, banished her enemy forever. I know my friend. He has the firmness of a man; but, with it, the gentlest feelings of your sex. I hasten to him. With the fire of pure, disinterested friendship will I enter on this work; that, when I look back upon my past life, I may derive from this good action consolation in disappointment, and even resignation in despair. [*Going*, L.

*Mrs. H.* [*Crosses*, C.] Oh, stay! What would you do? No! never! My husband's honour is sacred to me. I love him unutterably: but never, never can I be his wife again; even if he were generous enough to pardon me.

*Bar.* Madam! Can you, Countess, be serious?

*Mrs. H.* Not that title, I beseech you! I am not a child who wishes to avoid deserved punishment. What were my penitence, if I hoped advantage from it beyond the consciousness of atonement for past offence?

*Countess.* But if your husband himself?—

*Mrs. H.* Oh! he will not! he cannot! And let him rest assured I never would replace my honour at the expense of his.

*Bar.* He still loves you.

*Mrs. H.* Loves me! Then he must not—no—he must purify his heart from a weakness which would degrade him!

*Bar.* Incomparable woman! I go to my friend—perhaps for the last time! Have you not one word to send him?

*Mrs. H.* Yes, I have two requests to make. Often, when, in excess of grief, I have despaired of every consolation, I have thought I should be easier if I might behold my husband once again, acknowledge my injustice to him, and take a gentle leave of him forever. This, therefore, is my first request—a conversation for a few short minutes, if he does not quite abhor the sight of me. My second request is—Oh—not to see, but to hear some account of my poor children.

*Bar.* If humanity and friendship can avail, he will not for a moment delay your wishes.

*Countess.* Heaven be with you!

*Mrs. H.* And my prayers. [*Exit Baron*, L.

*Countess.* Come, my friend, come into the air, till he returns with hope and consolation.

*Mrs. H.* Oh, my heart! how art thou afflicted! My husband! My little ones! Past joys and future fears.—Oh, dearest madam, there are moments in which we live years! moments which steal the roses from the cheek of health, and plough deep furrows in the brow of youth.

*Countess.* Banish these sad reflections. [*Crosses*, L.]—Come, let us walk. The sun will set soon; let nature's beauties dissipate anxiety.

*Mrs. H.* Alas! Yes, the setting sun is a proper scene for me.

*Countess.* Never forget that a morning will succeed.

[*Exeunt* L.

Scene II.—*The Skirts of the Park, Lodge, &c., as before.*

*Enter* Baron, *from Gates.*

*Bar.* On earth, there is but one such pair. They shall not be parted. Yet what I have undertaken is not so easy as I at first hoped. What can I answer when he asks me, whether I would persuade him to renounce his character, and become the derision of society? For he is right: a faithless wife is a dishonor! and to forgive her, is to share her shame. What though Adelaide may be an exception; a young deluded girl, who has so long and so sincerely repented; yet what cares an unfeeling world for this? The world! He has quitted it. 'Tis evident he loves her still; and upon this assurance builds my sanguine heart the hope of a happy termination to an honest enterprise.

*Enter* Francis *with two children,* William *and* Amelia, R.

*Fra.* (R. C.) Come along, my pretty ones—come.

*Will.* (L. C.) Is it far to home?

*Fra.* No, we shall be there directly now.

*Bar.* (L.) Hold! Whose children are these?

*Fra.* My master's.

*Will.* Is that my father?

*Bar.* It darts like lightning through my brain. A word with you. [*Francis puts the children a little back.*] I know you love your master. Strange things have happened here. Your master has found his wife again.

*Fra.* Indeed! Glad to hear it.

*Bar.* Mrs. Haller—

*Fra.* Is she his wife? Still more glad to hear it.

*Bar.* But he is determined to go from her.

*Fra.* Oh!

*Bar.* We must try to prevent it.

*Fra.* Surely.

*Bar.* The unexpected appearance of the children may perhaps assist us.

*Fra.* How so?

*Bar.* Hide yourself with them in that hut. Before a quarter of an hour is passed, you shall know more.

*Fra.* But—

*Bar.* No more questions, I entreat you. Time is precious.

*Fra.* Well, well: questions are not much in my way. Come, children. [*Takes them in each hand.*

*Will.* Why, I thought you told me I should see my father?

*Fra.* So you shall, my dear. Come, moppets.

[*Goes into the Hut with the Children;* L. U. E.

*Bar.* Excellent! I promise myself much from this little artifice. If the mild look of the mother fails, the innocent smiles of these, his own children, will surely find the way to his heart. [*Taps at the Lodge door: the Stranger comes out.*] Charles, I wish you joy.

*Stra.* Of what?

*Bar.* You have found her again.

*Stra.* Show a bankrupt the treasure which he once possessed, and then congratulate him on the amount!

*Bar.* Why not, if it be in your power to retrieve the whole?

*Stra.* I understand you: you are a negociator from my wife. It won't avail.

*Bar.* Learn to know your wife better. Yes, I am a messenger from her; but without power to treat. She, who loves you unutterably, who without you never can be happy, renounces your forgiveness; because, as she thinks, your honour is incompatible with such a weakness.

*Stra.* Pshaw! I am not to be caught.

*Bar.* Charles! consider well—

*Stra.* Steinfort, let me explain all this. I have lived here three years. Adelaide knew it.

*Bar.* Knew it! She never saw you till to-day.

*Stra.* That you may make fools believe. Hear further: she knows, too, that I am not a common sort of man; that my heart is not to be attacked in the usual manner. She, therefore, framed a deep-concerted plan. She played a charitable part; but in such a way, that it always reached my ears. She played a pious, modest, reserved part, in order to excite my curiosity. And, at last, to-day she plays the prude. She refuses my forgiveness, in hopes, by this generous device, to extort it from my compassion.

*Bar.* Charles! I have listened to you with astonishment. This is a weakness only to be pardoned in a man who has so often been deceived by the world. Your wife has expressly and steadfastly declared, that she will not accept your forgiveness, even if you yourself were weak enough to offer it.

*Stra.* What then has brought you hither?

*Bar.* More than one reason. First, I am come in my own name, as your friend and comrade, to conjure you solemnly not to spurn this creature from you; for, by my soul, you will not find her equal.

*Stra.* Give yourself no further trouble.

*Bar.* Be candid, Charles. You love her still?

*Stra.* Alas! yes.

*Bar.* Her sincere repentance has long since obliterated her crime.

*Stra.* Sir! a wife, once induced to forfeit her honour, must be capable of a second crime.

*Bar.* Not so, Charles. Ask your heart what portion of the blame may be your own.

*Stra.* Mine?

*Bar.* Yours. Who told you to marry a thoughtless inexperienced girl? One scarce expects established principles at five-and-twenty in a man, yet you require them in a girl of sixteen! But of this no more. She has erred; she has repented; and, during three years, her conduct has been so far above reproach, that even the piercing eye of calumny has not discovered a speck upon this radiant orb.

*Stra.* Now, were I to believe all this—and I confess I would willingly believe it—yet she can never again be mine. Ah! what a feast would it be for the painted dolls and vermin of the world, when I appeared among them with my runaway wife upon my arm! What mocking, whispering, pointing!—Never! Never! Never!

[*Crosses*, L.

*Bar.* Enough! As a friend I have done my duty; I now appear as Adelaide's ambassador. She requests one moment's conversation: she wishes once again to see you, and never more! You cannot deny her this only, this last request.

*Stra.* I understand this too: she thinks my firmness will be melted by her tears: she is mistaken. She may come.

*Bar.* She will come to make you feel how much you mistake her. I go for her.

*Stra.* Another word.

*Bar.* Another word!

*Stra.* Give her this paper, and these jewels. They belong to her. [*Presenting them.*

*Bar.* That you may do yourself. [*Exit at Gate,* C.

*Stra.* The last anxious moment of my life draws near. I shall see her once again; I shall see her on whom my soul doats. Is this the language of an injured husband? What is this principle which we call honor? Is it a feeling of the heart, or a quibble in the brain? I must be resolute: it cannot now be otherwise. Let me speak solemnly, yet mildly; and beware that nothing of reproach escape my lips.

*Enter* COUNTESS, MRS. HALLER, *and* BARON, *from Gates.*

Yes, her penitence is real, it is real. She shall not be obliged to live in mean dependence: she shall be mistress of herself, she shall—Ha! they come. Awake, insulted pride! Protect me, injured honour!

[*Gets over to* R. *of Stage.*

*Mrs. H.* [*Advances slowly, and in a tremour,* L. *Countess attempts to support her.*] Leave me now, I beseech you. [*Baron and Countess retire into the hut,* L. U. E. *Approaches the Stranger, who, with averted countenance, and in extreme agitation, awaits her address.*] My lord!

*Stra.* [*With gentle tremulous utterance, and face still turned away.*] What would you with me, Adelaide?

*Mrs. H.* [*Much agitated.*] No—for Heaven's sake! I was not prepared for this—Adelaide!—No, no. For Heaven's sake!—Harsh words alone are suited to a culprit's ear.

*Stra.* [*Endeavoring to give his voice firmness.*] Well, madam!

*Mrs. H.* Oh! If you will ease my heart, if you will spare and pity me, use reproaches.

*Stra.* Reproaches! Here they are; here on my sallow cheek—here in my hollow eye—here in my faded form. These reproaches I could not spare you.

*Mrs. H.* Were I a hardened sinner, this forbearance would be charity: but I am a suffering penitent, and it overpowers me! Alas! then I must be the herald of my own shame. For where shall I find peace till I have eased my soul by my confession.

*Stra.* No confession, madam. I release you from every humiliation. I perceive you feel that we must part forever.

*Mrs. H.* I know it. Nor come I here to supplicate your pardon; nor has my heart contained a ray of hope that you would grant it. All I dare ask, is, that you will not curse my memory.

*Stra.* No, I do not curse you. I shall never curse you.

*Mrs. H.* From the inward conviction that I am unworthy of your name, I have, during three years, abandoned it. But this is not enough; you must have that redress which will enable you to choose another—another wife; in whose chaste arms may Heaven protect your hours of bliss! This paper will be necessary for the purpose; it contains a written acknowledgment of my guilt. [*Offers it, trembling.*

*Stra.* [*Tearing it.*] Perish the record for ever!—No, Adelaide, you only have possessed my heart; and I am not ashamed to own it, you alone will reign there forever. —Your own sensations of virtue, your resolute honour, forbid you to profit by my weakness; and even if—this is beneath a man! But—never—will another fill Adelaide's place here.

*Mrs. H.* Then nothing now remains but that one sad, hard, just word—farewell! [*Going,* L.

*Stra.* Stay a moment. For some months we have, without knowing it, lived near each other. I have learnt much good of you. You have a heart open to the wants of your fellow creatures. I am happy that it is so. You shall not be without the power of gratifying your benevolence. I know you have a spirit that must shrink from a state of obligation. This paper, to which the whole remnant of my fortune is pledged, secures you independence, Adelaide; and let the only recommendation of the gift be, that it will administer to you the means of indulging in charity, the divine propensity of your nature.

*Mrs. H.* Never! To the labor of my hands alone will I owe my sustenance. A morsel of bread, moistened with the tear of penitence, will suffice my wishes, and exceed my merits. It would be an additional reproach, to think that I served myself, or even others, from the bounty of the man whom I had so deeply injured.

*Stra.* Take it, madam; take it.

*Mrs. H.* I have deserved this. But I throw myself upon your generosity. Have compassion on me!

*Stra.* [*Aside.*] Villain! Of what a woman hast thou robbed me!—[*Puts up the paper.*] Well, madam, I respect your sentiments and withdraw my request; but on condition, that if ever you shall be in want of anything, I may be the first and only person in the world to whom you will make your application.

*Mrs. H.* I promise it, my lord.

*Stra.* And now I may, at least, desire you to take back what is your own—your jewels. [*Gives her the casket.*

*Mrs. H.* [*Opens it, and weeps.*] How well do I recollect the sweet evening when you gave me these! That evening my father joined our hands; and joyfully I pronounced the oath of eternal fidelity.—It is broken. This locket you gave me on my birth-day.—That was a happy day! We had a country feast—How cheerful we all were!—This bracelet I received after my William was born!—No! Take them—take them—I cannot take these, unless you wish that the sight of them should be an incessant reproach to my almost broken heart. [*Gives them back.*

*Stra.* I must go. My soul and pride will hold no longer. Farewell.

*Mrs. H.* Oh! But one minute more! An answer to but one more question.—Feel for a mother's heart!—Are my children still alive?

*Stra.* Yes, they are alive.

*Mrs. H.* And well?

*Stra.* Yes, they are well.

*Mrs. H.* Heaven be praised! William must be much grown?

*Stra.* I believe so.

*Mrs. H.* What! Have you not seen them, then? And little Amelia, is she still your favorite? [*The Stranger, who is in violent agitation throughout this scene, remains in silent* *contention between honor and affection.*] Oh ! generous man, allow me to behold them once again !—Let me once more kiss the features of their father in his babes, and I will kneel to you, and part with them forever.

[*She kneels—he raises her.*

*Stra.* Willingly, Adelaide ! This very night. I expect the children every minute. They have been brought up near this spot. I have already sent my servant for them. He might, ere this time, have returned. I pledge my word to send them to the Castle as soon as they arrive. There, if you please, they may remain till daybreak to-morrow : then they must go with me.

[*The Countess and Baron, having re-entered and listened to the whole conversation with the warmest sympathy, exchange signals. Baron goes into the Hut, and soon returns with the Children. He gives the Girl to the Countess, who places herself behind the Stranger. He himself walks with the Boy behind Mrs. Haller.*

*Mrs. H.* In this world, then, we have no more to say ! ——[*Seizing his hand.*] Forget a wretch who never will forget you.—Let me press this hand once more to my lips —this hand which once was mine. And when my penance shall have broken my heart,—when we again meet in a better world——

*Stra.* There, Adelaide, you may be mine again.

*Stra.*
*Mrs. H.* } Oh ! Oh ! [*Parting.*

[*But, as they are going, she encounters the Boy, and he the Girl.*

*Children.* Dear father ! Dear mother !

[*They press the Children in their arms with speechless affection ; then tear themselves away—gaze at each other —spread their arms and rush into an embrace. The Children run and cling round their parents. The Curtain falls.*

## DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Countess. Baron.
Amelia. Stranger. Mrs. Haller. William.

THE END.

[illegible]

*Mrs. McKinley* [illegible] the children [illegible]

[illegible]

*Mrs. C.* [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] *Curtain.*

*Children.* Our father! Our mother!

[*They run to the Christmas tree* [illegible] *The Children run and cling round their parents. The Curtain falls.*]

## POSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Curtain. [illegible]

Agnes. [illegible] Mrs. Miller. [illegible]

THE END.

No. IX.

## MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

# GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD.

## An Original Drama.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY MARK LEMON, ESQ.

AS PLAYED AT THE PARK THEATRE.

WITH STAGE DIRECTIONS, AND COSTUMES, MARKED AND CORRECTED
BY J. B. ADDIS, PROMPTER.

NEW YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR, No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.
WM. TAYLOR AND CO., CORNER OF NORTH AND BALTIMORE STREETS, BALTIMORE, MD.; AND ALL OTHER PERIODICAL BOOKSELLERS AND
DEALERS IN CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

1845.

PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

# EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This favorite little two-act piece is an adaptation from the French. It was originally produced in its present Anglicised form at the Haymarket Theatre, 27th September, 1842. Of Farren's performance of the old man on this occasion, one of the critics of the day remarks: "Frequently and oft have we witnessed and admired his performances of the old man, and especially of *Uncle Foozle;* but, however praiseworthy we deemed these several representations, they are as nothing in comparison with his *Grandfather Whitehead.* The doting fondness for his little grandson—the childlike participation and joy in his amusements—the delight at his boyish interruptions to grandad's writing-lesson—the screening him from correction, and taking the *rod* into his own hands—are exceedingly natural; and then, again, the fine universal benevolence of the old man—his wish, and almost irritability at not being able to make every one happy—his contentment, interrupted only by the thought now and then breaking in upon the weakened intellect of eighty-three, of his being a burden to others,—are most life-like; and farther, his tottering walk—his chuckling laugh—his short breathing and hesitating sentences—and, under great grief, his stricken body and mind,—are all most admirably, but painfully true; in short, the portrait is perfect."

This commendation may be applied without qualification to Mr. H. Placide's excellent acting in the same part. It is one of those artist-like pictures, which once seen live in the memory as distinctly as our recollections of real personages, with whom we may have been familiar, and who may have impressed us by their saliency of character or by their being mingled up with circumstances, that have left their ineffaceable print upon our minds.

## COSTUMES.

**DRAYTON.**—Light mixed body coat, white basket buttons, drab breeches and gaiters, flowered waistcoat.

**GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD.**—Dark brown long-lapelled body coat, black breeches.

**LANGLEY.**—Brown frock coat, black trousers, grey morning gown black velvet collar and cuffs.

**DRIVER.**—Black body coat, brown satin waistcoat, light grey trousers, black stocking gaiters, white hat.

**BOB LINCOLN.**—Black jacket, black glazed buttons, black trousers, low crowned white hat.

**SNAP.**—Black coat buttoned up to the neck, black trousers.

**EDWARD DRAYTON.**—Brown holland blouse, light coloured trousers, black waistcoat.

**LOUISA DRAYTON.**—Blue merino dress, and black silk apron.

**SUSAN.**—Brown silk dress, and white apron.

◆

### EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* *M. D. Middle Door.*

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. *means Right*; L. *Left;* C. *Centre;* R. C. *Right of Centre;* L. C. *Left of Centre.*

⁂ *The reader is supposed to be on the stage, facing the Audience.*

# GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Driver's Office—easy chair,* C. *stool and desk,* R.

SNAP *discovered arranging books, papers, &c. &c.*

*Snap.* There, every thing's ready for business. [*Bell rings.*] That's Master Bobby Lincoln, I suppose; his uncle, Mr. Langley, keeps him pretty close to his work.

*Enter* BOB LINCOLN, L.

*Bob.* Well, Snap, has Mr. Driver, the governor, done breakfast?

*Snap.* Yes, sir, it only wants a minute to nine, and he'll be here directly. [*Exit,* L.

*Bob.* [*Takes up books, &c.*] Ah, the trap's baited, I see, and there are certain to be plenty of flats before the day's out. Why did they make me a lawyer? I've too much humanity for the profession, for I'd rather go to Greenwich any day, than serve a writ or a declaration. [*Taking up a parchment.*] I never see a sheep but it puts me in mind of a lawyer, parchment and fleece—oh! very well sir! Oh, here's Mr. Driver.

*Enter* MR. DRIVER, R.

*Mr. D.* Mr. Lincoln, good morning. [*Crosses to* C.

*Bob.* Good morning, sir.

*Mr. D.* This punctuality promises well, Mr. Lincoln, too many look upon law as a luxury.

*Bob.* Do you mean clients, sir?

*Mr. D.* No, sir, I allude to clerks, they seem to consider that the great end and aim of law is a guinea a week, whereas, their ambition should be to exhibit the beauty of justice, by working as hard as they can for their employers. Have the other clerks arrived?

*Bob.* [*Looking off.*] Yes, sir, there's Nix in the loan office, and Tap in the common law. [*Sits at desk,* R.

*Mr. D.* Oh, that loan office was a splendid thought of mine, there's philanthropy and forty per cent. in the very sound. [*Bell rings,* BOB *pulls the string and looks off.*

*Bob.* [*Aside.*] Why it's my Louisa's father. [*Aloud.*]—It's Mr. Drayton, sir.

*Mr. D.* Drayton! what the deuce can he want!

*Bob.* [*Aside.*] That's just the question I was about to ask myself.

*Mr. D.* Perhaps he has called for his father-in-law, Whitehead's allowance. Hem! money makes money, and I shan't part with that till I am obliged.

*Enter* SNAP, L.

*Snap.* A letter, sir, from Mr. Drayton. [*Crosses to* C.

*Mr. D.* [*Reads.*] "Dear sir, I am greatly in want of thirty pounds, in fact, my credit depends upon payment of that sum to-day—will you assist me? I offer you as security, the allowance which some unknown friend has hitherto commanded you to pay to my father-in-law, Whitehead"—hum—"the interest I leave to you"—hum—"but remember, I must have the money to-day.

"Your's obediently, JOHN DRAYTON."

[*Aside.*] And so you shall, if Langley orders the allowance to be continued. Tell Mr. Drayton, I will send him an answer. [*Exit Snap,* L.] Mr. Lincoln, did your uncle Langley send any message to me?

*Bob.* Oh dear, I had quite forgotten—yes, sir, he wishes to see you before you go out, about something concerning somebody that he could'nt mention to any body but you.

*Mr. D.* Oh, very well. [*Bob resumes his place at the desk.*] I understand what he requires,—his will; I hope he will remember my past services, the clever way in which I saved him from the consequences of that pretty little piece of roguery, by which he made his own fortune and ruined old Whitehead.

*Enter* SNAP, L.

*Snap.* Mr. Langley, sir.

*Mr. D.* [*To Bob.*] Oh, Mr. Lincoln, shew him in—stay, I'll wait upon him myself. [*Exeunt Snap and Driver,* L.

*Bob.* What an old spider the governor is, if ever a very fat fly gets into his web, he always attends upon his execution himself, and uncle Langley is, figuratively speaking, a blue bottle of a client.

*Mr. D.* [*Within.*] There, my dear sir, lean upon me.

*Sus.* [*Within.*] Mind the step, sir.

*Enter* DRIVER *and* SUSAN, L. *supporting* LANGLEY, *who appears suffering from weakness.*

*Lan.* [*Impatiently.*] Don't hurry so, Driver, you grasp my arm as though I were iron.

*Mr. D.* My dear sir, I thought I was handling you as tenderly as a ward in chancery.

*Sus.* [*Placing a chair.*] A chair—Mr. Lincoln, have you a pillow ?

*Bob.* No, we have not, but here's Coke and Littleton, [*hands her a large book,*] and I've slept over that many a time.

*Lan.* No jesting, sir, my sufferings ought to excite your sympathy and not your merriment.

*Bob.* I beg pardon, sir, if I've made a joke it was without *malice prepense.*

*Lan.* But I have deserved it, for have I not matured, clothed and cherished you as my own, and when did charity beget aught else but ingratitude.

*Bob.* Uncle, I beg to move for a rule *nisi.*

*Lan.* Cease your senseless jargon.

*Mr. D.* Senseless jargon Mr. Langley, are you aware that the phrase is professional ?

*Lan.* I will not be baited—to you, Mr. Driver, I have paid thousands, and have a right to your respect—to that boy I have been a parent, and demand obedience.

*Bob.* And you have it, sir; here's a proof of it—look at these pantaloons, hav'nt I had them turned twice, and left off straps because you said it wore 'em out at the knees ?

*Lan.* Do you not wish to leave me—have you not dared to form an attachment to Drayton's daughter—you, a beggar?

*Mr. D.* Now you are compromising the character of my office. Mr. Lincoln is a gentleman, sir, on a guinea a week.

*Bob.* If that fact's not enough to soften a heart of stone, I don't know what is—hard work and a hard seat are quite enough, without hard words, uncle.

*Lan.* Well, perhaps I was wrong—Susan!

*Sus.* Yes, sir.

*Lan.* You can go home. [*Exit Susan,* L.] Robert, I wish to speak with Mr. Driver alone. [*Takes out a note book.*

*Bob.* Yes, sir.

*Mr. D.* [*Beckons him aside.*] Lincoln, run down to Drayton, and tell him I will see him in an hour's time.—[*Aloud.*] Mind your uncle. [*Takes his hat from nail.*

*Bob.* [*As he is going.*] Of course, sir.

[*Bows respectfully and exits,* L.

*Lan.* [*Offering paper.*] Driver, you will here find instructions for the distribution of my property when—I am dead.

*Mr. D.* My dear sir, you should'nt distress yourself; yours will be a most respectable will, your personal property can't be sworn under 20,000*l.*

*Lan.* More, Driver, more, and *you* know how I obtained it.

*Mr. D.* By fair and honest speculation.

*Lan.* [*Earnestly.*] You think so, truly, as between man and man?

*Mr. D.* Has not the law decided so?

*Lan.* Ah! but was the truth all told, did not you shirk and quibble?

*Mr. D.* Sir, I exercised my professional knowledge.

*Lan.* And so defeated Whitehead, beggared him to pour his wealth into my coffers.

*Mr. D.* You were my client; had you been in his position I should have done the same for him. In our honourable profession *one* interest is always paramount.

*Lan.* Then the tale the old man has told was true—we did ruin him.

*Mr. D.* Mr. Langley, I'm not used to have my services so requited: gratitude, sir, ought to—

*Lan.* [*Shewing paper.*] Look at that paper—you see I have not been unmindful of you; one-third of all I have I shall bequeath to you.

*Mr. D.* My dear sir, I have been warm—over 20,000*l.* did you say, forgive me—threes into twenty are six and a fraction.

*Lan.* There is one condition that I will not—*dare* not insert in my will.

*Mr. D.* Indeed!

*Lan.* *You* must see it fulfilled. During old Whitehead's life you must continue to him the allowance of 50*l.* which hitherto you have paid him on my account.

*Mr. D.* Certainly, but if it were named in the will the whole property—

*Lan.* What! would you have me write down my own shame—has not my life been made a hell by that old man's story of his ruin? I have seen the finger of scorn pointed at me in the streets,—I have heard under my own roof how the adopted orphan sacrificed his benefactor; I will not write an epitaph to blacken my own memory.

*Mr. D.* Mr. Langley, but for this admirable disposition of your property, I should almost question your fitness to execute so important a document as your will. This remorse—

*Lan.* Remorse! It is not remorse. True, Whitehead found me a neglected orphan, reared me, made me his equal in society, and I ruined him,—but with what unwearying enmity has he pursued me!

*Mr. D.* Indeed! I never knew that he had even regretted his loss of wealth.

*Lan.* In what bosom has he not awakened pity, in what heart has he not called up love, whilst I—am shunn'd, despised, with all the means that should ensure respect.

*Mr. D.* [*Taking his hand.*] And you have it, sir; for if ever a client was adored by his professional adviser, you are the man, sir. [*Bows.*]

*Lan.* [*Aside.*] Sycophant! [*Rises, and crosses to* R.] [*Aloud.*] You have, of course, paid the money due last month to Whitehead.

*Mr. D.* I have had no orders, but to-day I will send it to him.

*Lan.* You were not so considerate when he was the victim of our cupidity. Pay it, Driver, let me at least feel that for my childhood I owe him nothing.

*Mr. D.* It shall be done, sir. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A neat room in a house in the suburbs of London.*

LOUISA *and* EDWARD *discovered, the former seated at table*, R., *(writing materials on table,) teaching Edward to read from a book in her lap.—A bureau*, L.

*Lou.* Well, what follows that? Go on, Edward.

*Edw.* Oh, no! I am tired—Grandad never makes me read so much as this.

*Lou.* Grandfather is too indulgent to you, he spoils you by letting you do as you please. Come, go on, sir.

*Edw.* I'd rather go and have a lesson with him in the garden.

*Lou.* You shall stay here, you will only plague and worry poor grandfather. Now, sir, what follows?

*Edw.* Oh, I'm tired of that.

[*Takes his skipping rope from table*, L. *and jumps.*

*Lou.* Will you come here, and give me that skipping rope?

*Edw.* No, I won't, I'm going to look for grandad.

[*Exit*, R. *skipping—as Louisa is about to follow—*

*Enter* BOB LINCOLN, C.

*Bob.* Louisa! Louisa!

*Lou.* La, Robert, how you made me jump.

*Bob.* What, I suppose there was something connubial in the sound of my voice, something of the lord and master.

*Lou.* How can you be so absurd?

*Bob.* Absurd! Why havn't I been talking of getting married for these six months past; havn't I ordered a pair of white ducks for my wedding day, and made a contract for a fat goose for my wedding dinner? Havn't you spoke to your father, and—

*Lou.* No, Robert, I have not dared to do so.

*Bob.* What, you're ashamed, I suppose—leave it to me [*consequentially*]. I havn't attended Westminster Hall for nothing, hem! The plaintiffs in this case are Bobby Lincoln and Louisa Drayton.

*Lou.* Hush! my father will hear you.

*Bob.* So much the better. La, bless you, your father's not like my uncle; my uncle's a harsh, ignorant, rich man, your father's a kind, sensible, poor one; so you dare tell him that you'd like to have a husband, and that you give a decided preference to me.

*Lou.* There was a time that I should not have hesitated to have done so, that is, if I had had such a wish or had felt such a preference; but lately my poor father is so changed, misfortunes have followed misfortunes until he has grown sour and petulant.

*Bob.* Rat me if I didn't think something was wrong, for I've seen him at our office, and that's only one remove from the Insolvent Court.

*Lou.* [*looking off,* C.] Hush! I thought I heard grandfather. [*Going up,* C.

*Bob.* What, Mr. Whitehead, that good jolly old boy?

*Lou.* Boy, indeed! for though eighty years of age, see how he is playing with my little brother Edward. [*Whitehead laughs without.*] Ha! [*Goes up.*] I thought he would have fallen.

*Bob.* Ha! ha! see how he's laughing, what a merry old soul it is. Does he know of your father's troubles!

[*Comes down.*

*Lou.* Oh, no, grandfather is so easily deceived, poor old man—his confiding disposition has been his ruin—he's coming this way, go now, Robert!

*Bob.* Egad, I must, but I want to see your father; so I'll go to him in the workshop. [*Crosses to* R.] Louisa, [*Kisses her.*] Take care of that till I see you again. [*Exit,* R.

*Lou.* Robert!

*Enter* EDWARD *dragging* WHITEHEAD *on with a hoop,* R. C.

*Whi.* There, there, have done, let me go, will you?

*Edw.* [*Pulling him.*] Yes, grandad.

[*Louisa puts table and two chairs forward,* C.

*Whi.* Louisa, help me, my dear, for this little rogue does nothing but say "Yes" and pull me about. [*He releases himself.*] But he should mind what is said to him, he should. Where's he got to now? [*Edward runs under the table.*] Come here, sir,—if I'd only my young legs again. Now don't be so giddy, you know what I promised you if you were good. [*Sits at table.* R.

*Edw.* What, grandad? [*Plays with hoop.*]

*Whi.* That splendid cart and horses, and that drum; and if you're very good we'll have the kite and the wheelbarrow.

*Lou.* Oh, grandfather, you mus'nt indulge Edward so much.

*Whi.* Indulge! Why, he did seem so pleased with them, poor child, he laughed, and the tears came into his little eyes when he found I couldn't buy them. I was obliged to promise him, and I shall keep my word; children should never be deceived, but he was to be a good boy, and go on with his writing. Come, Edward.

*Edw.* Oh, not now, grandad, by and bye.

*Whi.* [R. *of table.*] By and bye? No, sir, now directly. [*Places his spectacles on the table.*] Be a good boy: you wanted to play at hoop, and we played at hoop! you wanted a game at ball, and we played at ball, and we've broken a window into the bargain. [*He gets pens, paper, &c.*] So, now, [*Edward steals spectacles, puts them on, and sits on a chair,* L., *mimicking the old man.*] we are going to play at something else, to rest ourselves a bit. Hallo! where are my spectacles? Louisa, have you moved my glasses?

*Lou.* (R.) No, grandfather, perhaps you've left them in the garden, or Edward may have hidden them to prevent you giving him his lesson.

*Whi.* I should like to see him playing me such a trick.

*Lou.* Why, look, grandfather. [*She points to Edward, who has taken the spectacles, and is mimicking the old man in a chair,* L.]

*Whi.* Now this is too bad. [*Sternly.*] Edward! come here directly, that I may scold you, sir.

*Edw.* You musn't scold gentlemen in spectacles.

*Whi.* [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! there, Louisa, there, there's a wicked little dog.

*Lou.* Don't laugh at him, grandfather, it will only encourage him. [*Louisa crosses to Edward, takes spectacles from him and gives them to Whitehead.*]

*Whi.* I can't help it—"Gentlemen in spectacles," ha! ha! he puts me in mind of when I was a boy, I was a wicked one; only let me see a bit of fun going on, and away went books, and pen, and slate, and every thing else.

*Lou.* You should not say such things before Edward.

*Whi.* Eh! but it's quite true. [*Seriously.*] Come, sir, now be steady, or no carts, no kites—

*Edw.* [*Playing with ball.*] Ah, you may say so, but you'll give them to me for all that.

*Whi.* [*To Louisa.*] Do you hear that? Cunning little dog, how well he knows me. Come here, come and kiss me.

*Edw.* [*Runs to him.*] Oh, yes, grandad. [*Embraces him, and sits upon his knee.*]

*Whi.* There, that's right. [*To Louisa.*] There, you see, I've only to humour him, and I can make him do what I please.

*Lou.* Or rather what he pleases.

*Whi.* Louisa, you don't understand children. Now, where did we leave off yesterday? [*Puts on spectacles.*

*Edw.* At Y and Z, grandad.

*Whi.* Very well—Y and Z. But where's the leaves, some one's torn them out!

*Edw.* Oh, I know where they are.

[*Jumps down, and brings forward a cocked hat and boats made of writing paper, from table,* L.

*Whi.* What's he after now—I asked you where the Ys and the Zs were?

*Edw.* [*Shewing the figures.*] Here are the Ys, and here are the Zs.

*Whi.* [*Laughing.*] Now did you ever see—if he—if he hasn't actually made them into cocked hats and boats.

*Lou.* You see what an idle fellow he is.

[*Edward now goes and gets humming-top from table,* L., *and tries to wind it up.*

*Whi.* Yes, yes, I'm going to be very angry, you are a naughty little boy, sir. Do you think your father has the means to maintain you in idleness? you think he's very well off, I dare say, but you're mistaken, perhaps you're mistaken. [*To Louisa.*] There's no harm in saying that.

*Lou.* How little does he suspect that it is the truth!

*Whi.* Instead of studying and working and—[*sees Edward trying to wind up his humming top*] and paying attention—you—now that's not the way, [*takes the top*] a boy at your age not to know how to spin a humming-top is shameful—now watch me do it, [*winds it up, changing his* *tone*]. You should study whilst you're going. Are you attending to me?

*Edw.* Yes, grandad.

*Whi.* You must think of something beside amusement, and when I read you a lecture so—

*Edw.* (*watching top.*) Is it done, grandad?

*Whi.* Yes, yes, now there it is (*kneels down*). Now see how I do it—you must spin it this way. (*Spins top, Edward jumps about, and then they try to take it up with a spoon.*

*Noise.* DRAYTON *speaking off,* L.

*Dra.* Sir, I have told you the truth: you must now do as you please. Put in an execution if you will, for I have not the means of paying you.

*Lou.* My father, and the room in this litter!

*Dra.* (*entering* L.) What is the reason of this confusion?

*Lou.* Why, father—

*Whi.* Stay, stay, I'll tell him. Master Poppet, here, wanted to—to—to do something, and Louisa—Louisa, you see—

*Dra.* (*looking in his pocket book.*) I understand—why is Edward not at school?

*Whi.* Oh, that's—that's my fault; you see he wished—no, I mean I wished—that is, I didn't get up till late, and what with the breakfast and ever so many other things, the time has slipped away. [*Edward helps up Whitehead.*

*Dra.* He's an idle dunce.

*Whi.* Oh, oh, don't say that, the child's so fond of his school—you like going to school, don't you, Edward?

*Edw.* No, grandad. [*Getting behind Whitehead.*

*Whi.* Hold your tongue, you rogue.

*Dra.* I'm right, you see—come here, sir!

*Whi.* No, no! he didn't understand the question.—[*Aside to Edward.*] Go about your business.

*Dra.* Well, we'll see, leave him to me.

*Whi.* No, no! he didn't intend to say that—[*aside,*] now run, run. [*Exit Edward,* R.

*Dra.* (R.) You are wrong in spoiling that child, as you do.

*Whi.* [*aside.*] That's right, scold me, scold me, my dear fellow, I don't mind it.

*Dra.* You ought to chastise him.

*Whi.* Ah, he'd better mind that I don't do it.—[*Aside.*] a little darling.

*Dra.* He needs correction: I shall punish him, if you do not.

*Whi.* [*aside.*] I should like to see you lay a finger on him, that's all. [*Crosses to* L.

*Dra.* Look at these toys—they are fitted for the child of a nobleman.

*Whi.* Oh, they're mine—they are—I bought them, they all came out of my allowance.

*Dra.* Your allowance!

*Lou.* [*restraining him.*] Father!

*Dra.* What if my timber merchant had followed me into this room?

*Whi.* Why, you'd have paid him if he had made any remark.

*Dra.* [*aside.*] Paid him! that, I'm afraid, will be impossible. [*Crosses to* L. *and walks about.*

*Whi.* There, there, now you're fretting about something I've said; I've annoyed you.

*Dra.* [*taking Whitehead's hand.*] You, father? no, no! I'm vexed, worried—

*Whi.* On account of little Neddy?

*Dra.* [*aside.*] Would that I had no other cause of annoyance!

*Whi.* Don't you think about him, I'll see to him—he's not fond of work just yet, but—but—I'll be bound he's at his books now. [*A window pane is heard to break, and a ball bounds upon the stage.*] Oh la! oh la! there's another window! that's the second we've broken this morning.

*Dra.* [*angrily.*] What, again?

*Whi.* Don't you go, don't you go; I'll see what he's about. I'll give it him, Drayton, I'll let him know—Louisa, stay where you are, Miss, I can manage him best—he minds what I say to him. He shall catch it,—he's very much frightened at me,—he shall catch it. [*Exit,* R.

*Dra.* I shall go mad, what with that boy and this poor old man.

*Lou.* Oh, father, he may hear you. What has happened to change you so? [*weeps.*]

*Dra.* Tears, my child! I was wrong, but I have so much to vex me.

*Lou.* I have long feared as much; but let us not despair, I will work night and day to aid you.

*Dra.* Poor child, your labour would assist me little. [*Rises.*] Memel, my timber merchant, has sued me for his debt, and unless I can pay him five-and-twenty pounds today, threatens me with a prison. I have applied to Driver to lend me the sum required, but he hesitated, and promised to send to me.

*Lou.* His clerk, Mr. Lincoln, went to the workshop to seek you some time since. [*Goes to door.*] Mr. Lincoln, Robert! [*calling.*]

*Enter* Bob Lincoln, r.

*Bob.* Ah, Mr. Drayton!

*Dra.* My dear young friend, what message have you for me?

*Bob.* The governor sent me to tell you he would be with you within one hour—the time has almost expired.

*Dra.* Then there is yet hope—excuse me, Mr. Lincoln. [*Aside.*] I will write to Memel, and beg of him to be patient till the evening. [*Exit,* l.

*Bob.* Louisa, as I was sitting on one of the benches in the workshop, kicking my heels and cutting cut your name with a chisel, a thought struck me, by which I think I can be of service to your daddy.

*Lou.* Indeed!

*Bob.* My uncle Langley is very rich; it is he that keeps our loan office going. Now I've thought, that instead of your father going to Driver, why not go to my uncle?—I'll try my oratory, and if he will assist my rogue of a master, he'll not do less for an honest man like Mr. Drayton.

*Enter* Whitehead, c. r.

*Lou.* He can but be refused.

*Bob.* That's all; and should he succeed he'll make a fortune, and reward me with this dear little hand. [*Kisses her hand.*

*Whi.* Hallo! very pretty, upon my word.

*Lou.* Grandfather!

*Whi.* Yes, miss, it's your grandfather—one's never too old to learn. [*Bows to Bob.*] You have the advantage of me. [*Goes nearer.*] Oh, I see, it's Mr. Driver's lad.

*Bob.* Lad! Clerk, sir!

*Lou.* Yes, clerk, grandfather—lad, indeed!

*Whi.* Well, I don't dispute the gentleman's word.—Pray, sir, who gave you permission to kiss that young lady's hand?

*Bob.* Who, sir? Why—Louisa, who did give me permission?

*Whi.* Have you told her father of your intentions?

*Bob.* Why, not exactly; but as I'm such a young timid thing, you perhaps will do so for me.

*Whi.* With all my heart—I should like to dance at a wedding again! I'll go to Drayton at once.

*Lou.* Not now, grandfather—not to-day.

*Whi.* Why not?

*Bob.* Yes, why not?

*Lou.* You know, Robert, that you are not free to act as you please, and I have no fortune to assist you should you displease your uncle.

*Whi.* Never mind him; if he's unkind you shall have my allowance, my fifty pounds a-year. Stay, stay—not all of it just yet, for I've some little debts I must pay first.

*Lou.* Little debts, grandfather!

*Whi.* Yes, and why not, pray? You see, when I go past the shop next door, and see something that I think would please Edward or you, Louisa, I stop and look, and then I think I see you both smiling,—and then I can't go on—then—then I'm obliged to go in and buy it.

*Lou.* Dear, kind grandfather!

*Bob.* Dear, kind grandfather! [*About to embrace him.*]

*Whi.* Stop, stop, young man, I'm not going to own you till I know something more about you.

*Bob.* Sir, I can bring evidence as to character. Oh, Mr. Whitehead, if you could get me married shortly I should esteem it such an obligation.

*Lou.* For shame, Robert!

*Whi.* Not at all, not at all! I'll do all for the best, rely upon me. Now go, young man, in case you lose your situation; clerks should never make love until after office hours.

*Bob.* Sir, you're quite right, I'll be off. [*Crosses to* L., *going* C.] But with your permission, I will return in the evening to beg a cup of tea and your blessing. [*Exit,* L. C.

*Whi.* Certainly, certainly. Louisa, I am so happy I shall see you settled before I die. I shall give you away myself; we'll have a glass coach, and I shall wear a bow, a white bow, in my coat.

*Lou.* You shall do just as you please, grandfather, when I am married.

*Whi.* When you are married! you shall be married directly. My allowance will keep you, and the clerk must keep himself.

*Lou.* I thank you for your kind intentions, but I'm afraid we must not depend upon your annuity. It seems to be too uncertain.

*Whi.* Not at all. Mr.—Mr.—what's his name?

*Lou.* Lambert, grandfather.

*Whi.* Ay, ay. Mr. Lambert pays it to me, and he will be sure to be punctual, for when he was about to fail in business I saved him from doing so.

*Lou.* It's not Mr. Lambert who pays it to you.

*Whi.* No! who is it, then?

*Lou.* We suspect that it is—but you'll be angry if I tell you.

*Whi.* No, no, I shan't.

*Lou.* We suspect it is your former partner.

*Whi.* [*earnestly.*] What, Langley? No, no, I'll not believe that. How I did love that man! I brought him up, and then he cruelly—no, no! he would not dare to give me back my own money in the shape of charity.

*Lou.* Perhaps he repents his conduct to you.

*Whi.* But I'll not touch another penny. I'd rather die than have recourse to that ungrateful man. [*Weeps.*]

*Lou.* Come, grandad, calm yourself; it is Mr. Lambert that pays you.

*Whi.* Then why did you tell me that it was Langley? it was unkind, very, very—

*Lou.* Grandfather!

*Whi.* [*kissing her.*] There! but I will have my revenge—only let my first quarter arrive, and you shall see what I'll do. I've a sort of presentiment that I shall have my money to-day. I believe in presentiments. Won't Edward be happy—he shall have such toys!

*Lou.* Ah, grandad, you'll spoil—

*Whi.* That is, if he's good. I put him in the corner for breaking the windows, but I—I built him a house of tiles, that he might not be melancholy, poor child! But he shall be happy by and by. Would that I could make all the world happy! [*Goes up.*

*Enter* DRAYTON, *with a note*, L., *crosses to* C.

*Dra.* [*to Lou.*] Driver has consented to assist me.

*Lou.* You see, father, you should never despair.

*Dra.* He has promised to let me have thirty pounds, which will enable me to pay Memel. Driver will be here directly with the money.

*Whi.* [*coming down*, L.] Hey! Driver with the money?

*Dra.* Yes, father.

*Whi.* You see, Louisa, my presentiment has been realised.

*Dra.* What do you mean?

*Lou.* [*aside to her father.*] Oh, nothing, nothing, father.

*Whi.* I was certain the day would not pass without the arrival of my allowance.

*Dra.* But it is not—[*Louisa checks him*]—poor old man, I will not undeceive him. [*Crosses to* R., *going.*]

*Whi.* Stay, Drayton. [*Aside.*] There's some mystery about this money.

*Dra.* Louisa, remain here.

*Whi.* [*aside.*] I must find it out, I must find it out.

*Dra.* Let me know when Mr. Driver arrives. [*Exit*, R.

*Lou.* Yes, father.

*Whi.* Drayton! Drayton! [*To Louisa, solemnly.*] Louisa, the good never deceive, and the old are forced to be credulous, for they cannot search after the truth: you will answer me truly about this money.

*Lou.* La, grandfather, you are always thinking of money—you should not be so mercenary.

*Whi.* All is not right—you are trifling with me. If misfortune has fallen upon your father, we must all work for ourselves: he must give me some employment.

*Lou.* You work, grandfather! No, no, we are prosperous—indeed, we are.

*Whi.* You are sure, quite sure?

*Lou.* Yes. [*Aside.*] I cannot distress him.

*Whi.* I breathe again. What a load is taken from my heart! for when I thought that you were in difficulty, and that I—I was a burthen to you, I longed—I longed to die.

*Lou.* Oh, grandfather!

*Whi.* But I don't now, I don't now; I'm too happy to think of such a thing—[*kisses her.*] And see—

*Enter* Driver, l. c., *and comes down* r.

Good day—Here's Mr. Driver with my allowance.

*Dri.* Hem! your allowance? why—

*Lou.* [*aside to Driver.*] Do not undeceive him.

*Dri.* Oh, yes, Mr. Whitehead, I have brought you your money at last. [*Aside.*] That's too near the truth to be pleasant.

*Whi.* Ah!

*Dri.* [*To Louisa—goes to table.*] Here are twenty-five pounds, Miss Drayton—[*gives money, which Louisa places on the bureau.*] Your father, I presume, is at home?

*Lou.* Yes, sir, he will be here instantly.

*Whi.* I may as well see that it's all right. [*Goes to bureau and counts the money.*]

*Dri.* I have a few words to say to Miss Drayton; Mr. Whitehead, will you pardon me?

*Whi.* Certainly—I 've some little affairs of my own to settle.

*Dri.* Your father understands the terms upon which I make this advance,—merely five pounds just to pay cab hire and anxiety.

*Whi.* [*who has been reckoning in a pocket book.*] Nineteen pounds eighteen shillings! Bless me, I 'd no idea I was so much in debt!

*Dri.* [*writing.*] There, I have put down the particulars upon this scrap of paper: interest five pounds, stamp—

*Whi.* Carry one to seventeen that's eighteen; eighteen from twenty-five leaves seven pounds two shillings. I must buy a chain for Louisa, but this is the last time,—a bridal gift. [*Pockets the money and is going,* c.]

*Lou.* Are you going, grandfather?

*Whi.* Yes, but I shan't be long, I'm only going to next door. No, you shall know nothing at present. I'm going to surprise you, to surprise everybody. [*Exit,* c. l.

*Enter* Drayton, r.

*Dra.* Ah, Mr. Driver! you are indeed a welcome visitor.

*Dri.* Punctuality is the main-spring of business: I have given Miss Drayton the money.

*Lou.* It is on the bureau, father.

*Dra.* Oh, very well.

*Dri.* Twenty-five pounds; I have drawn a bill for your acceptance for thirty pounds.—[*Shows bill.*

*Dra.* Thanks, thanks.—[*Aside.*]—I may yet retrieve my broken fortunes.

*Dri.* Now, Drayton, your autograph, if you please.

*Dra.* With pleasure.

*Enter* BOB *out of breath,* L. C.

*Bob.* Mr.—Mr. Dri—ver. [*Sinks into a chair,* L.C.

*All.* What's the matter?

*Bob.* I can't—get—my— [*Kisses Louisa's hand.*

*Dri.* Speak, sir, or I'll give you your discharge in the morning.

*Bob.* My uncle——

*Dri.* Is dead?

*Bob.* No, nearly as bad; he has sent for a doctor, and as though that was not enough, he wishes to have a lawyer, he wants you.

*Dri.* Wants me! Amiable martyr! Lincoln, fetch a cab. Drayton, accept the bill. Louisa, give me my hat. [*To Lincoln.*] Why the devil don't you run, sir?—run, sir.

[*Exeunt Driver, chasing out Bob,* C. L., *followed by Drayton, who returns and calls.*

*Dra.* Louisa, bring the money to me. [*Exit,* R.

*Lou.* Yes, father. [*She goes to the bureau.*] Heavens! it is gone! What can grandfather have done with it? Grandfather! Grandfather!

*Enter* WHITEHEAD *laden with toys,* C.

*Whi.* Here, here I am, Louisa.

*Lou.* Where is the money that Mr. Driver brought?

*Whi.* [*Pointing to his load, laughs.*] Here, here it is.

*Lou.* No! You have not spent it?

*Whi.* Every penny! I've paid all my debts, and the rest I have laid out for Edward and you. Here's a wedding present. [*Shows chain*

*Lou.* Oh, grandfather! What have you done?

*Whi.* [*Alarmed.*] What have I done! Louisa, child, speak to me. [*Louisa sobs violently.*] Here, Drayton! Drayton!

*Lou.* Do not call him, you must not see him, I must break these dreadful tidings to him.

*Whi.* What do you mean? Tell me, tell me all.

*Dra.* [*Calls within.*] Louisa!

*Lou.* [*Running to door.*] I'm coming, father.

*Whi.* I will go with you.

*Lou.* [*Throwing herself before the door.*] No, no, you must not see my father; that money was his last resource.

*Whi.* It was mine, was it not?

*Dra.* [*Within.*] Louisa!

*Lou.* No, no, he had borrowed it of Mr. Driver.

*Whi.* Borrowed it! You—you told me it was mine.

*Dra.* [*Within.*] Louisa!

*Lou.* Yes, father, yes. [*Exit,* R., *closing the door.*

*Whi.* His last resource! His last resource! They have deceived me, then; deceived the poor old man. They led me to believe that I was not a burthen. And——

*Dra.* [*Without.*] What say you?

*Whi.* Ah! he speaks. [*Listens to the door.*] He is questioning her.

*Dra.* [*Within.*] I am ruined!

*Whi.* Ruined!

*Dra.* Let him quit my house!

*Lou.* Nay, nay, father.

*Whi.* What do I hear? No, no, I am wrong, he could not wish that. No, no, he is angry with me; he is too good to break my heart.

*Dra.* [*Without.*] I'll drive him from my door.

*Lou.* No, father, no.

*Whi. Drive* me! *Drive* me, his aged father! that would be a crime. He shall not commit it. I will go of my own accord. I have heard nothing. No, not an unkind word, but I will go. [*Going—pauses.*] Without one word—one kiss! No, I cannot do that; but if I stay—they are ruined by my thoughtlessness, and I *must* be a burthen now. It would be selfish to remain. I will go. [*He goes towards the door, and again pauses; Edward rushes in with whip.*] Oh, God! my child, my dear child! [*Kisses the boy.*]

*Edw.* What is the matter, grandad?

*Whi.* Nothing, nothing. [*Gets the chair.*]

*Edw.* I'm sure there is, grandad, or you wouldn't cry so.

*Whi.* No, no—there I—I have dried my tears, but I have a little journey to make. I must leave you; good bye—kiss me. When I am gone, you will think of your poor old grandfather—you will—I know you will, even should you never see him more.

*Edw.* [*Weeps.*] Oh, grandad! dear grandad!

*Whi.* There, you musn't cry, Edward; no—I shall return some day. You must love your father and your sister—kiss them both for me—thus—thus—[*Kisses boy.*] Be good, and then we *shall meet again.*

*Edw.* Are you quite sure?

*Whi.* Quite. Do not cry, I must go. Do not hold my hand, Edward. How shall I tear myself from him? [*He looks around him.*] Ah! see what I have bought for you.

*Edw.* [*Sees toys.*] Are these for me?

*Whi.* All, all.

*Edw.* [*Runs and busies himself with the toys.*] Oh, what a happy little fellow I shall be.

*Whi.* Yes, yes. Now then, courage. Louisa Drayton, farewell! My boy—my boy—may you all be happy—farewell—forever—farewell—farewell! Heaven bless and guard ye all! [*Bursts into tears and exit,* C. R.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Practicable doors in* R. *and* L. *flat—doors* O. P. *and* P. S. *An elegant Drawing Room in Langley's house—a fire place,* R. *Near the fire place, a large arm chair and table, also a table,* L.—*Violent ringing of the bell as the curtain rises.*

*Enter* SUSAN, *arranging her dress,* R.

*Sus.* Mr. Lincoln! Mr. Lincoln! [*Ringing repeated.*

*Enter* BOB LINCOLN, *partially dressed,* C. L.

*Bob.* Susan! Susan! [*they meet, she turns her back, and* *he pulls off his nightcap.*[ Oh, there you are, why the deuce don't you go to uncle.

[*He boggles with his coat—ringing repeated.*]

*Sus.* La! Mr. Lincoln, one must have time to dress, it's scarcely day-break.

*Bob.* I—I was just dreaming of Louisa, and—O lord! here's uncle. [*Susan crosses to him.*

*Enter* LANGLEY, *they both run towards him,* R.

*Lan.* I have aroused you at last.

*Sus.* We were coming, sir.

*Bob.* Flying, uncle.

*Lan.* So it seems, I have been ringing a quarter of an hour, but what is it to you how I suffer: my wants are nothing to your own enjoyments.

*Sus.* Don't say that, sir.

*Bob.* Oh, he don't mean it, Susan, he knows how sensitive—

*Lan.* Silence, sir.

*Bob.* One must have time to awake.

*Lan.* You were asleep, then, whilst I lay rack'd with pain, and—

*Bob.* I must sleep some time, uncle, a lawyer's clerk don't get the chance of a snooze in the day.

*Sus.* There's a time for all things; you can be clerk in the day, and a nurse at night.

*Bob.* [*Aside.*] I dare say, there's a pretty recipe for preserving one's health.

*Sus.* But I don't think you've any feeling, Mr. Robert.

*Lan.* Enough, Robert is right; rest should follow labour, and Driver tells me that you are progressing.

*Bob.* Progressing! yes, uncle, for I'm kept on the trot all day. Yesterday, any one would have thought me an inspector of general postmen—first I went to the office, then I was started off to Mr. Drayton's—

*Lan.* [*earnestly.*] Oh, you went there.

*Bob.* Professionally, only professionally.

*Lan.* [*aside.*] Driver, then, has sent Whitehead his money; the old man will at least have been happy for a day.

*Bob.* He don't look angry—egad, I may as well blow the family trumpet—oh! uncle, if you only knew the Draytons, [*Langley starts,*] they are such a prime lot.

*Lan.* Indeed. [*Susan signs to Bob.*

*Bob.* I'm sure you'd like them, especially poor old grandfather Whitehead, [*Langley appears strongly affected,*] he's such a good creature.

*Sus.* The stupid fellow. [*Signs to Bob to cease.*

*Bob.* [*to Susan.*] Well, he is, for all your telegraphing; he's so kind to every body, and always trying to make every body happy; he seems to love the whole world, though he was ruined by some rascal—

*Lan.* What! [*Susan pulls Bob's coat.*

*Bob.* Be quiet, will you! he *was* ruined by some villain of a partner, [*rises,*] who—[*Langley turns and looks fiercely on Bob, who stammers*]—who—o—o sw—in—d—led—

*Lan.* Peace, raven! this is the way they speak of me, even to my own kindred. [*Sits.*

*Bob.* Not of you, but—

*Lan.* Quit my sight, I will not be reproached under my own roof. [*aside.*] Ruined, and by me, that is their constant theme, and yet I—but this shall have an end. [*aloud.*] Go, desire Driver to come to me instantly.

*Bob.* He's not up yet, uncle, but—

*Lan.* Then he must be aroused.

*Bob.* Just what I was going to remark, [*aside,*] for curse me, but I'd shake a lion to get out of the way of this amiable relation. [*Exit,* L.

*Lan.* [*aside.*] O God! shall I never know peace again. [*aloud.*] Susan!

*Sus.* Sir.

*Lan.* You heard what Lincoln said, the hatred of the Drayton's still pursues me.

*Sus.* Oh, they're a bad set, depend upon it, sir; what have they to blame you for; true, Whitehead did befriend you for some time.

*Lan.* Twenty years.

*Sus.* But see how nobly you treat him now; fifty pounds a year is not a trifle, even out of a rich man's pocket.

*Lan.* [*aside.*] Even her palliation of my conduct stings me.

*Sus.* Continue the allowance, or make it a little more, and then the world will see, some day, how they have wronged you.

*Lan.* No, no, none must ever know of that, Susan, or it would be converted into an admission of my guilt. Lend me your arm, the morning seems so lovely, that I will try to walk a little.

*Sus.* Do, sir. Oh, here's Mr. Robert returned.

*Enter* BOB LINCOLN, L.

*Bob.* The governor will be here directly, sir. I'd the satisfaction of seeing his shaving water go up stairs as I came out, sir.

*Lan.* Pshaw! Let me know when he arrives.

*Bob.* Yes, uncle. [*Exeunt Susan and Langley,* R.] There they go towards the summer-house, and here goes for old Whitehead, if uncle kicks me out for it. Come in, grandfather—come in.

*Enter* WHITEHEAD, L. *He seems very cold, and gives evidence of having been out all night.*

Forgive me for keeping you waiting, but I had been on an errand, and—[*Whitehead stamps his feet to warm them—aside*]—if he makes that row—[*hands him a chair.*] Here, Mr. Whitehead, sit down, sir.

*Whi.* [*continues stamping.*] No, no, thank you. [*blows his fingers.*] The night has been cold, very cold.

*Bob.* [*blows the fire,* R.] Yes, it has, I know that, for I kicked the clothes off, and dreamed I was an iceberg. Come, seat yourself near the fire.

*Whi.* Fire? Is there a fire? Ha! there's no resisting that. [*rubbing his hands, goes* R. *and sits in front of the fire.*] This, this will soon revive me; but, but the damp fog has chilled me to the bone. Ah! this is a luxury.

*Bob.* You shouldn't have left home so late, at your age; Mr. Drayton should have—

*Whi.* [*forgetting himself.*] Drayton—my son-in-law.

*Bob.* Yes.

*Whi.* [*recollecting himself.*] Oh, he did wish to accompany me, but I knew that he was busy—I—I objected—I objected. [*aside.*] He must not know of Drayton's threat; no, none must know of that; it shall die with me.

*Bob.* Well, this'll be a warning to you, you should'nt have left home.

*Whi.* [*energetically.*] I could not stay, I could not have breathed there, [*recollecting himself,*] I mean the fog came on, and I lost myself—you—you—met me.

*Bob.* I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you shivering on the door step.

*Whi.* Yes, I was cold—numbed—the frost had seized upon my limbs, and I could not proceed. Oh, what pain I suffered, and then I thought upon *them,* the wretched beings who will soon be shelterless—father, children, [*aside.*] Edward! Edward! [*aloud.*] All houseless! [*Rises.*] But I must not stay longer. I'm warm now, I'm warm and strong enough to—to—to—[*he attempts to rise, but sinks back again in the chair.*

*Bob.* There, you see you can hardly stand.

*Whi.* [*trying to rise again.*] Yes, I can, yes, I can.

*Bob.* You cannot go yet.

*Whi.* Yes, yes, only my legs fail me a little.

*Bob.* Now wait one minute, [*runs to* L.] I'll fetch you a biscuit, and a glass of wine.

*Whi.* No, no, I have no time to spare.

*Bob.* But you'll be able to walk as fast again, when you're refreshed a little.

*Whi.* True, true, I had forgotten that.

*Bob.* Uncle's safe in the summer house. [*Going.*

*Whi.* I can do without it; I can, I can.

*Bob.* I tell you, you can't, grandfather. I declare I feel like one of the family already. [*Exit,* L.

*Whi.* That's a fine, good hearted fellow, but if I should be exposing him to any risk—I ought to have thought of that before—I seem to bring trouble upon every one—I thought so yesterday, and death seemed preferable to life; but the recollection of my children, made me resolve to live. I have brought them to ruin, that is enough, without adding regret—but I will not return until I have seen Langley—I will look upon that man once again—he may repulse me, mock at my misery, but I will endure all for the sake of my children. Louisa, dear Louisa, and Edward, my little grandchild—he sleeps now, he will soon awake and call for his old grandad. "Grandfather! grandfather!" but [*weeps,*] no grandfather will be there; no, no, no!

*Enter* BOB *with plate of sandwiches and wine,* L.

*Bob.* I've been rather long, but I couldn't find the buscuits; they're all gone, but here's a sandwich.

*Whi.* No, no; I'll not take anything now—nothing but a glass of wine. [*Bob pours out wine,* L.C., *and fills one glass.*

*Bob.* There's some supernaculum, grandfather.

*Whi.* But where's your glass?

*Bob.* Mine! [*Aside.*] Well, I don't see why I should be an exception. [*Fills the other.*

*Whi.* [*smelling, without drinking.*] That is, indeed, excellent.

*Bob.* I fancy it is, A 1, fit for a chancellor. It always surprises me that uncle can ever be ill, when he drinks such wine as that every day.

*Whi.* [*putting down glass.*] Is he ill, then?—poor fellow—come, let us drink to his better health and happiness.

*Bob.* With all my heart; here's the health of uncle Langley.

*Whi.* [*starts.*] Langley! Gabriel Langley!

*Bob.* Yes, this is his house, and this is his old wine. [*Drinks.*

*Whi.* [*pushes the glass from him.*] At the table, at the hearth of Gabriel Langley! [*Rises.*

*Bob.* Why, what's the matter, grandfather?

*Whi.* To bring me here without telling me whose roof sheltered me—you have deceived me, young man, you have deceived me.

*Bob.* Deceived you, my future grandfather!

*Whi.* But I forgive you this unkindness—only let me go.

*Bob.* Not without me; why, what would Louisa say?

*Whi.* Louisa!

*Bob.* Come, take my arm.

*Whi.* [*abstractedly.*] Shall I remain? Yes, I have resolved to see him. He is ill—who knows the cause? I feel that I could forget the past, if—no, no, he will not own his error.

*Bob.* Now I'm ready if you are.

*Whi.* No, no, I have changed my mind; I shall remain here.

*Bob.* What!

*Whi.* I must reflect on what I have to say.

*Bob.* To whom?

*Whi.* To Gabriel Langley.

*Bob.* [*alarmed.*] To uncle! why, you'll not speak to him.

*Whi.* Yes, yes, and we shall see if he will spurn his benefactor.

*Bob.* I see it all; uncle was your rascally partner.

*Whi.* He was, he was.

*Bob.* [*aside.*] Here's a precious situation.

*Sus.* [*within.*] Mr. Lincoln!

*Bob.* Oh, here's Susan, too. Mr. Whitehead, we had better be off.

*Whi.* Without seeing him. No, no.

*Bob.* [*aside.*] I am ruined—cut off with a shilling—[*aloud.*] My dear sir—

*Sus.* [*calls within.*] Mr. Lincoln!

*Bob.* Do you hear that, sir. Will you oblige me by concealing yourself in this room, and as soon as my uncle is clear, I'll fetch you.

*Whi.* No, no, I must not—cannot leave this room.

*Bob.* Oh, don't say that, sir; for my sake, conceal yourself. I shall get into trouble if you don't.

*Whi.* You! that must not be, that must not be—but you'll call me soon?

*Bob.* Depend upon it I will. [*Exit Whitehead,* C. L.] I wish you were safe at home this moment.

*Enter* SUSAN, R. *She has seen* WHITEHEAD *leave the Stage.*

*Sus.* Surely I cannot be mistaken—Mr. Lincoln.

*Bob.* Oh, Sukey!

*Sus.* Who has been here?

*Bob.* Nobody.

*Sus.* [*pointing to table.*] Indeed!

*Bob.* Ah! that's—that's nothing—I've been taking a glass of wine.

*Sus.* [*holding up both glasses.*] And do you generally use two glasses when you take wine? You have had company; you can't deceive me, sir. Mr. Whitehead is here.

*Bob.* Eh! Eh!

*Sus.* You have brought him here—for what purpose?

*Bob.* The fact is, I found him perishing with cold in the street.

*Sus.* Indeed!

*Bob.* So I brought him in to warm himself.

*Sus.* You take a great interest in him, Mr. Robert.

*Bob.* To be sure I do—is he not the grandfather of Louisa, and is he not about to become my grandfather also?

*Sus.* I understand—[*smiling.*] I am glad you have told me, sir: I will now tell you a secret. [*Crosses.*

*Enter* DRIVER, *unseen by them*, L.

*Bob.* You will! Go on, I never was made a confident before, except professionally.

*Sus.* Had I not feigned a dislike to the Drayton's, I fear your uncle would never have assisted Mr. Whitehead.

*Bob.* You don't mean to say that he has ever done him a good turn!

*Sus.* Yes, he has. I have made Mr. Langley do an act of justice in spite of himself. Latterly, I have not been without hope that he will make Mr. Whitehead some further recompense. [*Driver listens at* R. D. *in* F.] Whitehead was your uncle's partner.

*Bob.* I know, I know, but how did uncle ruin him?

*Sus.* Mr. Langley secretly entered into a large contract which promised enormous profits—

*Bob.* But uncle was an orphan, and had nothing.

*Sus.* Nothing but what Whitehead gave him—he made him his partner—gave him half his wealth.

*Bob.* Generous old cock!—And what did uncle do?

*Sus.* Suddenly withdrew his capital, creditors became alarmed, and Whitehead, to meet their demands, sacrificed all his property, and was ruined.

*Bob.* Uncle's a—a—never mind, I've my own private opinion.

*Lan.* [*within.*] Susan! [*Driver hides himself* R. D. *in* F.

*Sus.* I am called—if you are careful, all may yet be well. [*Exit*, R.

*Bob.* How that woman's taken me in—I always thought her a cunning ear-wig that was doing the best for herself. I'll be off to Louisa, and let her know where her grandfather is; perhaps she may get him to return home without uncle seeing him. [*Exit*, L.

DRIVER *comes forward*, C.

*Dri.* A pretty hornet's nest I've discovered—That hypocrite in muslin! Who knows but Langley might be persuaded to do right. No, no, I'm certain his conscience must have been extinguished these ten years.

*Enter* LANGLEY *and* SUSAN, R.

*Lan.* Ah, Driver, I've been waiting for you, I am anxious to—[*Driver points to Susan.*] Yes, you are right. Susan, leave us.

*Sus.* Yes, sir. [*crosses to* L.—*aside.*] Mr. Lincoln must not let master see the old man.

*Dri.* [*following her.*] My dear Susan, Mr. Langley requests—[*Exit Susan, slamming the door in his face,* L.] Oho! that's another item in your account that will require to be balanced.

*Lan.* Susan has been telling me, Driver, of the unfortunate situation of the Draytons.

*Dri.* [*smiling.*] Unfortunate!

*Lan.* Yes, Susan seems to have a strong dislike to that family.

*Dri.* [*ironically.*] Very!

*Lan.* Whitehead, too, she tells me, is a sad burthen upon them.

*Dri.* That can hardly be, with his annuity.

*Lan.* True, true, I have that pleasing reflection at least —but Susan—

*Dri.* Is a hypocrite—Mr. Langley, we have both been taken in by that girl, and I am sorry to say it, by Mr. Bob into the bargain.

*Lan.* What do you mean? explain yourself.

*Dri.* They deceive you, betray your interests, every one here, of course excepting myself, are in a conspiracy against you.

*Lan.* For what end?

*Dri.* To serve the Draytons—Susan has declared—

*Lan.* Speak out.

*Dri.* That she will make you honest in spite of yourself —I overheard her tell Lincoln so.

*Lan.* [*rises.*] And dare they, a menial and a dependent, canvas my character—dare they impugn—but they shall rue their ingratitude—Driver, I revoke my will—I recall my bequests to Lincoln and to Susan—all, all shall be yours.

*Dri.* [*starts.*] All—mine! twenty thousand!

*Lan.* If you refuse, I will seek another heir.

*Dri.* [*running to him.*] Not for the world—I would not give you so much trouble.

*Lan.* At once prepare the document, I cannot rest until I have done you and myself this act of justice.

*Dri.* You are determined, then?

*Lan.* Unalterably.

*Dri.* Then I'll obey you. [*Exit*, L.

*Lan.* [*seats himself at fire.*] Upon whom can I rely?

*Enter* WHITEHEAD, C. L.

*Whi.* [*aside.*] My young friend seems to have forgotten me. [*Sees Langley.*] Ah! 'tis he! [*with feeling.*] he who I once loved as a son—he who once called me father.

*Lan.* In the world I am alone—no friend—no, not one.

*Whi.* [*aside.*] Except me, except me—the sight of him awakens all my former feelings.

*Lan.* Even my own kindred, Lincoln, and the servant whom I have treated as a friend, have turned against me, and for him, for Whitehead.

*Whi.* What!

*Lan.* But it is past, the ingrates shall quit my house for ever.

*Whi.* What do I hear? Discard them because they have pitied me! [*Aside.*] A poor, weak old man!

*Lan.* Alone! To live, to die alone! To be deserted by all, and for that one man—but I will have vengeance.

*Whi.* Vengeance! Take it, then?

*Lan.* [*sinking back in his chair, and looking on Whitehead with alarm.*] Whitehead!

*Whi.* Yes, what do you fear from me? We are alone, you would have vengeance. I will not resist, avenge yourself.

*Lan.* What do you require of me?

*Whi.* I am come to—but first let me entreat your forgiveness for your only relative, and your faithful servant.

*Lan.* Faithful! They have basely deceived me; they have introduced you, my enemy.

*Whi.* No, no, not your enemy.

*Lan.* Once more I ask what you require of me? Speak, and leave me.

*Whi.* My presence troubles you.

*Lan.* It does.

*Whi.* The presence of old Whitehead,—he whom you have so unfeelingly ruined and abandoned!

*Lan.* Sir!

*Whi.* You shall listen to me, Gabriel! Heaven is my witness that I came here with the words of peace upon my tongue, and pardon in my heart. Had you taken my hand, I should have grasped yours as of old, although I am now destitute—ruined by your act, Yet all should have been forgotten. I would have remembered nothing but the time when you were almost my son.

*Lan.* Have I nothing to forget? Are years of misrepresentation to be accounted as nothing?

*Whi.* You dare not accuse me of wronging you.

*Lan.* But I am unequal to this strife.—[*striving to gain the door of his apartment.*] What do you require of me? Is it money—the dross, which you envy me?

*Whi.* [*indignantly.*] Shame! Shame!

*Lan.* You shall have it.

*Whi.* Stay, stay, I will not touch a coin of yours.

*Lan.* Whitehead, I respect your grey hairs, but after the injury you have done me—

*Whi.* Injury to you! I—I have been the sufferer, but I have sought no revenge. Ungrateful man! [*Exit Langley,* R.] I will have nothing from you; keep your ill-gotten wealth; I will beg from door to door, and say the charity I crave, is for my children.

*Enter* SUSAN, L.

*Sus.* I wonder if Mr. Lincoln—[*sees Whiteh.*] Heavens! Mr. Whitehead! If my master should find you here?

*Whi.* We have seen each other, we have met once again. [*crosses.*] Gabriel, adieu, I leave you to your remorse.

*Sus.* [*looking off.*] Who have we here? Surely it is Miss Drayton.

*Whi.* [*starting.*] Louisa!

*Enter* LOUISA, L., *who runs to* WHITEHEAD.

*Lou.* Grandfather!

*Sus.* Hush! If Mr. Langley should overhear you.

[*Goes to Langley's door, and then exits,* R.

*Whi.* [*hugging her.*] Louisa, my dear, dear child.

*Lou.* Oh, grandfather, what anxiety you have caused us. We have been searching for you throughout the night, but without success, until Robert came and told us where you were.

*Whi.* And Drayton, and Edward? Where, where is Edward?

*Lou.* He will be here directly.

*Whi.* It seems to me an age since I have seen you, but let us go, let us quit this inhospitable roof.

*Lou.* Yes, yes, we will go home. [*Checking herself.*] Home, did I say?

*Whi.* Eh! Why do you pause? Speak, Louisa; something has happened. Do not deceive me again.

*Lou.* My father's creditor disbelieved his story, and he is now——

*Whi.* Where? Where?

*Lou.* In prison.

*Whi.* In prison! And Edward? You, Louisa, where will you go? [*Louisa bursts into tears.*] I see—I see my children without a shelter; yesterday I thought they were above the reach of want, and I—I have made them homeless.

*Lou.* No, no, dear grandfather, I can work for all.

*Whi.* You, you, my child! Never, never! Ah, stay, we need not want; Gabriel offered me money which I was too proud to take, but now—stay, stay.

[*Staggers towards Langley's door*, R.

*Lou.* What do you mean?

*Whi.* I will save you at any sacrifice. [*reaches the door.*] Langley—Gabriel—I no longer refuse your offer. Come, come forth, and I will humble myself before you. I will kneel to you to save my children. [*he tries to open the door.*] Gabriel! He will not hear me. He will not hear me.

*Lou.* [*restraining him.*] Grandfather! [*Gets chair.*

*Whi.* No, no, I must see him. I—I must. [*he tries to open the door, but staggers back exhausted by the effort; Louisa saves him from falling, and assists him to a chair in centre. Apparently bewildered.*] He does not come. Tell him that it is I—his poor old father, upon whose bosom he has slept; tell him—tell him—Oh!

*Lou.* For mercy's sake, be calm.

*Whi.* Do not hold me. I cannot be still, and by my nce murder my children.

*Lou.* Be calm, grandfather.

*Whi.* Leave me, leave me. [*Pushing her from him.*

*Enter* LANGLEY *and* SUSAN, R.

*Lou.* He does not know me. Oh, for pity's sake, sir.

*Lan.* What is this?

*Whi.* Hush! Do you not hear a feeble moan?

[*He tries to get up.*

*Lou.* Oh, heaven, his reason has left him!

*Whi.* Again! Hark! That is the cry of pain. Open the door, quick, quick—see! see there, an almost lifeless boy—give him to me. [*appears to hug an object.*] Wine! Wine! He revives—he looks around in wonder. Ask him his name. What says he? Gabriel, Gabriel Langley!

*Lan.* What scene is he recalling?

*Whi.* An orphan, is he—alone in the world, friendless?

*Lan.* [*aside.*] I was, I was.

*Whi.* So young, and yet so desolate. Well, I will be a father to you—you shall stay with me, and I will love you as I love my own.

*Lan.* [*much moved—aside.*] Yes, yes, it was thus that he spoke to me.

*Whi.* You will remember that without my aid you would have perished.

*Lan.* Oh, ingrate that I have been!

*Whi.* You will never be ungrateful—you will love me.

*Lan.* [*falling on his knees.*] Oh, father, benefactor, forgive! forgive me!

*Whi.* [*aroused.*] Who spoke then?

*Lan.* A repentant man.

*Whi.* [*recovering.*] Langley, it is long since we met.

[*Endeavors to rise.*

*Lan.* Oh, forgive me! I have been a villain, an ingrate. But forgive me!

*Whi.* [*placing his hand upon his mouth.*] Hush! be silent—be silent—let no one know your crime. There is my hand—rise—rise—forget that you have injured me—forget it, Gabriel, as I do.

*Enter* DRIVER *with a paper*, L.

*Dri.* [*crosses to Langley.*] Eh, what, a party! Mr. Langley, here is the draft of the——

*Lan.* [*takes it from him and tears it.*] I shall have other instructions to give you, sir. [*He speaks with Whitehead.*

*Dri.* [*aside.*] That's very pretty, and I've been to the expense of a cab, and never asked for the change out of my shilling. I can charge six-and-eightpence for my disappointment. [*Exit*, L.

*Whi.* [*to Langley.*] Yes, yes, Drayton must be released directly, poor fellow. Hark!

*Edw.* [*outside.*] Grandfather, grandad!

*Lou.* It's Mr. Lincoln, and little Edward.

*Enter* BOB *and* EDWARD, L.; *the latter with a Polechinello.*

*Edw.* There's grandad, there's grandad!

*Whi.* [*attempts to go to him, but cannot.*] Edward, Edward! [*Edward runs and jumps upon his knee.*] My poor boy, I thought I should never see you again—never!

[*Kisses him, and crys with joy.*

*Edw.* But I am here, now—don't cry—-don't cry! [*Shows the toy.*] You see it is not broken, grandad.

*Whi.* I see, I see; but what if it were—you should have a regiment of them, eh, Gabriel?

*Lan.* Yes, father, yes.

*Whi.* Ah, what care I for money, but to make others happy?—I only ask my children's love—[*extending his hand to Bob and Louisa, and then to Langley.*]—that is all the wealth I covet.

*Bob.* [*aside.*] He has acknowledged me as one of the family!

*Whi.* Come, children, to-day we will keep holiday, as we did three years ago, Gabriel; no school, Edward, no school; and let us hope nothing will mar the happiness of GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD.

THE END.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SUSAN. LANGLEY. WHITEHEAD. EDWARD. LOUISA. BOB.
R.] [L.

No. XI.

# MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &C.

SHAKSPEARE'S HISTORICAL TRAGEDY

OF

# RICHARD III.

ADAPTED TO REPRESENTATION BY COLLEY CIBBER,

AS PLAYED BY KEMBLE, COOKE, AND KEAN,

AND RE-PRODUCED AT THE PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK,
Jan. 7th, 1846.

With the Stage Directions, Cast of Characters,

AND A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE

NEW, BEAUTIFUL, AND CORRECT COSTUMES USED ON
THAT OCCASION, FUNERAL PROCESSION, ARMIES
OF RICHARD AND RICHMOND, ETC.

NEW YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR, No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.
BALTIMORE: TAYLOR, WILDE, & CO., JARVIS BUILDINGS.
1846.

PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

# EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The stage edition of this play differs in so many respects from Shakspeare's tragedy of the "Life and Death of King Richard III." that the critic would be widely misled, who should form his opinions of the one from the other. Colley Cibber is the compiler of the present *adaptation*, and it may be found in the published collection of his dramatic works. Among the original passages, which he is said to have inserted, is the soliloquy on conscience in the third act. A good deal of abuse has been lavished upon Cibber for his many alterations—but no other play-wright has succeeded in establishing Shakspeare's Richard permanently on the modern stage.

We cannot more acceptably introduce this play to our readers, than by quoting the remarks of Hazlitt, written at the time Edmund Kean was at the zenith of his histrionic reputation:

"Richard the Third," says Hazlitt, "may be considered as properly a stage play; it belongs to the theatre rather than the closet. It is the character in which Garrick came out; it was the second character in which Mr. Kean appeared, and in which he acquired his fame. Shakspeare we have always with us: actors we have only for a few seasons: and therefore some account of them may be acceptable, if not to our contemporaries, to those who come after us, 'if that rich and idle personage, Posterity,' should deign to look into our writings.

"If Mr. Kean does not entirely succeed in concentrating all the lines of the character as drawn by Shakspeare, he gives an animation, vigour and relief to the part, which we have not seen equalled. He is more refined than Cooke; more bold, varied and original than Kemble in the same character. In some parts he is deficient in dignity, and particularly in the scenes of state business, he has by no means an air of artificial authority. There is at times an aspiring elevation, an enthusiastic rapture in his expectations of the crown, and at others a gloating expression of sullen delight as if he already clenched the bauble, and held it in his grasp. The courtship scene with Lady Anne is an admirable exhibition of smooth and smiling villany. The progress of wily adulation, of encroaching humility, is finely marked by his action, voice and eye. He seems, like the first tempter, to approach his prey, secure of the event, and as if success had smoothed his way before him. The late Mr. Cooke's manner of representing this scene was more vehement, hurried, and full of anxious uncertainty. This, though more natural in general, was less in character in this particular instance. Richard should woo less as a lover than as an actor—to show his mental superiority and power of making others the playthings of his purposes. Mr. Kean's attitude in leaning against the side of the stage before he comes forward to address Lady Anne, is one of the most graceful and striking ever witnessed on the stage. It would do for Titian to paint.

"The frequent and rapid transition of his voice from the expression of the fiercest passion to the most familiar tones of conversation, was that which gave a peculiar grace of novelty to his acting on his first appearance. His by-play is excellent. His manner of bidding his friends 'Good night,' after pausing with the point of his sword, drawn slowly backward and forward on the ground, as if considering the plan of the battle next day, is a particularly happy and natural thought.

"He gives to the two last acts of the play the greatest animation and effect. He fills every part of the stage; and makes up for the deficiency of his person by what has been sometimes objected to as an excess of action. The concluding scene, in which he is killed by Richmond, is the most brilliant of the whole. He fights at last like one drunk with wounds; and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is wrested from him, has a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had power to kill.

"In the patchwork Richard III. which is acted under the sanction of Shakspeare's name, and which was manufactured by Cibber, some of the most important and striking passages in the principal character have been omitted, to make room for idle and misplaced extracts from other plays; the only intention of which seems to have been to make the character of Richard as odious and disgusting as possible. It is apparently for no other purpose than to make Gloucester stab King Henry on the stage, that the fine abrupt introduction of the character in the opening of the play is lost in the tedious whining morality of the uxorious king (taken from another play) ;—we say *tedious*, because it interrupts the business of the scene, and loses its beauty and effect by having no intelligible connection with the previous character of the mild, well-meaning monarch. The passages which the unfortunate Henry has to recite are beautiful and pathetic in themselves, but they have nothing to do with the world that Richard has to 'bustle in.' In the same spirit of vulgar caricature is the scene between Richard and Lady Anne (when his wife), interpolated without any authority, merely to gratify this favourite propensity to disgust and loathing. With the same perverse consistency, Richard, after his last fatal struggle, is raised up by some galvanic process, to utter the imprecation, without any notice but pure malignity, which Shakspeare has so properly put into the mouth of Northumberland on hearing of Percy's death. To make room for these worse than needless additions, many of the most striking passages in the real play have been omitted by the foppery and ignorance of the prompt-book critics."

The justice of these criticisms will not be admitted by those, who best know what effects are best calculated to attract a popular audience. The "fine abrupt introduction" of Richard, which Hazlitt speaks of, may be very beautiful in the reading, but it would be spoiled in the representation, in the noise and confusion which must usually attend the first rising of the curtain at our theatres. We suspect that old Cibber was, after all, a better judge than his more philosophical critic, of the ingredients that go to make up a good acting play. Hazlitt, however goes on to say :—

"We do not mean to insist merely on passages which are fine as poetry and to the reader, such as Clarence's dream, &c., but on those which are important to the understanding of the character, and peculiarly adapted for stage effect. We will give the following as instances among several others. The first is the scene where Richard enters abruptly to the queen and her friends to defend himself:—

Gloucester. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I forsooth am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissensious rumors.
Because I cannot flatter and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods, and apish courtesy,

> I must be held a rancorous enemy.
> Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm;
> But thus his simple truth must be abused
> With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
> Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace!
> Gloucester. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace?
> When have I injur'd thee, when done thee wrong?
> Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
> A plague upon you all!"

"Nothing can be more characteristic than the turbulent pretensions to meekness and simplicity in this address. Again, the versatility and adroitness of Richard is admirably described in the following ironical conversation with Brakenbury:—

> *Brakenbury.* I beseech your graces both to pardon me.
> His Majesty hath straitly given in charge,
> That no man shall have private conference,
> Of what degree soever, with your brother.
> *Gloucester.* E'en so, and please your worship, Brakenbury,
> You may partake of any thing we say;
> We speak no treason, man—we say the king
> Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
> Well strook in years, fair and not jealous.
> We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
> A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue;
> That the queen's kindred are made gentle folks.
> How say you, sir? Can you deny all this?
> *Brakenbury.* With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.
> *Gloucester.* What, fellow, aught to do with mistress Shore?
> I tell you, sir, he that doth naught with her,
> Excepting one, were best to do it secretly alone.
> *Brakenbury.* What one, my lord?
> *Gloucester.* Her husband, knave—would'st thou betray me?"

"The feigned reconciliation of Gloucester with the queen's kinsmen is also a master-piece. One of the finest strokes in the play, and which serves to show as much as anything the deep, plausible manners of Richard, is the unsuspecting security of Hastings, at the very time when the former is plotting his death, and when that very appearance of cordiality and good humor on which Hastings builds his confidence arises from Richard's consciousness of having betrayed him to his ruin. This, with the whole character of Hastings, is omitted.

"Perhaps the two most beautiful passages in the original play are the farewell apostrophe of the queen to the Tower, where her children are shut up from her, and Tyrrel's description of their death. We will finish our quotations with them.

> *Queen.* Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower;
> Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
> Whom envy hath immured within your walls;
> Rough cradle for such little pretty ones,
> Rude, rugged nurse, old sullen play-fellow,
> For tender princes!

"The other passage is the account of their death by Tyrrel:-

> Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
> To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story;
O thus! quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes;
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in that summer beauty kissed each other
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind,
But oh, the devil!—there the villain stopped;
When Dighton thus told on—we smothered
The most replenishéd sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.

"These are some of those wonderful bursts of feeling, done to the life, to the very height of fancy and nature, which our Shakspeare alone could give. We do not insist on the repetition of these last passages as proper for the stage: we should indeed be loth to trust them in the mouth of almost any actor: but we should wish them to be retained in preference at least to the fantoccini exhibition of the young princes, Edward and York, bandying childish wit with their uncle.

"The introduction of the ghosts through the trap-doors of the stage should be altogether omitted. The speeches which they address to Richard might be delivered just as well from behind the scenes. These sort of exhibitions might have been very proper for a superstitious age, but in an age not superstitious they excite ridicule instead of terror."

While we write, the Park management are making preparations for the production of this tragedy in a style of unwonted magnificence. The costumes, scenery and decorations are not only singularly beautiful, but historically correct. Of the Gloster of Mr. Charles Kean we merely remark, that if his father's mantle has not fallen on him, he wears one of his own in a manner to vindicate his claim to the title of an actor of great genius and surprising powers. In no character in which he appears, has he produced effects so startling or displayed an energy so grand and impressive.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Park Theatre, Jan. 7, 1846.

| | |
|---|---|
| Duke of Gloster | Mr. Charles Kean |
| King Henry VI. | " Barry. |
| Prince of Wales | Miss Crocker. |
| Duke of York | Miss King. |
| Earl of Richmond | Mr. Dyott. |
| Duke of Buckingham | " Bland. |
| Duke of Norfolk | " S. Pearson. |
| Tressel | " Crocker. |
| Lord Stanley | " Vache. |
| Catesby | " M'Dowall |
| Ratcliff | " Gallot. |
| Earl of Oxford | " Morris |
| Blunt | " Povey. |
| Lieutenant of the Tower | " Anderson. |
| Lord Mayor | " Fisher. |
| Tirrel | " Gourlay. |
| Forest | " Bulard. |
| Dighton | " Holman. |
| Garter King-at-Arms | " King. |
| Officer | " Heath. |

Surrey, Brandon, Pembroke.
1 Cardinal, 2 Bishops, 3 Priests, 4 Monks, 4 Incense Boys.
1 Chancellor, 4 Judges, 4 Law Officers,
8 Lords, 6 Aldermen,
2 Officers, 2 Trumpeters, 16 Soldiers Royal Guard.
4 Bannermen.
2 Officers and 12 Royal Archers.
8 Cannoniers.
1 Officer and 8 Long-Bow Men.
1 Officer and 8 Norman Soldiers.
2 Officers and 10 Battle-Axe Men.
4 Bannermen.

| | |
|---|---|
| Queen Elizabeth | Mrs. Chas. Kean |
| Lady Anne | " Abbott. |
| Duchess of York | " Barry. |

4 Ladies.

### EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

## COSTUMES

DUKE OF GLOSTER.—Crimson velvet shirt, edged with sable fur, gold waistcoat with black velvet sleeves puffed with gold coming through the hanging sleeve of the shirt, gold waist-belt carrying a cross-hilted sword and dagger, purple stockings, order of Garter under left knee, gold collar of suns and roses, black velvet cap with jewel, high riding boots and spurs, and gauntlets. In Act II. the same, with crimson velvet shoes with pointed toes instead of boots.—Act IV. KING'S DRESS: Long gown representing cloth of gold edged with ermine, purple velvet robe edged with ermine, and ermine cape, crimson stockings, purple velvet pointed shoes with cross-bars of gold, gold cord and tassels round waist, jewelled sword, diamond collar of suns and roses, gold and richly jewelled crown, without feathers, as worn by Henry VI. After the Coronation scene, instead of the coronation robe, a puce velvet open robe with hanging sleeves, and velvet cap edged with ermine.—Act V. Suit of complete armor, with a surcoat emblazoned with the arms of England.

KING HENRY VI.—Long black velvet gown with hanging sleeves and ermine cape, black velvet cap with jewel, and black velvet pointed shoes.

PRINCE OF WALES.—Crimson velvet shirt with hanging sleeves, edged with ermine, do. cap, white silk stockings, order of the Garter, crimson velvet pointed shoes, and collar of suns and roses.

DUKE OF YORK.—Do. except that the shirt is blue.

EARL OF RICHMOND.—Suit of complete armor, white surcoat with red cross of St. George.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.—Same as Gloster in Act I. except that the color is blue.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.—In Coronation scene, long crimson velvet gown with hanging sleeves edged with gold, pointed velvet shoes trimmed with gold.—Second dress: Complete armor, surcoat emblazoned with his arms, and emblazoned shield hung on his left hip.

TRESSEL.—Black velvet shirt with hanging sleeves edged with white fur, under-waistcoat of silver with protruding sleeves as in Gloster's dress, blue stockings, black velvet cap edged with fur, high riding boots, spurs, and gauntlets.—Act II. Pointed velvet shoes.—Act V. Complete armor.

LORD STANLEY.—Long green velvet gown with velvet sleeves, collar of suns and roses, green velvet cap, black stockings, pointed velvet shoes.—Second dress: Complete armor, with surcoat and shield emblazoned with his arms.

CATESBY.—Red velvet shirt with hanging sleeves, under-waistcoat, white silk pantaloons, velvet cap, and pointed shoes.

RATCLIFF.—Same as Catesby, but different color, and order of Garter.

EARL OF OXFORD.—Do. but different color.

BLUNT.—Do.

LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.—Puce velvet shirt with hanging sleeves trimmed with gold, velvet cap, dark stockings, pointed shoes. —Act V. Complete armor.

LORD MAYOR.—Long red cloth robe with collar of the S. S. edged with dark fur, white ribbons on shoulders, white wands—under dress as others.

ALDERMEN.—Do. without the fur on robe.

TIRREL.—Same fashion as Catesby, but plainer and of different color.

FOREST and DIGHTON.—High crowned black hat with narrow rim, very short shirt, with full sleeves at shoulders and tight at the wrists, waist-belts, and high boots.

GARTER KING-AT-ARMS.—Dark shirt, herald's coat emblazoned with arms of England, white wand, dark stockings, and pointed shoes.

OFFICER (of the Royal Guard.)—Red shirt edged with gold, and emblazoned with arms of England on breast, red and gold cap, gold waist-belt and cross-hilted sword, red stockings, and russet shoes.

EARL OF SURREY (son of Duke of Norfolk,)
BRANDON, and } as other Nobles.
PEMBROKE,

PAGES.—Red shirts edged with black velvet, blue under-sleeves, silver ball on breast, black velvet cap with white roses, blue stockings, pointed shoes.

☞ *The hair is in all cases worn long, but neither beards nor moustaches.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—Surcoat of cherry-colored silk trimmed with ermine and silver, blue under-dress with tight long sleeves, crown, and large veil spotted with gold.—Second dress: Black and gold, crown, and black veil.

LADY ANNE.—Black velvet demi-train with hanging sleeves, and tight blue shirt under to the wrist, square body, with muslin chemisette to the throat, fold of linen under chin, cowl of white linen, large black veil, square velvet head-dress (shape of that worn by the Neapolitan peasantry).—Second dress: Surcoat of sea-green trimmed with gold and ermine, under-dress of orange-colored cloth with tight sleeves, cowl of silver, and jewelled head-dress.

DUCHESS OF YORK.—Black velvet demi-train, high to throat, with hanging sleeves, large square white linen collar, linen fold under chin, black velvet cap and large black veil.

ATTENDANTS TO LADY ANNE.—Black cloth dress, high to throat, with tight long sleeves, white linen collar with points reaching down on breast, black velvet head-dress, and black veil.

## ORDER OF FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Two Officers of Royal Guard, with halberts,
Two Trumpeters,
Six Soldiers of Royal Guard, with halberts,
Four Incense Boys, in white gowns,
Two Monks with long torches, and shields on torches emblazoned with arms of England,
Priest, dressed in white and red, carrying gold cross,
Two Monks (as before),
Two Priests (do.)
Garter King-at Arms,
Banner of Arms of England,
Page,
Two Monks (as before),
Banner of Arms of England, carried by soldier of Royal Guard,
Coffin on Bier, carried by four men dressed in black, with black caps, and Canopy of black and gold, emblazoned with shields of arms of England, carried by four men dressed in black, with black caps,
Pall Bearers, Six Peers of England, in scarlet robes with ermine capes, and jewelled collars of suns and roses,
Lady Anne and Four Ladies,
Tressel and Stanley,
Six Nobles,
Six Soldiers of Royal Guard.

◆

## CORONATION SCENE—*discovered.*

Two Officers and Sixteen Soldiers of the Royal Guard,
Six Banners,
Two Pages, holding Shield and Helmet of King Richard,
Cardinal,
Three Bishops,
Four Judges,
Four Lawyers,
Lord Mayor and Six Aldermen,
Six Monks,
Friar Beuker,
Dr. Shaw,
Eight Nobles,
&c. &c. &c.

## ARMY OF KING RICHARD.

*Two Trumpeters,* with red shirts, caps and stockings, russet shoes, herald's coats with arms of England, and trumpets.

*Twelve Royal Archers,* with steel skull-caps, crimson jerkins reaching to hips with gold stripes running downwards, gold buttons, blue pantaloons, pointed russet shoes, quivers of arrows on left hips, and long-bows 5 ft. 10 in. long.

*Two Officers of Royal Guards,* dressed as described before.

*Sixteen Soldiers of Royal Guard,* do. but with less gold about them, with spears 8 feet long.

*Six Banner-Men,* bearing different banners, with steel gorgets, caps, elbow and knee pieces.

*Twelve Cannoneers,* with breast-plates and helmets, and short swords.

*Two Pages,* one carrying the helmet and the other the shield of Richard III.

*Six Knights,* in complete armor, with blue surcoats, white roses on breasts, and shields covered with white roses.

◆

## ARMY OF EARL OF RICHMOND.

*Two Trumpeters,* with white shirts, red roses on their breasts, white caps, blue stockings, and russet shoes.

*Officer and Eight Archers* in green suits with red roses on their breasts, steel caps and gorgets, moroon stockings, russet shoes, long-bows and quivers full of arrows.

*Six Norman Soldiery,* with ring-armor shirts, orange-colored overcoats, very short and open at breasts so as to show the armor, tight green sleeves, green stockings, black shoes, steel caps, cross-bows, and enormous shields on their backs, 8 feet high.

*Two Officers and Twelve Soldiers,* with drab shirts and red roses on breasts, black velvet waist-belts, blue stockings, russet shoes, steel caps and gorgets, and steel battle-axes.

*Four Banner Men,* with white shirts, red roses on them, and blue stockings.

# KING RICHARD III

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A view of the Keep and Gardens of the White Tower.*

*Enter* LIEUTENANT *and* OFFICER, R.

*Lieut.* Has King Henry walked forth this morning?
*Off.* No, sir; but it is near his hour.
*Lieut.* At any time when you see him here,
Let no stranger into the garden:
I would not have him stared at. [*Officer crosses behind to* L.] See, who's that
Now entering at the gate. [*Knocking within*, L.
*Off.* Sir, the Lord Stanley.
*Lieut.* Leave me. [*Exit Officer*, L.

*Enter* LORD STANLEY, L.

My noble lord, you're welcome to the Tower.
I heard last night you late arrived with news
Of Edward's victory to his joyful queen.
*Stan.* Yes, sir; and I am proud to be the man
That first brought home the last of civil broils.
The houses now of York and Lancaster,
Like bloody brothers fighting for a birthright,
No more shall wound the parent that would part them:
Edward now sits secure on England's throne.
*Lieut.* Near Tewkesbury, my lord, I think they fought:
Has the enemy lost any men of note?
*Stan.* Sir, I was posted home
Ere an account was taken of the slain;
But, as I left the field, a proclamation

From the king was made in search of Edward,
Son to your prisoner, king Henry the Sixth,
Which gave reward to those discovering him,
And him his life, if he'd surrender.

*Lieut.* That brave young prince, I fear 's unlike his father—
Too high of heart to brook submissive life.
This will be heavy news to Henry's ear,
For on this battle's cast his all was set.

*Stan.* King Henry and ill fortune are familiar;
He ever threw with an indifferent hand,
But never yet was known to lose his patience.
How does he pass the time, in his confinement?

*Lieut.* As one whose wishes never reach'd a crown;
The king seems dead in him; but, as a man,
He sighs sometimes in want of liberty;
Sometimes he reads, and walks, and wishes
That fate had bless'd him with an humbler birth,
Not to have felt the falling from a throne.

*Stan.* Were it not possible to see the king?
They say he'll freely talk with Edward's friends,
And even treats them with respect and honor.

*Lieut.* This is his usual time of walking forth,
(For he's allowed the freedom of the garden,)
After his morning prayer; he seldom fails.
Behind this arbor we unseen may stand
Awhile to observe him. [*They retire,* L.

*Enter* KING HENRY, R.

*King H.* By this time the decisive blow is struck!
Either my queen and son are bless'd with victory,
Or I'm the cause no more of civil broils.
Would I were dead, if heaven's good will were so,
For what is in this world but grief and care?
What noise and bustle do kings make to find it!
When life's but a short chace, our game content,
Which, most pursued, is most compelled to fly;
And he that mounts him on the swiftest hope,
Shall often run his courser to a stand;
While the poor peasant from some distant hill,
Undangered, and at ease, views all the sport,
And sees content take shelter in his cottage.

*Stan.* He seems extremely moved.
*Lieut.* Does he know you ?
*Stan.* No, nor would I have him.
*Lieut.* We will show ourselves.
*King H.* Why, there's another check to proud ambition :
That man received his charge from me, and now
I am his prisoner—he locks me to my rest.
Such an unlooked-for change who could suppose,
That saw him kneel to kiss the hand that raised him!
But that I should not now complain of,
Since I to that, 'tis possible, may owe
His civil treatment of me.—'Morrow, Lieutenant :
Is any news arrived ? Who's that with you ?
*Lieut.* A gentleman that came last night express
From Tewkesbury.—We've had a battle.
*King H.* Comes he to me with letters, or advice ?
*Lieut.* Sir, he's King Edward's officer, your foe.
*King H.* Then he won't flatter me. You're welcome, sir : [*Lieut. retires*, L.
Not less because you are King Edward's friend,
For I have almost learn'd myself to be so ;
Could I but once forget I was a King,
I might be truly happy, and his subject.
You've gain'd a battle : is't not so ?
*Stan.* We have, sir—how, will reach your ear too soon.
*King H.* If to my loss, it can't too soon,—pray speak,
For fear makes mischief greater than it is.
My queen—my son ! say, sir, are they living ?
*Stan.* Since my arrival, sir, another post
Came in, and brought us word your queen and son
Were prisoners now at Tewkesbury.
*King H.* Heaven's will be done ! the hunters have 'em now,
And I have only sighs and prayers to help 'em.
*Stan.* King Edward, sir, depends upon his sword,
Yet prays heartily when the battle's won ;
And soldiers love a bold and active leader.
Fortune, like women, will be close pursued
The English are high mettled, sir, and 'tis
No easy part to fit 'em well. King Edward
Feels their temper, and 'twill be hard to throw him.
*King H.* Alas ! I thought them men, and rather hoped

To win their hearts by mildness than severity.
My soul was never formed for cruelty:
In my eyes justice has seemed bloody.
When on the city gates I have beheld
A traitor's quarters parching in the sun,
My blood has turned with horror at the sight;
I took them down, and buried with his limbs
The memory of the dead man's deeds. Perhaps
That pity made me look less terrible,
Giving the mind of weak rebellion spirit;
For kings are put in trust for all mankind,
And when themselves take injuries, who is safe?
If so, I have deserved these frowns of fortune.
*Off.* Sir, here's a gentleman brings a warrant
For his access to King Henry's presence.
*Lieut.* I come to him. [*Exit Officer*, L
*Stan.* His business may require your privacy;
I'll leave you, sir, wishing you all the good
That can be wished, not wronging him I serve.
*King H.* Farewell! [*Exeunt Stanley and Lieut.* L
Who can this be? A sudden coldness,
Like the damp hand of death, has seized my limbs,—
I fear some heavy news!

*Re-enter* LIEUTENANT, L.

What is it, good Lieutenant?
*Lieut.* A gentleman, sir, from Tewkesbury; he seems
A melancholy messenger; for when I asked
What news, his answer was a deep-fetched sigh.
I would not urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal. [*Exit*, L.
*King H.* Fatal, indeed! His brow's the title-page
That speaks the nature of a tragic volume!

*Enter* TRESSEL, L.

Say, friend, how does my queen? my son?
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness of thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Ev'n such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burned;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And thou my poor son's death ere thou relat'st it.

Now would'st thou say,—Your son did thus and thus—
And thus your queen! so fought the valiant Oxford!
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;
But, in the end, (to stop my ear indeed,)
Thou hast a sigh to blow away his praise,
Ending with—queen, and son, and all, are dead!
*Tres.* Your queen yet lives, and many of your friends—
But for my lord your son—
*King H.* Why, he is dead! Yet speak, I charge thee!
Tell thou thy master his suspicion lies,
And I will take it as a kind disgrace,
And thank thee well for doing me such wrong.
*Tres.* Would it were wrong to say—but, sir, your fears are true!
*King H.* Yet, for all this, say not my son is dead!
*Tres.* Sir, I am sorry that I must force you to
Believe, what would to heaven I had not seen!
But in this last battle near Tewkesbury,
Your son, whose active spirit lent a fire
Ev'n to the dullest peasant in our camp,
Still made his way where danger stood to oppose him.
A braver youth, of more courageous heat,
Ne'er spurred his courser at the trumpet's sound.
But who can rule the uncertain chance of war?
In fine, King Edward won the bloody field,
Where both your queen and son were made his prisoners.
*King H.* Yet hold: for oh! this prologue lets me in
To a most fatal tragedy to come.
Died he a prisoner, say'st thou? How? by grief?
Or by the bloody hands of those that caught him?
*Tres.* After the fight, Edward in triumph asked
To see the captive prince:—the prince was brought,
Whom Edward roughly chid for bearing arms,
Asking what reparation he could make
For having stirred his subjects to rebellion?
Your son, impatient of such taunts, replied,
"Bow like a subject, proud ambitious York,
While I, now speaking with my father's mouth,
Propose the self-same rebel words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to."
From these more words arose, till, in the end,
King Edward, swelled with what the unhappy prince

At such a time too freely spoke, his gauntlet
In his young face with indignation struck;
At which crooked Richard, Clarence, and the rest,
Buried their fatal daggers in his heart!
In bloody state I saw him on the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.

*King H.* Oh! had'st thou stabb'd at every word's deliverance
Sharp poniards in my flesh, while this was told,
Thy wounds had given less anguish than thy words.
O heaven! methinks I see my tender lamb
Gasping beneath the rav'nous wolves' fell gripe!
But say, did all?—did they all strike him, say'st thou?

*Tres.* All, sir; but the first wound duke Richard gave.

*King H.* There let him stop: be that his last of ills!
Oh, barbarous act! inhospitable men!
Against the rigid laws of arms, to kill him!
Was't not enough his hope of birth-right gone,
But must your hate be levell'd at his life?
Nor could his father's wrongs content you,
Nor could a father's grief dissuade the deed?
You have no children!—butchers, if you had
The thought of them would sure have stirred remorse.

*Tres.* Take comfort, sir, and hope a better day.

*King H.* Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or wallow naked in December's snow,
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat?
Away! By heaven, I shall abhor his sight,
Whoever bids me be of comfort more!
If thou wilt soothe my sorrows, then I'll thank thee—
Ay, now thou'rt kind indeed! these tears oblige me.

*Tres.* Alas! my lord, I fear more evil towards you.

*King H.* Why, let it come: I scarce shall feel it now;
My present woes have beat me to the ground,
And my hard fate can make me fall no lower.
What can it be? Give it its ugliest shape—
Oh, my poor boy!

*Tres.* A word does that—it comes in Gloster's form.

*King H.* Frightful, indeed! Give me the worst tha
threatens.

*Tres.* After the murder of your son, stern Richard,

As if unsated with the wounds he had given,
With unwash'd hands went from his friends in haste;
And being asked by Clarence of the cause,
He, low'ring, cried, brother, I must to the Tower;
I've business there; excuse me to the king:
Before you reach the town, expect some news:
This said, he vanish'd,—and I hear's arrived.
*King H.* Why then the period of my woes is set!
For ills but thought by him are half perform'd.

*Enter* LIEUTENANT, *with a Warrant*, L.

*Lieut.* Forgive me, sir, what I'm compell'd t' obey:
An order for your close confinement.
*King H.* Whence comes it, good Lieutenant?
*Lieut.* Sir, from the duke of Gloster.
*King H.* Good night to all, then;—I obey it.
[*Lieut. retires* R.
And now, good friend, suppose me on my death-bed,
And take of me thy last, short-living leave.
Nay, keep thy tears till thou hast seen me dead;
And when in tedious winter nights, with good
Old folks thou sitt'st up late
To hear 'em tell the dismal tales
Of times long past, ev'n now with woe remember'd,
Before thou bidd'st good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send thy hearers weeping to their beds.
[*Exeunt* KING HENRY *and* LIEUT. R., TRESSEL, L.

### SCENE II.—*The Entrance to the Inner Ward.*

*Enter* GLOSTER, L.

*Glos.* Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of York;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums are changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled front:
And now,—instead of mounting barbèd steeds,

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute;
But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I,—that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I,—that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely, and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I,—in this weak, piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away my hours,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity:
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, and o'erbear such
As are of happier person than myself;
Why, then, to me this restless world's but hell,
Till this mis-shapen trunk's aspiring head
Be circled in a glorious diadem!—
But then 'tis fix'd on such a height; oh! I
Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul.
I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,
And my first step shall be on Henry's head. [*Exit*, R

SCENE III.—KING HENRY'S *Chamber.*—KING *discovered sleeping.*

*Enter* LIEUTENANT, R.

*Lieut.* Asleep so soon! but sorrow minds no seasons,
The morning, noon, and night, with her's the same;
She's fond of any hour that yields repose.

*King H.* [*Waking,*] Who's there! Lieutenant, is it you? Come hither!

*Lieut.* You shake, my lord, and look affrighted.

*King H.* Oh! I have had the fearfull'st dream! such sights,
That, as I live,
I would not pass another hour so dreadful,

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.
Reach me a book: I'll try if reading can
Divert these melancholy thoughts. [*Lieut. gives him a book.*

*Enter* Gloster, r. d.

*Glos.* Good day, my lord; what, at your book so hard?
I disturb you.

*King H.* You do, indeed.

*Glos.* [*To Lieut.*] Friend, leave us to ourselves, we must confer. [*Exit Lieut.* r.

*King H.* What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?

*Glos.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief does fear each bush an officer.

*King H.* Where thieves without controlment rob and kill,
The traveller does fear each bush a thief:
The poor bird that has been already limed,
With trembling wings misdoubts of every bush:
And I, the hapless mate of one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
By whom my young one bled, was caught, and kill'd.

*Glos.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned;
Thou should'st have taught thy boy his prayers alone,
And then he had not broke his neck with climbing.

*King H.* Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not thy words;
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that piercing story;
But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

*Glos.* Think'st thou I am an executioner?

*King H.* If murdering innocents be executing,
Then thou'rt the worst of executioners.

*Glos.* Thy son, I kill'd for his presumption.

*King H.* Had'st thou been kill'd when first thou did'st presume,
Thou had'st not lived to kill a son of mine;
But thou wert born to massacre mankind.
How many old mens' sighs, and widows' moans;
How many orphans' water-standing eyes;
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,
And children for their parents' timeless death,

Will rue the hour that ever thou wert born?
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign!
The night-crow cry'd, foreboding luckless times;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.
Teeth had'st thou in thy head when thou wert born,
Which plainly said, thou cam'st to bite mankind;
And if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

*Glos.* I'll hear no more;—die, prophet, in thy speech!
For this, among the rest, was I ordain'd. [*Stabs him.*

*King H.* Oh! and for much more slaughter after this;
Just heav'n forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

*Glos.* What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground?—I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.
Oh, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither—
[*Stabs him.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true what Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward;
The midwife wondered, and the women cried,
Good heaven bless us! he is born with teeth!
And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then since the heav'ns have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it!
I have no brother, and am like no brother—
Let this word love, which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men, like one another,
And not in me;—I am,—myself alone.
Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the light;
But if I fail not in my deep intent,
Thou'st not another day to live; which done,
Heav'n take the weak king Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in.
But soft;—I'm sharing spoil before the field is won.
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns,—
When they are gone, then I must count my gains.
[*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Ludgate, and in the back-ground, a view of Old St. Paul's.*

*Enter* TRESSEL, L., *meeting* LORD STANLEY, *who enters* R.U.E.

*Tres.* My lord, your servant; pray, what brought you to St. Paul's?
*Stan.* I came among the crowd, to see the corpse
Of poor king Henry; 'tis a dismal sight.
But yesterday, I saw him in the Tower:
His talk is still so fresh within my memory,
That I could weep to think how fate has used him.
I wonder where's duke Richard's policy,
In suffering him to lie exposed to view;
Can he believe that men will love him for't?
*Tres.* O yes, sir, love him as he loves his brothers.
When was you with king Edward, pray, my lord?
I hear he leaves his food, is melancholy;
And his physicians fear him mightily.
*Stan.* 'Tis thought he'll scarce recover.
Shall we to court, and hear more news of him?
[*Crosses to* L.
*Tres.* I am obliged to pay attendance here:
The Lady Anne has license to remove
King Henry's corpse to be interred at Chertsey;
And I'm engaged to follow her.
*Stan.* Mean you king Henry's daughter-in-law?
*Tres.* The same, sir; widow to the late prince Edward,
Whom Gloster killed at Tewkesbury.
*Stan.* Alas! poor lady, she's severely used:
And yet, I hear, Richard attempts her love:

Methinks the wrongs he's done her, might discourage
him.

*Tres.* Neither those wrongs, nor his own shape, can
fright him.
He sent for leave to visit her this morning,
And she was forced to keep her bed to avoid him.
But see, she is arrived:—will you along
To see this doleful ceremony?

*Stan.* I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt,* R. U. E.

*Enter* GLOSTER, L.

*Glos.* 'Twas her excuse to avoid me. Alas!
She keeps no bed:—
She has health enough to progress far as Chertsey,
Though not to bear the sight of me.
I cannot blame her:—
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in his soft laws,
He did corrupt frail nature with a bribe,
To shrink my arm up like a withered shrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size,
To disproportion me in every part.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
Oh, monstrous thought! more vain than my ambition.

*Enter* LIEUTENANT, *hastily,* L.

*Lieut.* My lord, I beg your grace—

*Glos.* Be gone, fellow! I'm not at leisure.

*Lieut.* My lord, the king, your brother's taken ill.

*Glos.* I'll wait on him: leave me, friend. [*Exit Lieut.* L.
Ha! Edward taken ill!
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no more young brats may rise,
To cross me in the golden time I look for. [*Bell tolls.*

*Enter* LADY ANNE, *in mourning,* LORD STANLEY, TRESSEL, *Guards and Bearers, with King Henry's body,* R. U. E.

But see, my love appears!—Look where she shines,
Darting pale lustre, like the silver moon,
Through her dark veil of rainy sorrow!

So mourned the Dame of Ephesus her love;
And thus the soldier, armed with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
'Tis true, my form may perhaps little move her,
But I've a tongue shall wheedle with the devil:
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile:
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
Yet hold, she mourns the man that I have kill'd—
First let her sorrows take some vent:—stand here;
I'll take her passion in its wane, and turn
This storm of grief to gentle drops of pity,
For his repentant murderer. [*Retires*, R.

*Lady A.* [*Advancing to the centre.*]
Hung be the heavens in black; yield day to night:
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your fiery tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented to king Henry's death.
Oh! be accurst the hand that shed his blood,
Accurst the head that had the heart to do it!
If ever he have a wife, let her be made
More miserable by the life of him,
Than I am now, by Edward's death and thine.

*Glos.* [*Leaning against a Gothic pillar*, R.]
Poor girl, what pains she takes to curse herself! [*Aside.*

*Lady A.* If ever he have a child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose hideous form, whose most unnatural aspect,
May fright the hopeful mother at her view,
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
Now on to Chertsey with your sacred load.

*Glos.* [*Advancing.*] Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

*Lady A.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Glos.* Villains, set down the corse; or, by St. Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

*Guard.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Glos.* Unmannered slave! stand thou, when I command;
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,

Or, by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
*Lady A.* Why dost thou haunt him thus, unsettled fiend?
Thou hast but power over his mortal body;
His soul thou can'st not reach, therefore, be gone.
*Glos.* Sweet saint, be not so hard, for charity
*Lady A.* If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Why did'st thou do this deed? Could not the laws
Of man, of nature, nor of heav'n dissuade thee?
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.
*Glos.* If want of pity be a crime so hateful,
Whence is it thou, fair excellence, art guilty?
*Lady A.* What means the slanderer?
*Glos.* Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these my crimes supposed, to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.
*Lady A.* Then take that sword, whose bloody point still reeks
With Henry's life, with my loved lord's, young Edward's,
And here let out thy own, to appease their ghosts.
*Glos.* By such despair, I should accuse myself.
*Lady A.* Why, by despairing only, can'st thou stand excused!
Didst thou not kill this king?
*Glos.* I grant ye.
*Lady A.* Oh, he was gentle, loving, mild, and virtuous;—
But he's in heaven, where thou can'st never come.
*Glos.* Was I not kind to send him thither, then?
He was much fitter for that place than earth.
*Lady A.* And thou unfit for any place, but hell.
*Glos.* Yes, one place else——if you will hear me name it.
*Lady A.* Some dungeon.
*Glos.* Your bed-chamber.
*Lady A.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
*Glos.* So it will, madam, till I lie in yours.
*Lady A.* I hope so.
*Glos.* I know so. But, gentle lady Anne—
To leave this keen encounter of our tongues,
And fall to something of more serious method;

Is not the causer of the untimely deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
*Lady A.* Thou wert the cause, and most accurst effect.
*Lady A.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in that soft bosom!
*Lady A.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These hands should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
*Glos.* These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck:
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is nourished by the sun,
So I by that: it is my day, my life!
*Lady A.* I would it were, to be revenged on thee.
*Glos.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To wish revenge on him that loves thee.
*Lady A.* Say, rather, 'tis my duty,
To seek revenge on him that killed my husband.
*Glos.* Fair creature, he that killed thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
*Lady A.* His better does not breathe upon the earth.
*Glos.* He lives, that loves thee better than he could.
*Lady A.* Name him.
*Glos.* Plantagenet.
*Lady A.* Why, that was he.
*Glos.* The self-same name, but one of softer nature.
*Lady A.* Where is he?
*Glos.* Ah, take more pity in thy eyes, and see him—here!
*Lady A.* Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead.
[*Crosses to* R.
*Glos.* I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death;
Darting, with cruel aim, despair and love!
I never sued to friend or enemy:
My tongue could never learn soft, soothing words:
But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
*Lady A.* Is there a tongue on earth can speak for thee?
Why dost thou court my hate?
*Glos.* Oh, teach not thy soft lips such cold contempt.

If thy relentless heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the honest soul out, that adores thee;
And lay it naked to the deadly stroke; [*She takes the sword.*
And humbly beg that death upon my knee. [*Kneels.*

*Lady A.* What shall I say or do? Direct me, heaven! [*Aside.*

*Glos.* Nay, do not pause, for I did kill king Henry!
[*She offers to strike.*
But 'twas thy wondrous beauty did provoke me;
Or now dispatch—'twas I that stabbed young Edward:
[*She offers to strike.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on!
And I might still persist (so stubborn is
My temper) to rejoice at what I've done:
[*She offers to strike.*
But that thy powerful eyes (as roaring seas
Obey the changes of the moon) have turned
My heart, and made it flow with penitence. [*She drops the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Lady A.* No! though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner. [*He takes up the sword.*

*Glos.* [*Rises.*] Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Lady A.* I have already.

*Glos.* That was in thy rage;
Say it again, and even with thy word,
This guilty hand, that robbed thee of thy love,
Shall, for thy love, revenge thee on thy lover;
To both their deaths, shalt thou be accessary.

*Tres.* By heaven, she wants the heart to bid him do't!
[*Aside to Stan.*

*Stan.* What think you now, sir? [*Aside to Tres.*

*Tres.* I'm struck! I scarce can credit what I see.
[*Aside to Stan.*

*Stan.* Why, you see—a woman! [*Aside to Tres.*

*Glos.* What, not a word, to pardon or condemn me?
But thou art wise—and canst with silence kill me;
Yet, even in death, my fleeting soul pursues thee:—
Dash not the tears of penitence away!

*Lady A.* Would'st thou not blame me to forgive thy crimes?

*Glos.* They are not to be forgiven; no, not even
Penitence can atone them!—Oh, misery
Of thought—that strikes me with at once repentance
And despair!—Though unpardoned, yield me pity!
*Lady A.* Would I knew thy heart!
*Glos.* 'Tis figured in my tongue.
*Lady A.* I fear me, both are false.
*Glos.* Then never man was true!
*Lady A.* Put up thy sword.
*Glos.* Say, then, my peace is made.
*Lady A.* That shalt thou know hereafter.
*Glos.* But shall I live in hope?
*Lady A.* All men, I hope, live so. [*He sheaths his sword.*
*Glos.* I swear, bright saint, I am not what I was.
Those eyes have turned my stubborn heart to woman:
Thy goodness makes me soft in penitence,
And my harsh thoughts are turned to peace and love.
Oh! if thy poor devoted servant might
But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
Thou would'st confirm his happiness forever.
*Lady A.* What is't?
*Glos.* That it may please thee, leave these sad designs
To him that has most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby house
Where—after I have solemnly interred
At Chertsey monast'ry this injured king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears—
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this favour.
*Lady A.* I do, my lord—and much it joys me, too,
To see you are become so penitent!—
Tressel, and Stanley, go along with me.
*Glos.* Bid me farewell.
*Lady A.* 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell, already.
[*Exeunt Lady A., Stan. and Tres.* R.
*Guard.* Towards Chertsey, my lord?
*Glos.* No, to Whitefriars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt Guards with the body,* L. U. E.
Was ever woman in this humour wooed?

Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.
What? I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by;
Having heaven, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks?
And yet to win her—all the world to nothing!
Can she abase her beauteous eyes on me,
Whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus!
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person, all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll have my chambers lined with looking glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn Saint Harry to his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I salute my glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit*, L.

### Scene II.—*Baynard's Castle.*

*Enter* Buckingham *hastily, meeting* Lord Stanley.

*Buck.* Did you see the duke?
*Stan.* What duke, my lord?
*Buck.* His grace of Gloster, did you see him?
*Stan.* Not lately, my lord; I hope no ill news.
*Buck.* The worst that heart e'er bore, or tongue can utter.
Edward the king, his royal brother's dead!
*Stan.* 'Tis sad, indeed!—I wish, by your impatience
To acquaint him, though, you think it so to him. [*Aside.*
Did the king, my lord, make any mention
Of a protector for his crown and children?
*Buck.* He did—Duke Richard has the care of both.

*Stan.* That sad news you are afraid to tell him too.
[*Aside.*

*Buck.* He'll spare no toils, I'm sure, to fill his place.

*Stan.* [*Aside.*] Pray heaven he's not too diligent!
My lord—is not that the duchess of York,
The king's mother? coming, I fear, to visit him.

*Buck.* 'Tis she—little thinking what has befall'n us.

*Enter* DUCHESS OF YORK, R.

*Duc. Y.* Good day, my lords; how takes the king his rest?

*Buck.* Alas! madam, too well!—he sleeps forever!

*Duc. Y.* Dead! good heav'n, support me!

*Buck.* Madam, 'twas my unhappy lot to hear
His last departing groans, and close his eyes.

*Duc. Y.* Another taken from me, too! why, just heav'n,
Am I still left the last in life and woe?
First, I bemoaned a noble husband's death,
Yet lived with looking on his images:
But now, my last support is gone:—first Clarence,
Now Edward is for ever taken from me:
And I must now of force, sink down with sorrow.

*Buck.* Your youngest son, the noble Richard, lives:
His love, I know, will feel his mother's cares,
And bring new comfort to your latter days.

*Duc. Y.* 'Twere new, indeed! for yet of him I've none,
Unless a curlish disposition may
Be counted, from a child, a mother's comfort.
Where is the queen, my lord?

*Buck.* I left her with her kinsmen, deep in sorrow,
Who have with much ado persuaded her
To leave the body.—Madam, she is here,

*Enter* QUEEN, OXFORD, *and* BLUNT, L.

*Queen.* [*Speaking as she enters.*] Why do you thus oppose my grief? Unless,
To make me rave and weep the faster? Ha!
My mother, too, in tears! fresh sorrow strikes
My heart, at sight of every friend that loved
My Edward living:—Oh, mother, he is dead!
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!
Oh! that my eyes could weep away my soul;

Then I might follow, worthy of his hearse.
*Stan.* Your duty, madam, of a wife, is dead,
And now the mother's only, claims your care.
Think on the prince, your son—send for him straight,
And let his coronation clear your eyes;
Bury your griefs in the dead Edward's grave,
Revive your joys on living Edward's throne.
*Queen.* Alas! that thought but adds to my afflictions.
New tears for Edward gone, and fears for Edward living
An helpless child in his minority,
Is in the trust of his stern uncle Gloster,
A man that frowns on me, and all of mine.
*Buck.* Judge not so hardly, madam, of his love.
Your son will find in him a father's care.

*Enter* GLOSTER, M. D.

*Glos.* Why, ah! these tears look well;—sorrow's the mode,
And every one at court must wear it now:
With all my heart: I'll not be out of fashion. [*Aside.*
*Queen.* My lord, just heaven knows I never hated Gloster;
But would, on any terms, embrace his friendship.
*Buck.* These words would make him weep:—I know him your's;
See where he comes in sorrow for our loss.
*Glos.* My lords, good morrow—Cousin of Buckingham,
I am your's. [*Weeps.*
*Buck.* Good morning, to your grace.
*Glos.* Methinks
We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
*Buck.* We may remember—but our argument
Is now too mournful to admit much talk.
*Glos.* It is, indeed. Peace be with him that made it so!
Sister, take comfort—'tis true, we all have cause
To mourn the dimming of our shining star;
But sorrow never could revive the dead;
And if it could, hope would prevent our tears:
So we must weep, because we weep in vain.
Madam, my mother!—I do cry you, mercy,
My grief was blind—I did not see your grace.
[*Crosses to Duchess*

Most humbly, on my knees, I crave your blessing.
*Duc. Y.* Thou hast it, and may thy charitable
Heart and tongue love one another! may heav'n
Endow thy breast with meekness and obedience.
*Glos.* Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That's the old butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel that her grace did leave it out. [*Aside.*
*Buck.* My lords, I think 'twere fit that now Prince Edward,
Forthwith from Ludlow, should be sent for home,
In order to his coronation.
*Glos.* By all means, my lords:—Come, let's to council,
[*Crosses to centre.*
And appoint who shall be the messengers:
[*Exeunt Oxford and Blunt,* L.
Madam, and you, my sister, please you go
To give your sentiments on this occasion.
*Queen.* My lord, your wisdom needs no help from me;
My glad consent you have in all that's just,
Or for the people's good, though I suffer by't.
*Glos.* Please you to retire, madam, we shall propose
What you'll not think the people's wrong, nor your's.
*Queen.* May heaven prosper all your good intents!
[*Exeunt all but Glos. and Buck.* L.
*Glos.* Amen, with all my heart, for mine's the crown,
And is not that a good one?—Ha! prayed she not well, cousin?
*Buck.* I hope she prophecied—you now stand fair.
*Glos.* Now, by St. Paul, I feel it here:—methinks
The massy weight on't galls my laden brow:
What think'st thou, cousin, were't not an easy matter
To get Lord Stanley's hand to help it on?
*Buck.* My lord, I doubt that; for his father's sake,
He loves the prince too well; he'll scarce be won
To anything against him.
*Glos.* Poverty, the reward of honest fools,
O'ertake him for't—what think'st thou, then, of Hastings?
*Buck.* He shall be tried, my lord:—I'll find out Catesby,
Who shall at subtle distance sound his thoughts:
But we must still suppose the worst may happen:
What if we find him cold in our design?

*Glos.* Chop off his head!—something we'll soon determine;
But haste, and find out Catesby;
That done, follow me to the council-chamber.
We'll not be seen together much, nor have
It known that we confer in private; therefore
Away, good cousin.

*Buck.* I am gone, my lord. [*Exit*, L.

*Glos.* Thus far we run before the wind,
My fortune smiles, and gives me all that I dare ask
The conquer'd lady Anne is bound in vows—
Fast as the priest can make us, we are one!
The king, my brother, sleeps without his pillow,
And I'm left guardian of his infant heir.
Let me see:—
The prince will soon be here—let him! the crown!
O yes! he shall have twenty! globes and sceptres too,
New ones made to play withal—but no coronation!
No, nor any court-flies about him—no kinsmen.
Hold ye:—where shall he keep his court? the Tower?
Ay, the Tower! [*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT II.

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# ACT III.

## SCENE I.—*Crosby Palace.*

PRINCE EDWARD, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, LORD STANLEY
TRESSEL, *and Attendants, discovered.*

*Glos.* Now, my royal cousin, welcome to London!
Welcome to all those honoured dignities,
Which by your father's will, and by your birth,
You stand the undoubted heir possessed of.
And, if my plain simplicity of heart
May take the liberty to show itself,
You're farther welcome to your uncle's care
And love.—Why do you sigh, my lord?
The weary way has made you melancholy.

*Prince E.* [*Seated in the centre.*] No, uncle; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy;
I want more uncles here to welcome me!
*Tres.* More uncles! what means his highness?
[*Aside to Stanley.*
*Stan.* Why, sir, the careful Duke of Gloster has
Secured his kinsmen on the way:—Lord Rivers, Grey,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, and others of his friends,
Are prisoners now in Pomfret castle—
On what pretence it boots not—there they are,
Let the devil and the duke alone to accuse 'em.
[*Aside to Tressel.*
*Glos.* My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter* LORD MAYOR *and Suite*, L.

*Lord M.* Vouchsafe, most gracious sovereign, to accept
The general homage of our loyal city:
We farther beg your royal leave to speak
In deep condolement of your father's loss;
And, as far as our true sorrow will permit,
To 'gratulate your accession to the throne.
*Prince E.* I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all.
Alas! my youth is yet unfit to govern,
Therefore, the sword of justice is in abler hands:
[*Pointing to Gloster.*
But be assured of this, [*Rising*,] so much, already,
I perceive I love you, that though I know not yet
To do you offices of good, yet this I know,
I'll sooner die, than basely do you wrong. [*Sits.*
*Glos.* So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.
[*Aside.*
*Prince E.* My lords,
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?
*Glos.* Where it shall seem best to your royal self.
May I advise you, sir, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

*Prince E.* Why at the Tower? But be it as you please.
*Buck.* My lord—your brother's grace of York.

*Enter* DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF YORK, L.

*Prince E.* Richard of York! how fares our dearest brother? [*Rising and embracing him.*
*Duke Y.* Oh, my dear lord! So I must call you now
*Prince E.* Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is your's.
Too soon he died, who might have better worn
That title, which in me will lose its majesty.
*Glos.* How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?
*Duke Y.* [*Crosses to Glos.*] Thank you, kindly, dear uncle:—oh, my lord! [*Prince E. salutes the Duchess.*
You said that idle weeds were fast in growth;
The king, my brother, has outgrown me far.
*Glos.* He has, my lord.
*Duke Y.* And therefore is he idle?
*Glos.* Oh, pretty cousin, I must not say so.
*Duke Y.* Nay, uncle, I don't believe the saying's true,
For, if it were, you'd be an idle weed.
*Glos.* How so, cousin?
*Duke Y.* Because I have heard folks say, you grew so fast,
Your teeth would gnaw a crust at two hours old:
Now, 'twas two years ere I could get a tooth.
*Glos.* Indeed! I find the brat is taught this lesson.— [*Aside*
Who told thee this, my pretty merry cousin?
*Duke Y.* Why, your nurse, uncle.
*Glos.* My nurse, child! she was dead 'fore thou wert born.
*Duke Y.* If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me. [*Crosses to Duchess.*
*Glos.* So subtle, too!—'tis pity thou art short lived. [*Aside.*
*Prince E.* My brother, uncle, will be cross in talk.
*Glos.* Oh, fear not, my lord; we shall never quarrel.
*Prince E.* I hope your grace knows how to bear with him.
*Duke Y.* You mean to bear me—not to bear with me. [*Crosses to Glos*
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:

Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
[*Crosses*, L.

*Prince E.* Fie, brother, I have no such meaning.

*Glos.* My lord, wilt please you, pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin of Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet, and bid you welcome to the Tower.

*Duke Y.* What! will you to the Tower, my dear lord?

*Prince E.* My lord protector will have it so.

*Duke Y.* I sha'n't sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glos.* I'll warrant you;—King Henry lay there,
And he sleeps in quiet. [*Aside.*

*Prince E.* What should you fear, brother?

*Duke Y.* My uncle Clarence' ghost, my lord;
My grandmother told me he was killed there.

*Prince E.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glos.* Nor any, sir, that live, I hope.

*Prince E.* I hope so too; but come, my lords,
To the Tower, since it must be so.
[*Exeunt all but Gloster and Buckingham*, L.

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not instructed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glos.* No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a shrewd young master:
Stubborn, bold, quick, forward, and capable;
He's all the mother's from the top to toe;
But let them rest!—now what says Catesby?

*Buck.* My lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and
He's here himself to inform you.

*Enter* CATESBY, L.

*Glos.* So, Catesby;—hast thou been tampering?
What news?

*Cates.* My lord, according to th' instruction given me,
With words at distance dropt, I sounded Hastings.
Piercing how far he did affect your purpose;
To which, indeed, I found him cold, unwilling:
The sum is this;—he seemed awhile to understand me not,
At length, from plainer speaking, urged to answer,
He said in heat rather than wrong the head

To whom the crown was due, he'd lose his own,
*Glos.* Indeed! his own then answer for that saying:
He shall be taken care of:—meanwhile, Catesby,
Be thou near me.—[*Catesby retires*, R.]—Cousin of Buckingham,
Let's lose no time;—the mayor and citizens
Are now at busy meeting in Guildhall;
Thither I'd have you haste immediately,
And at your meetest 'vantage of the time,
Improve those hints I gave you late to speak of:
But above all, infer the bastardy
Of Edward's children.
Nay, for a need, taint thus far, Edward's self.
Say thus:—
When he was born, my sire had wars in France;
Nor bears he semblance to the duke of York.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.
*Buck.* Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
As if myself might wear the golden fee
For which I plead.
*Glos.* If you thrive well, bring 'em to see me here,
Where you shall find me seriously employed
With the most learned fathers of the church.
*Buck.* I fly, my lord, to serve you.
*Glos.* To serve thyself, my cousin;
For look: when I am king claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all those moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possessed.
*Buck.* I shall remember that your grace was bountiful.
*Glos.* Cousin, I have said it.
*Buck.* I am gone, my lord. [*Exit*, L.
*Glos.* So, I've secured my cousin here. These moveables
Will never let his brains rest, till I'm king. [*Aside.*]
Catesby, go you with speed to doctor Shaw,
And thence to friar Beuker; bid them both
Attend me here, within an hour at farthest;
Meanwhile my private orders shall be given
To lock out all admittance to the princes. [*Exit Catesby*, R
Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on!
How many frightful stops would conscience make
In some soft heads, to undertake like me?

Come, this conscience is a convenient scarecrow :
It guards the fruit which priests and wise men taste,
Who never set it up to fright themselves !
They know 'tis rags, and gather in the face on't,
While half-starved shallow daws through fear are honest !
Why were laws made, but that we're rogues by nature ?
Conscience ! 'tis our coin—we live by parting with it,
And he thrives best who has the most to spare.
The protesting lover buys hope with it,
And the deluded virgin short-lived pleasure ;
Old grey-beards cram their avarice with it ;
Your lank-jawed hungry judge will dine upon't,
And hang the guiltless, rather than eat his mutton cold ;
The crown'd head quits it for despotic sway,
The stubborn people for unawed rebellion.
There's not a slave but has his share of villain :
Why, then, shall after-ages think my deeds
Inhuman, since my worst are but ambition ?
Ev'n all mankind to some loved ills incline :
Great men choōse greater sins—ambition's mine. [*Exit*, L.

### SCENE II.—*Another room in Crosby Palace.*

LADY ANNE *discovered, sitting on a Couch.*

*Lady A.* When, when shall I have rest ! Was marriage made
To be the scourge of our offences here ?
Oh, no ! 'twas meant a blessing to the virtuous :
It once was so to me, though now my curse.
But see,
He comes, the rude disturber of my pillow.

*Enter* GLOSTER, L.

*Glos.* Ha ! still in tears ! let them flow on—they're signs
Of a substantial grief. Why don't she die ?
She must ! my interest will not let her live ;
The fair Elizabeth hath caught my eye ;
My heart's vacant, and she shall fill her place.
They say that women have but tender hearts :
'Tis a mistake, I doubt—I've found 'em tough ;
They'll bend, indeed, but he must strain that cracks 'em.
All I can hope's to throw her into sickness,

That I may send her a physician's help. [*Aside.*
So madam, what! you still take care, I see,
To let the world believe I love you not.
This outward mourning now has malice in't,
So have these sullen disobedient tears;
I'd have you tell the world I doat upon you.

*Lady A.* I wish I could, but 'twill not be believed.
Have I deserved this usage?

*Glos.* You have: you do not please me, as at first.

*Lady A.* What have I done? What horrid crime committed?

*Glos.* To me, the worst of crimes: outlived my liking.

*Lady A.* If that be criminal,—just heav'n be kind,
And take me while my penitence is warm;
Oh, sir, forgive and kill me.

*Glos.* Umph! the meddling world will call that murder;
And I would have them think me pitiful:
Now, wert thou not afraid of self-destruction,
Thou hast a fair excuse for't.

*Lady A.* How fain would I be friends with death!
—Oh, name it.

*Glos.* Thy husband's hate: nor do I hate thee only
From the dulled edge of sated appetite,
But from the eager love I bear another.
Some call me hypocrite,—what think'st thou now?
Do I dissemble?

*Lady A.* Thy vows of love to me, were all dissembled.

*Glos.* Not one;—for when I told thee so, I loved:
Thou art the only soul I never yet deceived;
And 'tis my honesty that tells thee now,
With all my heart, I hate thee.
If this have no effect she is immortal. [*Aside.*

*Lady A.* Forgive me, heav'n, that I forgave this man.
Oh, may my story, told in after-ages,
Give warning to our easy sex's ears;
May it unveil the hearts of men, and strike
Them deaf to their dissimulated love!

*Enter* CATESBY, L.

*Glos.* Now, Catesby—

*Cates.* My Lord, his grace of Buckingham attends your highness' pleasure.

*Glos.* Wait on him;—I'll expect him here.
[*Exit Catesby*, L.
Your absence, madam, will be necessary.
*Lady A.* Would my death were so! [*Exit*, R.
*Glos.* It may be shortly.

*Enter* CATESBY *and* BUCKINGHAM, L.

Now, cousin, what say the citizens? [*Exit Catesby*, L.
*Buck.* Now, by our hopes, my lord, they are senseless stones:
Their hesitating fear has struck 'em dumb.
*Glos.* Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children?
*Buck.* I did; with his contract to Lady Lucy;
Nay, his own bastardy, and tyranny for trifles;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, justice, fair humility:
Indeed, left nothing that might gild our cause
Untouched, or slightly handled, in my talk;
And, when my oration drew towards an end,
I urged of them that loved their country's good,
To do you right, and cry, Long live King Richard.
*Glos.* And did they so?
*Buck.* Not one, by heav'n;—but each like statues fixed,
Speechless and pale, stared in his fellow's face:
Which, when I saw, I reprehended them;
And asked the mayor what meant this wilful silence;
His answer was—the people were not used
To be spoken to, but by the Recorder:
Who then took on him to repeat my words;
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred;
"But nothing urged in warrant from himself."
When he had done, some followers of my own,
At th' lower end o' th' hall, hurled up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save King Richard!"
At which, I took the 'vantage of those few,
And cried, "Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends,
"This general applause, and cheerful shout,
"Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard;"
And even here broke off, and came away.
*Glos.* Oh, tongueless blocks! would they not speak?
Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren, come?

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand—feign you some fear
And be not spoken with, but by mighty suit.
A prayer-book in your hand, my lord, were well,
Standing between two churchmen of repute;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant.
Yet be not easily won to our requests :
Seem like the virgin, fearful of your wishes.
*Glos.* My other self! my counsel's consistory!
My oracle! my prophet! my dear cousin!
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
*Buck.* Hark! the lord mayor's at hand—away, my lord:
No doubt but yet we reach the point proposed.
*Glos.* We cannot fail, my lord, while you are pilot.
A little flattery sometimes does well. [*Aside, and Exit,* R.

*Enter* Lord Mayor *and Suite,* L.

*Buck.* Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;
I am afraid the Duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter* Catesby, R. D.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?
*Cates.* My lord, he humbly does intreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow, or the next day;
He's now retired with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To interrupt his holy exercise.
*Buck.* Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor, and citizens,
In deep designs, in matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.
*Cates.* My lord, I'll instantly inform his highness.
[*Exit,* R.
*Buck.* Ah, my lord! this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But with two deep divines in sacred praying.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the toil of sovereignty!
*Lord M.* Happy, indeed, my lord!

He will not, sure, refuse our proffered love?
*Buck.* Alas, my lord! you know him not; his mind's
Above this world—he's for a crown immortal!
Look there, his door opens: now, where's our hope?
*Lord M.* See where his grace stands, 'tween two clergymen! [*Pointing.*
*Buck.* Ay, 'tis there he's caught;—there's his ambition.
*Lord M.* How low he bows to thank 'em for their care;
And see! a prayer-book in his hand!
*Buck.* Would he were king, we'd give him leave to pray;
Methinks I wish it for the love he bears the city.
How have I heard him vow, he thought it hard
The mayor should lose his title with his office!
Well, who knows? He may be won.
*Lord M.* Ah, my lord!
*Buck.* See, he comes forth:—my friends, be resolute;
I know he's cautious to a fault; but do not
Leave him till our honest suit is granted

*Enter* GLOSTER *with a book, and* CATESBY, R.

*Glos.* Cousin of Buckingham,
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in my zealous meditation,
So long deferred the service of my friends.
Now do I fear I've done some strange offence,
That looks disgracious in the city's eye. If so,
'Tis just you should reprove my ignorance.
*Buck.* You have, my lord; we wish your grace,
On our entreaties, would amend your fault.
*Glos.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
*Buck.* Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
The sceptered office of your ancestors,
Fair England's throne, your own due right of birth,
To the corruption of a blemished stock;
In this just cause I come, to move your highness,
That on your gracious self you'd take the charge,
And kingly government of this, your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your own by right of birth, and lineal glory.

*Glos.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Fits best with my degree, or your condition;
Therefore—to speak in just refusal of your suit,
And then in speaking, not to check my friends,
Definitively, thus I answer you:
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your fond request;
For heav'n be thanked, there is no need of me:
The royal stock has left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make us, no doubt, happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happier stars:
Which, heav'n forbid, my thoughts should rob him of!
*Lord M.* [*Kneels with Aldermen, &c.*] Upon our knees, my lord, we beg your grace
To wear this precious robe of dignity,
Which on a child must sit too loose and heavy;
'Tis your's, befitting both your wisdom and your birth.
[*They rise.*
*Cates.* My lord, this coldness is unkind,
Nor suits it with such ardent loyalty.
*Buck.* Oh, make 'em happy;—grant their lawful suit.
*Glos.* Alas, why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.
I thank you for your loves, but must declare,
(I do beseech you, take it not amiss,)
I will not, dare not, must not, yield to you.
*Buck.* If you refuse us, through a soft remorse,
Loth to depose the child your brother's son,
(As well we know your tenderness of heart,)
Yet know, though you deny us to the last,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king,
But we will plant some other on the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And thus resolved, I bid you, sir, farewell. [*Crosses*, L.
My lord and gentlemen, I beg your pardon
For this vain trouble;—my intent was good;
I would have served my country and my king;
But 'twill not be. Farewell, till next we meet.

*Lord M.* Be not too rash, my lord: his grace relents.
*Buck.* Away, you but deceive yourselves. [*Exit,* L. D.
*Cates.* Sweet prince, accept their suit.
*Lord M.* If you deny us, all the land will rue it.
*Glos.* Call him again. [*Exit Catesby,* L. D.
You will enforce me to
A world of cares: I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties—
Though, heaven knows, against my own inclining.

*Re-enter* BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY, L. D.

Cousin of Buckingham—and sage, grave men—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load;
But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me;
For Heaven knows, as you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.
*Lord M.* Heaven guard your grace, we see it, and will say it!
*Glos.* You will but say the truth, my lord.
*Buck.* My heart's so full, it scarce has vent for words:
My knee will better speak my duty now. [*All kneel.*
Long live our sovereign, Richard, king of England!
*Glos.* Indeed, your words have touched me nearly, cousin:
Pray rise. [*All rise.*] I wish you could recall 'em,
*Buck.* It would be treason, now, my lord; to-morrow,
If it so please your majesty, from council,
Orders shall be given for your coronation.
*Glos.* E'en when you please, for you will have it so.
*Buck.* To-morrow, then, we'll attend your majesty;
And now we take our leaves with joy. [*Crosses,* L.
*Glos.* Cousin, adieu:—my loving friends, farewell:
I must unto my holy work again.
[*Exeunt all but Gloster,* L. D.
Why, now my golden dream is out!
Ambition, like an early friend, throws back
My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoyed
To tell me what I dreamt is true. A crown!

Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds,
Oh, how thy awful glory wraps my soul!
Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre:
For not men's love,—fear pays thee adoration.
And fame not more survives from good than evil deeds:
Th' aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome,
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.
Conscience, lie still; more lives must yet be drained;
Crowns got with blood, must be with blood maintained.
[*Exit*, R.D.

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter* LADY ANNE, *in tears*, DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN, PRINCE EDWARD, *and* DUCHESS OF YORK, R.

*Prince E.* Pray, madam, do not leave me yet,
For I have many more complaints to tell you.
*Queen.* And I unable to redress the least;
What would'st thou say, my child?
*Prince E.* Oh, mother, since I've lain i' the Tower,
My rest has still been broke with frightful dreams,
Or shocking news has waked me into tears:
I'm scarce allowed a friend to visit me;
All my old honest servants are turned off,
And in their room are strange ill-natured fellows,
Who look so bold as they were all my masters;
And I'm afraid they'll shortly take you from me.
*Duc. Y.* Oh, mournful hearing!
*Lady A.* Oh, unhappy prince!
*Duke Y.* Dear brother, why do you weep so?
You make me cry too.
*Queen.* Alas, poor innocence!
*Prince E.* Would I but knew at what my uncle aims;
If 'twere my crown, I'd freely give it him,
So he'd but let me 'joy my life in quiet.
*Duke Y.* Why, will my uncle kill us, brother?

*Prince E.* I hope he won't; we never injured him.
*Queen.* I cannot bear to see 'em thus. [*Weeping.*

*Enter* STANLEY, L. D.

*Stan.* Madam, I hope your majesty will pardon
What I am grieved to tell :—unwelcome news.
*Queen.* Ah me, more sorrow yet, my lord! We've long
Despaired of happy tidings; pray what is't?
*Stan.* On Tuesday last, your noble kinsmen, Rivers,
Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, at Pomfret,
Were executed on a public scaffold.
*Duc. Y.* Oh, dismal tidings!
*Prince E.* Oh, poor uncles! I doubt my turn is next.
*Lady A.* Nor mine, I fear, far off.
*Queen.* Why, then, let's welcome blood and massacre;
Yield all our throats to the fell tiger's rage,
And die lamenting one another's wrong.
Oh! I foresaw this ruin of our house. [*Weeps*

*Enter* CATESBY, L. D.

*Cates.* [*To Lady A.*] Madam, the king
Has sent me to inform your majesty
That you prepare (as is advised from council,)
To-morrow for your royal coronation.
*Queen.* What do I hear? Support me, heaven!
*Lady A.* Despiteful tidings!—oh, unpleasing news!
Alas, I heard of this before, but could not,
For my soul, find heart to tell you of it.
*Cates.* The king does farther wish your majesty
Would less employ your visits at the Tower;
He gives me leave t' attend you to the court,
And is impatient, madam, till he sees you.
*Lady A.* Farewell to all. And thou, poor injured queen,
Forgive the unfriendly duty I must pay.
*Queen.* Alas, kind soul, I envy not thy glory;
Nor think I'm pleased thou'rt partner in our sorrow.
*Cates.* Madam.
*Lady A.* I come.
*Queen.* Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory.
*Cates.* Shall I attend your majesty?
*Lady A.* Attend me! Whither?—To be crowned?

Let me with deadly venom be anointed,
And die, ere man can say—"Long live the Queen!"
[*Exit with Catesby*, L

*Stan.* Take comfort, madam,
*Queen.* Alas! where is it to be found?
Death and destruction follow us so close,
They shortly must o'ertake us.
*Stan.* In Bretany,
My son-in law, the Earl of Richmond, still
Resides, who with a jealous eye observes
The lawless actions of aspiring Gloster;
To him would I advise you, madam, fly
Forthwith, for aid, protection, and redress;
He will, I'm sure, with open arms receive you.
*Duc. Y.* Delay not, madam,
For 'tis the only hope that heaven has left us.
*Queen.* Do with me what you please, for any change
Must surely better our condition.
*Stan.* I farther would advise you, madam, this instant
To remove the princes to some
Remote abode, where you yourself are mistress.
*Prince E.* Dear madam, take me hence, for I shall ne'er
Enjoy a moment's quiet here.
*Duke Y.* Nor I: pray, mother, let me go too.
*Queen.* Come, then, my pretty young ones, let's away,
For here you lie within the falcon's reach,
Who watches but th' unguarded hour to seize you.
[*Going with her children*, L.

*Enter* LIEUTENANT, L.

*Lieut.* I beg your majesty will pardon me:
But the young princes must, on no account,
Have egress from the Tower;
Nor must, (without the king's especial license,)
Of what degree soever, any person
Have admittance to 'em:—all must retire.
*Queen.* I am their mother, sir; who else commands 'em?
If I pass freely, they shall follow me.
For you, I'll take the peril of your fault upon myself.
*Lieut.* My inclination, madam, would oblige you,
But I am bound by oath, and must obey;
Nor, madam, can I now with safety answer

For this continued visit. [*Gives warrant to Stanley.*
Please you, my lord, to read these orders.

*Queen.* Oh, heav'nly powers! shall I not stay with them!

*Lieut.* Such are the king's commands, madam.

*Queen.* [*To Stan.*] My lord?

*Stan.* 'Tis too true, and it were vain t'oppose 'em.
[*Stan. returns the warrant, and Exit,* L.

*Queen.* Support me, heaven!
For life can never bear the pangs of such a parting.
Oh, my poor children! Oh, distracting thought!
I dare not bid them, as I should, farewell;
And then, to part in silence, stabs my soul!

*Prince E.* What, must you leave us, mother?

*Queen* [*Aside.*] What shall I say?
But for a time, my loves—we shall meet again—
[*Aside.*] At least in heaven.

*Duke Y.* Won't you take me with you, mother?
I shall be so 'fraid to stay when you are gone.

*Queen.* I cannot speak to 'em, and yet we must
Be parted. [*Duc. Y. crosses behind to* L.
Then let these kisses say farewell.
Why, oh why, just heaven, must these be our last?

*Duc. Y.* Give not your grief such way—be sudden when you part.

*Queen.* I will, since it must be—to heaven I leave 'em!
[*Kneels.—Lieut. takes charge of the Princes.*
Hear me, ye guardian powers of innocence!
Awake or sleeping, oh, protect them still!
Still may their helpless youth attract men's pity,
That when the arm of cruelty is raised,
Their looks may drop the lifted dagger down
From the stern murderer's relenting hand,
And throw him on his knees in penitence. [*Rises.*

*Both Princes.* Oh, mother, mother!

*Queen.* Oh, my poor children! [*Exeunt Queen and Duchess of York,* L., *Lieut. and the Princes,* R.

### SCENE II.—*The Presence Chamber.*

*Discovering* KING RICHARD, *seated;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, RATCLIFF, *&c.*

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart. [*Exeunt all the Court except Buckingham, Ratcliff, and Catesby,* R.

E

Cousin of Buckingham—
*Buck.* My gracious sovereign.
*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand.
At length, by thy advice and thy assistance,
Is Gloster seated on the English throne.
But say, my cousin :—
What! shall we wear these glories for a day!
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
*Buck.* I hope for ages, sir; long may they grace you.
*K. Rich.* Oh, Buckingham, now do I play the touchstone
To try if thou be current friend indeed :—
Young Edward lives—so does his brother York—
Now, think, what I would speak.
*Buck.* Say on, my gracious lord.
*K. Rich.* I tell thee, coz, I've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes—
Now, though thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from me,
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes.
I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.
I would be king, my cousin.
*Buck.* Why, so I think you are, my royal lord.
*K. Rich.* Ha! am I king? 'Tis so—but—Edward lives.
*Buck.* Most true, my lord.
*K. Rich.* Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would have it suddenly performed!
Now, cousin, can'st thou answer me?
*Buck.* None dare dispute your highness' pleasure.
*K. Rich.* Indeed! Methinks thy kindness freezes, cousin.
Thou dost refuse me, then! They shall not die?
*Buck.* My lord, since 'tis an action cannot be
Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think;
I'll instantly resolve your highness. [*Exit*, L.
*Cates.* The king seems angry; see, he gnaws his lip.
*K. Rich.* I'll henceforth deal with shorter-sighted fools:
None are for me, that look into my deeds
With thinking eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect:
The best on't is, it may be done without him,
Though not so well, perhaps. Had he consented,
Why, then the murder had been his, not mine.

We'll make shift, as 'tis. Come hither, Catesby.
Where's that same Tirrel whom thou tolds't me of?
Hast thou given him those sums of gold I ordered?
*Cates.* I have, my liege.
*K. Rich.* Where is he?
*Cates.* He waits your highness' pleasure.
*K. Rich.* Give him this ring, and say myself
Will bring him farther orders instantly. [*Exit Cates.* R. D.
The deep-revolving Duke of Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsels;
Has he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so!

*Enter* LORD STANLEY, L.

How now, lord Stanley, what's the news?
*Stan.* I hear, my liege, the lord marquis of Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, now in Bretany.
*K. Rich.* Why, let him go, my lord: he may be spared.
[*Crosses to* L., *and Stanley retires up stage.*
Hark thee, Ratcliff: when saw'st thou Anne, my queen?
Is she still weak? has my physician seen her?
*Rat.* He has, my lord, and fears her mightily.
*K. Rich.* But he's exceeding skilful; she'll mend shortly.
*Rat.* I hope she will, my lord.
*K. Rich.* [*Aside.*] And if she does, I have mistook my man.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
At whom I know the Breton Richmond aims,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown.
But then to stain me with her brothers' blood:
Is that the way to woo the sister's love?
No matter what's the way!
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye;
For while they live
My goodly kingdom's on a weak foundation.
'Tis done! my daring heart's resolved—they're dead!

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM, L.

*Buck.* My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late request that you did sound me in.
*K. Rich.* Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
*Buck.* I have heard the news, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, he's your near kinsman;—well, look to him.

*Buck.* My lord, I claim that gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith's engaged:
The earldom of Hereford, and those moveables,
Which you have promised me I shall possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. [*Exit Stan.* R.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just request?

*K. Rich.* I do remember me, Harry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
'Tis odd!—a king? Perhaps—

*Enter* CATESBY, R. D.

*Cates.* My lord, I have obeyed your highness' orders.

*Buck.* May it please you to resolve me in my suit?

*K. Rich.* Lead Tirrel to my closet, I'll meet him.
[*Exit Catesby*, R. D.

*Buck.* I beg your highness' ear, my lord.

*K. Rich.* I'm busy!—thou troublest me!—I'm not i' th' vein! [*Exit*, R. D.

*Buck.* Oh, patience, heav'n! is't thus he pays my service?
Was it for this I raised him to the throne?
Oh! if the peaceful dead have any sense
Of the vile injuries they bore while living;
Then sure the joyful souls of blood-sucked Edward,
Henry, Clarence, Hastings, and all that through
His foul, corrupted dealings, have miscarried,
Will from the walls of heaven in smiles look down,
To see this tyrant tumbling from his throne,
His fall unmourned, and bloody as their own. [*Exit*, L.

### SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Tower.*

*Enter* TIRREL, DIGHTON, *and* FOREST, L.

*Tir.* Come, gentlemen,
Have you concluded on the means?

*Forest.* Smothering will make no noise, sir.

*Tir.* Let it be done i' th' dark; for should you see
Their young faces, who knows how far their looks

Of innocence may tempt you into pity.
Stand back!

*Enter* LIEUTENANT, R.

Lieutenant, have you brought the keys?
*Lieut.* I have 'em, sir.
*Tir.* Then here's your warrant to deliver 'em.
[*Giving a ring.*
*Lieut.* Your servant, sir. [*Crosses to* L.
What can this mean? why at the dead of night
To give 'em, too? 'Tis not for me t'inquire. [*Aside.*
There, gentlemen;
That way:—you have no further need of me.
[*Exeunt, Lieut.* L. *the others,* R

*Enter* KING RICHARD, *through* M. D.

*K. Rich.* Would it were done!
There is a busy something here,
That foolish custom has made terrible
To the intent of evil deeds; and nature, too,
As if she knew me womanish and weak,
Tugs at my heart-strings with complaining cries,
To talk me from my purpose.
And then the thought of what men's tongues will say—
Of what their hearts must think;
To have no creature love me living, nor
My memory when dead.
Shall future ages, when these children's tale
Is told, drop tears in pity of their hapless fate,
And read with detestation the misdeeds of Gloster,
The crook-backed tyrant, cruel, barbarous,
And bloody? Will they not say, too,
That to possess the crown, nor laws divine
Nor human stop my way?—Why, let 'em say it!
They can't but say I had the crown—
I was not fool, as well as villain.
Hark! the murder's doing! Princes, farewell!
To me there's music in your passing-bell.

*Enter* TIRREL, R.

Now, my Tirrel, how are the brats disposed?
Say, am I happy? hast thou dealt upon 'em?

*Tir.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, then, sir, be happy,
For it is done.
*K. Rich.* But didst thou see 'em dead?
*Tir.* I did, my lord.
*K. Rich.* And buried? my good Tirrel.
*Tir.* In that I thought to ask your highness' pleasure.
*K. Rich.* I have it—I'll have 'em sure! Get me a coffin
Full of holes, let 'em both be crammed into it;
And hark thee: in the night tide throw 'em down
The Thames—once in, they'll find the way to the bottom.
Meantime but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of your desire.
*Tir.* I humbly thank your highness.
*K. Rich.* About it straight, good Tirrel.
*Tir.* Conclude it done, my lord. [*Exit*, R.
*K. Rich.* Why, then, my loudest fears are hushed—
The sons of Edward have eternal rest,
And Anne, my wife, has bid this world good night;
While fair Elizabeth, my beauteous niece,
Like a new morn, lights onward to my wishes.

*Enter* CATESBY, L.

*Cates.* My lord—
*K. Rich.* Good news, or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?
*Cates.* Bad news, my lord; Morton is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increases.
*K. Rich.* Morton with Richmond touches me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied numbers.
But come, dangers retreat when boldly they're confronted,
[*Crosses to* L.
And dull delay leads impotence and fear;
Then fiery expedition raise my arm,
And fatal may it fall on crushed rebellion!
Let's muster men, my council is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt*, L.

### SCENE IV.—*The Neighbourhood of St. Paul's.*

*Enter* QUEEN *and* DUCHESS OF YORK, R.

*Queen.* Oh, my poor children! oh, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, plucked by untimely hands !
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation !
Why slept their guardian angels when this deed was done ?
*Duc. Y.* So many miseries have drained my eyes,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Why should calamity be full of words ?
*Queen.* Let's give 'em scope : for though they can't remove,
Yet do they ease affliction.
*Duc. Y.* Why, then, let us be loud in exclamations !
To Richard haste, and pierce him with our cries.
[*Trumpet sounds a march,* L. U. E.
Hark ! his trumpet sounds ! This way he must pass.
*Queen.* Alas ! I've not the daring to confront him.
[*Crosses to* R.
*Duc. Y.* I have a mother's right, I'll force him to hear me.

*Enter* KING RICHARD *and* CATESBY, *with forces, through the Gates,* L. U. E. *Trumpet sounds a march.*

*K. Rich.* Who interrupts me in my expedition ?
*Duc. Y.* Dost thou not know me ? art thou not my son ?
*K. Rich.* I cry your mercy, madam ; is it you ?
*Duc. Y.* Art thou my son ?
*K. Rich.* Ay, I thank heaven, my father, and yourself.
*Duc. Y.* Then I command thee, hear me !
*K. Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
*Duc. Y.* Stay, I'll be mild and gentle in my words—
*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.
*Duc. Y.* Why, I have staid for thee, just heaven knows,
In torment and in agony.
*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you ?
*Duc. Y.* No, on my soul ! too well thou know'st it ;
A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;
Tetchy and wayward was thine infancy ;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and stubborn ;
Thy age confirmed, most subtle, proud, and bloody.
*K. Rich.* If I am so disgracious in thine eye,

Let me march on, and not offend thee, madam.
Strike up the drum. [*Queen advances*, R.
*Duc. Y.* Yet stay, I charge thee, hear me.
*Queen.* If not, hear me; for I have wrongs will speak
Without a tongue:—methinks the very sight
Of me should turn thee into stone!
Where are my children, Gloster?
*Duc. Y.* Where is thy brother Clarence?
*Queen.* Where Hastings?
*Duc. Y.* Rivers?
*Queen.* Vaughan?
*Duc. Y.* Grey?
*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets, strike alarums, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed:—strike, I say!
[*Alarum of Drums and Trumpets.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
*Duc. Y.* Then hear me, heaven, and heaven at his latest hour
Be deaf to him, as he is now to me!
Ere from this war he turn a conqueror,
Ye powers, cut off his dangerous thread of life!
Lest his black sins rise higher in account
Than hell has pains to punish. [*Crosses to* R.
Mischance and sorrow wait thee to the field!
Heart's discontent, languid and lean despair,
With all the hells of guilt, pursue thy steps forever. [*Exit* R.
*Queen.* Though far more cause, yet much less power to curse
Abides in me—I say amen to her.
*K. Rich.* Stay, madam, I would beg some words with you.
*Queen.* What can'st thou ask, that I have now to grant!
Is it another son? Gloster, I have none.
*K. Rich.* You have a beauteous daughter, called Elizabeth.
*Queen.* Must she die, too?
*K. Rich.* For whose fair sake, I'll bring more good to you,
Than ever you or yours from me had harm;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou'lt drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest me the cruel cause of.
*Queen.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
*K. Rich.* Know, then, that from my soul I love the fair
Elizabeth, and will, with your permission,
Seat her on the throne of England.
*Queen.* Alas! vain man, how canst thou woo her?
*K. Rich.* That would I learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
*Queen.* If thou wilt learn of me, then, woo her thus:—
Send to her, by the man who killed her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts—thereon engraved,
Edward and York;—then, haply, will she weep.
On this, present her with an handkerchief
Stained with their blood, to wipe her woeful eyes:
If this inducement move her not to love,
Read o'er the history of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thy policy took off her uncles,
Clarence, Rivers, Grey; nay, and, for her sake,
Made quick conveyance with her dear aunt Anne.
*K. Rich.* You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
[*King Richard retires; converses with Ratcliff, and sends him off*, L.
*Queen.* What shall I say? Still to affront his love,
I fear will but incense him to revenge;
And to consent, I should abhor myself;
Yet I may seemingly comply, and thus,
By sending Richmond word of his intent,
Shall gain some time to let my child escape him.
It shall be so. [*Aside.—Richard advances.*
I have considered, sir, of your important wishes,
And, could I but believe you real—
*K. Rich.* Now, by the sacred hosts of saints above—
*Queen.* Oh, do not swear, my lord; I ask no oath,
Unless my daughter doubt you more than I.
*K. Rich.* Oh, my kind mother! (I must call you so,)
Be thou to her my love's soft orator;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.

And, when this warlike arm shall have chastised
The audacious rebel, hot-brained Buckingham;
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead your daughter to a conqueror's bed.
*Queen.* My lord, farewell;—in some few days expect
To hear how fair a progress I have made:
Till then, be happy, as you're penitent.
*K. Rich.* My heart goes with you to my love. Farewell. [*Exit Queen*, R.
Relenting, shallow-thoughted woman!

*Enter* RATCLIFF, L.

How now! the news?
*Rat.* Most gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rides a most powerful navy, and our fears
Inform us Richmond is their admiral.
There do they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore. [*Exit*, L.
*K. Rich.* We must prevent him, then.—Come hither, Catesby.
*Cates.* My lord, your pleasure?
*K. Rich.* Post to the Duke of Norfolk instantly,
Bid him straight levy all the strength and power
That he can make, and meet me suddenly
At Salisbury;—commend me to his grace;—away.
[*Exit Catesby*, R.

*Enter* LORD STANLEY, L.

Well, my lord, what news have you gathered?
*Stan.* Richmond is on the seas, my lord.
*K. Rich.* There let him sink—and be the seas on him.
White-livered runagate;—what does he there?
*Stan.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
*K. Rich.* Well, as you guess?
*Stan.* Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
*K. Rich.* Traitor! the crown!
Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
The foe upon our coast, and thou no friends to meet 'em!
Or hast thou marched them to the western shore,
To give the rebels conduct from their ships?

*Stan.* My lord, my friends are all ready i' th' north.
*K. Rich.* The north! why, what do they i' th' north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
*Stan.* They yet have had no orders, sir, to move:
If 'tis your royal pleasure they should march,
I'll lead them on with utmost haste to join you,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.
*K. Rich.* What, thou'dst be gone to join with Richmond?—Ha—
*Stan.* Sir, you have no cause to doubt my loyalty
I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be, false.
*K. Rich.* Away then to thy friends, and lead 'em on
To meet me;—[*Crosses*, L.]—hold,—Come back: I'll not trust thee.
I've thought a way to make thee sure;—your son,
George Stanley, sir, I'll have him left behind;
And look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
*Stan.* As I prove true, my lord, so deal with him.
*K. Rich.* Away. [*Exit Stanley*, R.

*Enter* RATCLIFF, L.

*Rat.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham,
By sudden floods, and fall of waters,
Is half lost, and scattered:
And he himself wandered away alone,
No man knows whither.
*K. Rich.* Has any careful officer proclaimed
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
*Rat.* Such proclamation has been made, my lord.

*Enter* CATESBY, R.

*Cates.* My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken.
*K. Rich.* Off with his head;—so much for Buckingham.
*Cates.* My lord, I am sorry I must tell more news.
*K. Rich.* Out with it.
*Cates.* The earl of Richmond, with a mighty power,
Is landed, sir, at Milford;
And, to confirm the news, lord marquis Dorset,
And sir Thomas Lovell, are up in Yorkshire.
*K. Rich.* Why, ay, this looks rebellion:—Ho! my horse!

By heav'n, the news alarms my stirring soul;
Come forth, my honest sword, which here I vow,
By my soul's hope, shall ne'er again be sheathed;
Nor shall these watching eyes have needful rest
Till death has closed 'em in a glorious grave,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge. [*Exeunt*, R

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

### Scene I.—*The Country, near Tamworth.*

*Enter the invading Army, with Banners and Devices, and form on each side.*—Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, *and others, advance to the centre.*

*Rich.* Thus far, into the bowels of the land,
Have we marched on without impediment.
Gloster, the bloody and devouring boar,
Whose ravenous appetite has spoiled your fields,
Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropt
Its ripened hopes of fair posterity,
Is now even in the centre of the isle,
As we're informed, near to the town of Leicester:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march:
And here receive we, from our father Stanley,
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement,
Such as will help and animate our cause;
On which let's cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of a lasting peace,
Or fame more lasting from a well-fought war.

*Oxford.* Your words have fire, my lord, and warm our men,
Who looked, methought, but cold before;—disheartened
With the unequal numbers of the foe.

*Rich.* Why, double 'em still, our cause would conquer 'em.
Thrice is he armed, that has his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted :
The very weight of Gloster's guilt shall crush him.
*Blunt.* His best friends, no doubt, will soon be ours.
*Oxford.* He has no friends, but what are such through fear.
*Rich.* And we no foes, but what are such to heav'n.
Then doubt not, heav'n's for us;—let's on, my friends:
True hope ne'er tires, but mounts with eagle's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt*, R.

### SCENE II.—*Bosworth Field.*

*Enter the English Army, followed by* KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *&c.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tent, even in Bosworth Field :
My good lord of Norfolk, the cheerful speed
Of your supply has merited my thanks.
*Nor.* I am rewarded, sir, in having power
To serve your majesty.
*K. Rich.* You have our thanks, my lord; up with my tent;
Here will I lie to-night;—but where to-morrow?
Well, no matter where.—Has any careful friend
Discovered yet the number of the rebels?
*Nor.* My lord, as I from spies am well-informed,
Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
*K. Rich.* Why, our battalia treble that amount;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
*Nor.* Their wants are greater yet, my lord;—those e'en
Of motion, life, and spirit;—did you but know
How wretchedly their men disgrace the field;
Oh, such a tattered host of mounted scare-crows!
So poor, so famished; their executors,
The greedy crows, fly hovering o'er their heads,
Impatient for their lean inheritance.
*K. Rich.* Now, by St. Paul, we'll send 'em dinners and apparel;
Nay, give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight 'em.—How long must we stay,
My lords, before these desperate fools will give
Us time to lay 'em with their faces upwards?

*Nor.* Unless their famine saves our swords that labour,
To-morrow's sun will light 'em to their ruin;
So soon, I hear, they mean to give us battle.

*K. Rich.* The sooner still the better.—Come, my lords,
Now let's survey the 'vantage of the ground: [*Crosses,* R.
Call me some men of sound direction.

*Nor.* My gracious lord—

*K. Rich.* What say'st thou, Norfolk?

*Nor.* Might I advise your majesty, you yet
Shall save the blood that may be shed to-morrow.

*K. Rich.* How so, my lord?

*Nor.* The poor condition of the rebels tells me,
That on a pardon offered to the lives
Of those that instantly shall quit their arms,
Young Richmond, ere to-morrow's dawn, were friendless.

*K. Rich.* Why that, indeed, was our Sixth Harry's way,
Which made his reign one scene of rude commotion.
I'll be in men's despite a monarch; no,
Let kings that fear, forgive,—blows and revenge for me.
[*Exeunt,* R.

### SCENE III.—*Richmond's Camp in Bosworth Field.*

*Enter* RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, *&c.* L.

*Rich.* The weary sun has made a golden set,
And by yon ruddy brightness of the clouds,
Gives tokens of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard;
My lord of Oxford, you, sir Walter Herbert,
And you, Sir William Brandon, stay with me:
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment.
Here have I drawn a model of our battle, [*Unfolds a scroll.*
Which parts in just proportion our small power;
Here may each leader know his several charge.

*Enter* OFFICER, L.

*Off.* Sir, a gentleman, that calls himself Stanley,
Desires admittance to the earl of Richmond.

*Rich.* Now, by our hopes, my noble father-in-law!
Admit him. [*Exit Officer,* L.] My good friends, your leave awhile.

*Enter* LORD STANLEY, L. *Officers retire.*

My honoured father! on my soul
The joy of seeing you this night is more
Than my most knowing hopes presaged. What news?
*Stan.* I, by commission, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good;
The Queen, too, has with tears of joy consented
Thou shouldst espouse Elizabeth her daughter,
At whom the tyrant Richard closely aims.
In brief, (for now the shortest moment of
My stay is bought with hazard of my life,)
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
(For so the season of affairs requires,)
And this be sure of—I, upon the first
Occasion offered, will deceive some eyes,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms;
In which I had more forward been, ere this,
But that the life of thy young brother, George,
(Whom, as my pawn of faith, stern Richard keeps,)
Would then be forfeit to his wild revenge.
Farewell: the rude enforcement of the times
Denies me to renew those vows of love
Which so long-sundered friends should dwell upon.
*Rich.* We yet may meet again, my lord.
*Stan.* Till then, once more farewell!—be resolute, and conquer.
*Rich.* Give him safe conduct to his regiment. [*Exeunt Stanley and Officer*, R.
Well, sirs, [*Officers advance*,] to-morrow proves a busy day;
But come, the night's far spent; let's in to council.
Captain, an hour before the sun gets up,
Let me be waked: I will in person walk
From tent to tent, and early cheer the soldiers. [*Exeunt*, R.

### SCENE IV.—*A Wood.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, NORFOLK, *&* CATESBY, L.

*K. Rich.* Catesby.
*Cates.* Here, my lord.
*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant-at-arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him, 'fore sunrise,
Meet me with his power, or his son George's head
Shall pay the forfeit of his cold delay.
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?
*Cates.* It is, my liege, all in readiness.
*K. Rich.* What is 't o'clock?
*Cates.* It is nine o'clock, my lord.
*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
*Nor.* Doubt not, my lord. [*Crosses to* L.
*K. Rich.* Be stirring with the lark, good Norfolk.
*Nor.* I shall, my lord. [*Exit,* L.
*K. Rich.* Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow.
[*Attendant goes off,* L.
Is ink and paper ready?
*Cates.* It is, my lord.
*K. Rich.* An hour after midnight come to my tent,
And help to arm me:—a good night, my friends. [*Exit* R.
*Cates.* Methinks the king has not that pleased alacrity,
Nor cheer of mind, that he was wont to have.
*Rat.* The mere effect of business;
You'll find him, sir, another man i' the field,
When you shall see him with his beaver up,
Ready to mount his neighing steed, with whom
He smiling seems to have some wanton talk,
Clapping his pampered sides to hold him still;
Then with a motion swift and light as air,
Like fiery Mars he vaults him to the saddle,
Looks terror to the foe, and courage to his soldiers.
*Cates.* Good night to Richmond, then; for, as I hear,
His numbers are so few, and those so sick,
And famished in their march, if he dare fight us
He jumps into the sea to cool his fever.
But come, 'tis late; now let us to our tents,
We've few hours good before the trumpet wakes us.
[*Exeunt,* L.

### SCENE V.—*Richard's Tent.*

*Eenter* KING RICHARD, *from his Tent.*

*K. Rich.* 'Tis now the dead of night, and half the world

Is in a lonely, solemn darkness hung;
Yet I (so coy a dame is sleep to me,)
With all the weary courtship of
My care-tir'd thoughts, can't win her to my bed;
Though e'en the stars do wink, as 'twere with over-watching.
I'll forth and walk awhile;—the air's refreshing,
And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour.
How awful is this gloom! and hark? from camp to camp
The hum of either army stilly sounds;
That the fixt sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighings,
Piercing the night's dull ear.—Hark! from the tents,
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With clink of hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation: while some,
Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
With patience sit, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger.—By yon heav'n, my stern
Impatience chides this tardy-gaited night,
That like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediously away.—I'll to my couch,
And once more try to sleep her into morning.
*(Advances towards the couch;—a groan is heard.)*
Ha! what means that dismal voice? Sure 'tis
The echo of some yawning grave,
That teems with an untimely ghost.—'Tis gone!
'Twas but my fancy, or perhaps the wind
Forcing its entrance through some hollow cavern.—
No matter what:—I feel my eyes grow heavy.
[*Lies down.—Sleeps.*

KING HENRY'S *Ghost appears.*

*King H.* O thou, whose unrelenting thoughts, not all
The hideous terrors of thy guilt can shake;
Whose conscience, with thy body, ever sleeps,—
Sleep on; while I, by heaven's high ordinance,
In dreams of horror wake thy frightful soul.
Now, give thy thoughts to me; let them behold
These gaping wounds, which thy death-dealing hand

Within the Tower gave my anointed body:
Now shall thy own devouring conscience gnaw
Thy heart, and terribly revenge my murder.

LADY ANNE'S *Ghost appears.*

*Lady A.* Think on the wrongs of wretched Anne, thy wife,
E'en in the battle's heat remember me,
And edgeless fall thy sword,—despair and die.

*The Ghosts of* PRINCE EDWARD *and the* DUKE *of* YORK *appear.*

*Prince E.* Richard, dream on, and see the wandering spirits
Of thy young nephews, murder'd in the Tower:
Could not our youth, our innocence, persuade
Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives?
Who, but for thee, alas! might have enjoy'd
Our many promis'd years of happiness.
No soul, save thine, but pities our misusage.
Oh, 'twas a cruel deed! therefore alone,
Unpitying, unpitied, shalt thou fall.
*King H.* The morning's dawn has summon'd me away;
And let that wild despair, which now does prey
Upon thy mangled thoughts, alarm the world.
Awake, Richard, awake! to guilty minds
A terrible example! (*All the ghosts vanish.*)
*K. Rich.* [*Starts up.*] Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds! [*Drops on his Knees.*
Have mercy, heav'n!—ha! soft,—'twas but a dream;
But then so terrible, it shakes my soul;
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror:
Oh, tyrant conscience! how dost thou afflict me!—
When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating;
I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent:
I am but man; and, fate, do thou dispose me.

*Enter* CATESBY, R.

Who's there? [*Rises.*
*Cates.* 'Tis I, my lord; the early village cock
Hath thrice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*K. Rich.* Oh, Catesby! I have had such horrid dreams.
*Cates.* Shadows, my lord,—below the soldier's heeding.
*K. Rich.* Now, by my this day's hopes, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
*Cates.* Be more yourself, my lord: consider, sir,
Were it but known a dream had frightened you,
How would your animated foes presume on't!
*K. Rich.* Perish the thought!—no, never be it said
That fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.
Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain.
Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again!
[*Trumpets sound a call.*
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse; away!
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets—Exeunt,* R.

### SCENE VI.—*A Wood.*

[*A March.*]

*Enter* RICHMOND, OXFORD, SOLDIERS, *&c.* L.

*Rich.* Halt!
*Sold.* [*Without.*] Halt,—halt!
*Rich.* How far into the morning is it, friends?
*Oxford.* Near four, my lord.
*Rich.* 'Tis well,—
I am glad to find we are such early stirrers.
*Oxford.* Methinks the foe's less forward than we thought 'em.
Worn as we are, we brave the field before 'em.
*Rich.* Come, there looks life in such a cheerful haste;
If dreams should animate a soul resolv'd,
I'm more than pleas'd with those I've had to-night;
Methought that all the ghosts of them whose bodies
Richard murder'd, came mourning to my tent,
And roused me to revenge 'em.
*Oxford.* A good omen, sir,—[*Trumpet sounds a distant March,* R.] hark! the trumpet of
The enemy; it speaks them on the march.
*Rich.* Why, then, let's on, my friends, to face 'em!

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As mild behaviour and humility;
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this body on the earth's cold face;
But, if we thrive, the glory of the action
The meanest here shall share his part of.
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords·
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,
The words St. George, Richmond, and Victory!
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets—Exeunt*, R.

### SCENE VII.—*Richard's Camp.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD, CATESBY, *and Forces*, L.

*K. Rich.* Who saw the sun to-day?
*Cates.* He has not yet broke forth, my lord.
*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine, for, by the clock,
He should have braved the east an hour ago:
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond! for the self-same heav'n
That frowns on me, looks low'ring upon him.

*Enter* NORFOLK *with a paper in his hand*, R.

*Nor.* Prepare, my lord, the foe is in the field.
*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call forth Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power;
Myself will lead the soldiers to the plain. [*Exit Cates.* L.
Well, Norfolk, what think'st thou now?
*Nor.* That we shall conquer:—but on my tent,
This morning early, was this paper found.
*K. Rich.* [*Reads.*] "Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold."
A weak invention of the enemy!
Come, gentlemen, now each man to his charge,
And, ere we do bestride our foaming steeds,
Remember whom you are to cope withal,
A scum of Bretons, rascals, runaways,
Whom their o'ercloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures, and destruction.—

*Enter* CATESBY, L.

What says Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
*Cates.* He does refuse, my lord;—he will not stir.
*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head.
[*Distant March*, R.
*Nor.* My lord, the foe's already past the marsh;—
After the battle let young Stanley die.
*K. Rich.* Why, after be it then.
A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom;
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
And thou, our warlike champion, thrice-renowned
St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions;
Upon 'em:—charge:—follow me! [*Exeunt*, R.

### SCENE VIII.—*A part of Bosworth Field.—Alarums.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD, R.

*K. Rich.* What ho! young Richmond, ho, 'tis Richard calls!
I hate thee, Harry, for thy blood of Lancaster;
Now if thou dost not hide thee from my sword,
Now while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,
And dying groans transpierce the wounded air,
Richmond, I say, come forth, and singly face me;
Richard is hoarse with daring thee to arms. [*Exit*, R

### SCENE IX.—*A Wood.*

*Enter* CATESBY, L.U.E., *and* NORFOLK, R.U.E., *in disorder.*

*Cates.* Rescue! rescue! My lord of Norfolk, haste;
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring and opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death;
Nay, haste, my lord—the day's against us. [*Exeunt*, L.

*Enter* KING RICHARD *and* RATCLIFF, L.

*K. Rich.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.
*Rat.* This way, this way, my lord;—below yon thicket
Stands a swift horse;—away;—ruin pursues us;

Withdraw, my lord, for only flight can save you.
*K. Rich.* Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die! [*Exit* RAT. R.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slain to-day instead of him:—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse. [*Exit*, L

## • SCENE X.—*Bosworth Field.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD, L., *and* RICHMOND, R., *meeting.*

*K. Rich.* Of one or both of us, the time is come.
*Rich.* Kind heaven, I thank thee, for my cause is thine
If Richard's fit to live, let Richmond fall.
*K. Rich.* Thy gallant bearing, Harry, I could 'plaud,
But that the spotted rebel stains the soldier.
*Rich.* Nor should thy prowess, Richard, want my praise,
But that thy cruel deeds have stamped thee tyrant!
So thrive my sword, as heaven's high vengeance draws it.
*K. Rich.* My soul and body on the action both.
*Rich.* A dreadful lay;—here's to decide it.
[*Alarums.—They fight; Richard falls.*
*K. Rich.* Perdition catch thy arm—the chance is thine!
But oh! the vast renown thou hast acquired
In conquering Richard, does afflict him more
Than even his body's parting with its soul.
Now let the world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms; that each heart being set
On bloody actions, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! [*Dies.*
*Rich.* Farewell, Richard, and from thy dreadful end
May future kings from tyranny be warned;
Had thy aspiring soul but stirred in virtue
With half the spirit it has dared in evil,
How might thy fame have graced our English annals!
But as thou art, how fair a page thou'st blotted!
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! the glad trumpet speaks the field our own.

*Enter* LORD STANLEY, OXFORD, *and Soldiers, with King Richard's Crown*, L.

Oh, welcome, friends! my noble father, welcome!

Heav'n and our arms be praised, the day is ours;
See there, my lords, stern Richard is no more.
*Stan.* Victorious Richmond, well hast thou acquitted thee!
And see the just reward that heaven has sent thee:
Among the glorious spoils of Bosworth-field,
We've found the crown, which now in right is thine:
'Tis doubly thine by conquest and by choice.
Long live Henry the Seventh, king of England!
[*Flourish;—all kneel.*
*Rich.* Next to just heav'n, my countrymen,
I owe my thanks to you, whose love I'm proud of,
And ruling well shall speak my gratitude.
But now, my lords, what friends of ours are missing?
Pray tell me, is young George Stanley living?
*Stan.* He is, my liege, and safe in Leicester town,
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

*Enter* BLUNT, R.

*Blunt.* My lord, the queen, and fair Elizabeth,
Her beauteous daughter, some few miles off,
Are on their way to 'gratulate your victory.
*Rich.* Ay, there, indeed, my toil's rewarded.
Let us prepare to meet 'em, lords;—and then,
As we're already bound by solemn vows,
We'll twine the roses red and white together,
And both from one kind stalk shall flourish!
England has long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood;
The father rashly slaughtered his own son;
The bloody son, compelled, has killed his sire.
Oh, now let Henry and Elizabeth,
The true successors of each royal house,
Conjoined together, heal those deadly wounds!
And be that wretch of all mankind abhorred,
That would renew those bloody days again;
Ne'er let him live to taste our joy's increase,
That would with treason wound fair England's peace!

THE END.

No. XII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &C.

# LOVE'S SACRIFICE:

OR,

## THE RIVAL MERCHANTS.

A Play.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY GEORGE LOVELL,

AUTHOR OF THE "PROVOST OF BRUGES.

With the Stage Directions, Cast of Characters,

AND COSTUMES, MARKED AND CORRECTED BY J. B. ADDIS PROMPTER.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

NEW YORK:
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BALTIMORE: TAYLOR, WILDE, & CO., JARVIS BUILDINGS.
1846.

PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

# EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

It requires a most rare combination of abilities to write a play that shall not only satisfy the demands of a rigorous literary taste, but, at the same time, in the more mechanical construction of plot and invention of incident, possess those qualities which shall make it pleasing in the representation to a modern audience. A union of the meditative with the worldly-practical and active faculties, would seem to be required to insure this species of success; and the author of this beautiful play is one of the few who have achieved it. Judged either as a dramatic or a literary production, "Love's Sacrifice" may be pronounced worthy of the most palmy days of the English drama.

The sketches of character are spirited and well defined. *Lafont* is a jewel of a villain, and affords great scope for the genius of an actor, although a part in which little applause can be won. *Jean Rusè*, the unfortunate clerk, carries much of the humor of the piece on his shoulders, and can be made highly effective. The best genteel comedian will find a congenial part in *St. Lo;* while in *Matthew Elmore* the "heavy tragedian" of a company will recognize a character calculated to task all his powers.

The two principal female characters are pleasing and well contrasted. *Herminie* is a life-like picture of a gay, self-possessed, young widow, who knows her power over the opposite sex, and exercises it. *Margaret* is all that is lovely in her relations of daughter; and the sympathies of ninety-nine persons in a hundred will go with her in her meditated "sacrifice." But to our mind, she is wrong in consenting for a moment to marry *Lafont.* A woman may abstain from matrimony in order to serve a parent; but in consenting to wed a man, whom she detests, she is deeply criminal. No plea can justify such an act, any more than it could justify an act of legally *unsanctioned* prostitution. But in the case of *Margaret*, the heart will excuse her, though the reason and the moral sense may condemn. Nor does this defect in her character, constitute a defect in the play. We should not look for "perfect monsters, which the world ne'er saw," in heroes and heroines.

"Love's Sacrifice" was first performed at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, Sept. 12th, 1842. Its success was unequivocal. The *Matthew Elmore* of Mr. Vandenhoff is said to have been "finely conceived and nobly sustained"; while his daughter's *Margaret* was "feminine gentleness wrought upon by stern necessity, and sublimed by duty and affection." For some inexplicable reason, this play has not yet received the attention from managers in this country, which its undisputed merits entitle it to. It can afford, however, to bide its time. It cannot be displaced, by the apathy of either actors or managers, from its rank among the best acting plays of the age.

In the gradual addition of such pieces as this to our limited stock of dramatic productions of a high and pure order, we think we see the growth of the auxiliary means of accelerating the dawn of that era, when the abhorred and utterly superfluous abuses now connected with the theatre shall be abolished, in the indignant *veto* of all true lovers of the beautiful in art. We believe that public opinion is fast maturing towards that point when such abolition will be universally and conclusively demanded; and that the time is near at hand when the manager who shall venture to brave the just and enlightened anger of the community, by contaminating an institution designed for good ends with unhallowed associations, and vile, collateral subsidiaries to speculation, excrescent and monstrous, shall receive the reward of his opposition to reform in empty benches and the undisguised disapprobation of the humblest upholder of the drama.

*New York, Jan.* 25, 1846.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | *Covent Garden*, 1842. | *Bowery*, 1843. |
|---|---|---|
| Matthew Elmore . . . . | Mr. Vandenhoff. | Mr. J. R. Scott. |
| Paul Lafont . . . . . . | “ Cooper. | “ J. M. Scott. |
| Eugene de Lorme . . . | “ Charles Pitt. | “ J. Wallack. |
| St. Lo . . . . . . . . . | “ Walter Lacy. | “ C. Hill. |
| Morluc . . . . . . . . | “ Wigan. | “ Prior. |
| Du Viray . . . . . . . | “ W. H. Payne. | “ Forester. |
| Friar Dominic . . . . | “ Diddear. | “ Milner. |
| Jean Rusé . . . . . . | “ Meadows. | “ Gates. |
| Servant. | | |
| Margaret . . . . . . . | Miss Vandenhoff. | Mrs. Shaw. |
| Herminie de Vermont . | Mrs. W. Lacy. | “ C. Hill. |
| Jenny . . . . . . . . | “ Humby. | “ Herbert. |
| Manou . . . . . . . . | “ Orger. | “ Stickney. |

## COSTUMES.

MATTHEW ELMORE.—Violet-coloured velvet doublet and trunks, black velvet cloak, black stockings and shoes.

PAUL LAFONT.—Brown merino doublet and trunks, brown hose, and black shoes.

EUGENE DE LORME.—Light blue velvet--ibid.

ST. LO.—Rose-coloured velvet—ibid.

DU VIRAY.—Green velvet—ibid.

MORLUC.—Brown velvet—ibid.

JEAN RUSE.—Black serge doublet and trunks, lead-coloured hose, and black shoes.

FRIAR DOMINIC.—Grey gown, girdle, and sandals.

MARGARET ELMORE.—First dress: White satin, trimmed with pink. Second dress: Blue satin. Third dress: Plain white muslin.

HERMINIE DE LORME.—White silk, trimmed with amber-coloured satin.

JENNY.—Black velvet body, amber-coloured petticoat, French cap.

MANOU.—Black silk gown, rose-coloured petticoat, and French cap.

### EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left:* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;*

# LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The Palais Royal.*

*Enter* ST. LO, MORLUC, *and* DU VIRAY, *from a gaming house,* L. D. F.

*Saint Lo.* PEST on the cards, the dice, the hour, the place,
Fortune, misfortune, luck, myself, the world,
And every man in it!
*Du V.* Have you lost all?
*St. Lo.* Drained to the bottom, and my pocket made,
What prudent nature loathes—a vacuum!
I am an empty bag—a drawn-off butt;
Shake me—you will not find a jingle in me;
Tap me—I'm hollow—nothing left but noise. [*Crossing* C.
*Mor.* Go to Lafont, and get you filled again.
*St. Lo.* Go to a usurer without a pledge!
Go to a well without a pitcher first,
And ask the water to flow up to you!
I've nothing left to draw with.—One by one,
Lafont has had my lands, my houses, horses,
My furniture, my very pots and pans!
I've not a fraction's fag end left of all
My patrimony——
*Du V.* Then, before the last
Resource of want—the Morgue—try matrimony.
*St. Lo.* I can't! I am in love.
*Mor.* In love! ha, ha!
*Du V.* Psha! With the widow Herminie de Vermont.
*Mor.* A ward of Paul Lafont!
*Du V.* Who, though his eyes
Are moderately sharp on most occasions,

Swears they could never see the fortune she
Declares her father left.
*Mor.* Try Margaret Elmore,
The English merchant's daughter, and sole heir.
There is a bait, now, even old Lafont
Licks his dry lips at.
*St. Lo.* Margaret and Lafont!
What profanation!
*Mor.* Why? Lafont and Elmore
Are the two richest merchants in our city,
And what more fit than to unite them thus?
*St. Lo.* And think you Elmore would consent to it?
Elmore—a man who rates a reputation
Above a life; whose own unspotted virtue
Brooks not the lightest shadow of a stain;
Whose proud tenacious honour, holds itself
At guard against the world—he sell his child
For gold—and to a bidder like Lafont!
*Mor.* 'Twere hard to say; Elmore is a strange man.
When he first settled here, some three years back,
How eagerly he sought the young De Lormes,
Herminie and her brother, for no cause
But being orphans, with a knavish guardian.
*Du V.* And when he found that Herminie was married,
He took Eugene, the other, to his house,
Adopted him, treated him like a son,
And till this daughter, Margaret, appeared,
All thought intended him his heir.
*St. Lo.* And so
He may be yet; for Eugene loves her.
*Mor.* Loves her!
You shall outbid him then—you shall adore her!
*St. Lo.* Psha! What can Margaret ever be to me?
I grant her young—I grant her passing fair—
Her voice a music and her smile a spell;
Rich in attractions, talents, virtues, graces,
In all that makes her sex a glittering wonder.
I grant, had Herminie been never born,
Margaret had shone a very gem of women;
Yet she is but a woman: Herminie,
The saucy, wild, provoking Herminie,
Is—is——

*Mor.* An angel—Out with it!
*St. Lo.* She is—
As surely as Lafont is—
*Du V.* What?
*St. Lo.* A devil—
Which I'll be sworn to! Nothing merely mortal
Could have cajoled a man as he has me.
His silky smoothness is not of this world:
His sugared smile has nothing earthly in it—
None of the spice and pepper of a man!
He's never in a passion—that's not human.
Morluc—Du Viray—do now, if you love me,
Find out for me what tailor makes his clothes:
If they are fashioned like another man's—
If there is no provision for a tail?

*Enter* PAUL LAFONT *and* JEAN RUSE, *and cross behind to* L.

*Mor.* Lafont's a man of high repute.
*St. Lo.* A devil!
*Du V.* Of wealth unquestioned.
*St. Lo.* Sir, I say, a devil!
I'll have him nothing less. Own him a devil,
Or we are enemies.
*Mor.* Oh, if you wish it,
Lafont's a devil, then!
*Du V.* So let it be,
With all my heart.
*Laf.* [*Advancing.*] Ha, ha! ha, ha! How do?
[*St. Lo crosses from him to* R.—*They look embarrassed.*
You think I heard you. Well, what if I did?
Don't look distressed. It grieves me!—You are well?
That's right—that's right. [*Embracing them.*] A little ebullition
Of youthful mirth. I'm very fond of youth—
I am, indeed—so open, so ingenuous!
Your hands again—Ha, ha! That's very good
You've had a merry night?—Sad rogues, wild rogues!
How went the cards, St. Lo?
*St. Lo.* As though you had made them—
Fleeced me of every sous!
*Laf.* Dear—that's a pity!
What will you do?

*St. Lo.* Starve, I suppose, or hang—
Blow out my brains—or jump into the Seine—
Or make some such short, gentlemanly ending.
*Laf.* How very shocking! It distresses me—
It does indeed!
*St. Lo.* Well—will you help me live, then?
*Laf.* Without security? Ha! that's irregular—
Unbusiness-like—it is indeed, St. Lo—
You must not ask me—think of the example!
*Mor.* Come, Lafont; you must do something for him.
The highwayman that takes the traveller's purse
Will scarcely grudge restoring a few coins
To help him on the road.—You can't do less.
*Du V.* He is our friend—and if you deal too hardly,
You'll drive us to withdraw our custom.
*Laf.* [*Aside.*] Hm!
Well, I suppose, then, I must offer something—
And he's so pleasant!—"Paul Lafont's a devil!"
"Do they make no provision for a tail?"—
I must do something for this dear St. Lo!
*St. Lo.* Well—[*Crosses to Lafont.*] What's your answer?
—Will you help me gratis?
*Laf.* Hm!—I am so soft-hearted—and I love you
So very much, St. Lo—I do indeed—
I think I must—to an old friend like you—
It's very foolish—but that's just my way!—
I had a clerk—poor fellow!—died last week—
His stool is not yet filled—and—you shall have it.
*St. Lo.* Have your clerk's stool!
*Laf.* His place, St. Lo.
*St. Lo.* A clerk!
Your clerk!
*Laf.* We give no salary the first five years,
Because of the advantages; but then
You'll learn the business—be lodged and fed—
Live all in-doors—the changes of the seasons
Will never reach you;—in your small snug office,
Fom dawn to midnight, let the tempest pour
O the sun broil without, you will be safe.
[*Aside.*] If he accepts this he's far gone indeed!
*Mor.* [*To Jean.*] But if he marries?
*Jean.* Clerks must never marry.

*St. Lo.* [*Gasping.*] Your clerk!
*Laf.* Here, Jean Rusé!—Tell dear St. Lo
The luxuries a clerk enjoys.
*Jean.* I can't!
*Laf.* Jean, you are jealous!—That's a wicked feeling!
Never be envious of another's good!
*St. Lo.* [*Dragging Jean forward.*] Come here, you dried up skin of withered parchment!
Do I look like a clerk?
*Jean.* Perhaps not yet—
But after serving five-and-thirty years
You'll be much altered.
*St. Lo.* Five-and-thirty years!
Go—go—poor wretch! [*Casts him off, and crosses,* R.
*Laf.* Now, pray, my dear St. Lo,
Don't be precipitate—consider of it!
*Jean.* Oh, what a wicked world!—Reject a clerkship,—
What black ingratitude!
*Laf.* He'll think upon it,
He'll think upon it, Jean! Sweet gentlemen,
You'll talk to him. I cannot stay myself.
I am upon my way to our dear Elmore,
And his sweet daughter.—Ah, Sirs! There's a man!
Such wealth—such virtue!—how he makes us love him!
St. Lo, perhaps, will one day be an Elmore—
It's only to begin.—Good bye, St. Lo—
I love you very much—I do indeed!
You'll think upon my offer.—Dear Du Viray—
My very dear Morluc—I kiss your hands! [*Exit,* L.
*Jean.* [*To St. Lo.*] Oh, most unhappy youth!—Reject a clerkship! [*Exit,* L.
[*Morluc and Du Viray burst into shouts of laughter.*
*St. Lo.* Don't laugh!—I'll not endure it!—Were he not
Herminie's guardian, I'd not leave a bone
Whole in his body!—Don't stand laughing there,
But help me to abuse him!—May all the plagues
Of ruined spendthrifts cling like plasters to him!
Unmanageable duns, with bills unpaid,
Growing with mushroom speed, a crop a night,
Hang on his steps!—[*Crosses,* C.] May he forever hold
Cards from which all the trumps have been forgot,
And dice that will throw nothing but deuce-ace!
May he——come, help me—help me!

*Mor.* Be in love!
*St. Lo.* And let it be despairingly!
*Du V.* With one
Whose fortune, added to his own, will not
Make up the purchase of their wedding-ring!
*St. Lo.* That's growing personal—But yet go on!—
*Mor.* And may his mistress have a guardian, too,—
A guardian like Lafont!
*St. Lo.* Go on—go on!
That was a clincher!—Help me to some more—
I have not half done yet.

*Enter* EUGENE DE LORME, R.

*Du V.* Eugene!
*Eug.* How now!
What is the mood to-day?
*St. Lo.* Moral and savage!
There—hold your tongue—I'm cursing—
*Eug.* Cursing!—Whom? [*Crosses*, C.
*St. Lo.* Your and your sister's guardian, Paul Lafont.
Don't put me out—you'll lose the benefit!
*Mor.* He has just had a dose of good advice,
And it is pinching him.—He's desperate!
*Du V.* I think he'll turn a hermit.
*Mor.* Ay—and grow
Extremely saintly—and extremely thin!
*Du V.* De Lorme, I give you joy of your companion.
Farewell!—We've business. He is in good hands,
And we shall hear of him. [*Exeunt Morluc and Du Viray*, R.
*Eug.* What is the matter?
*St. Lo.* Nothing worth mentioning. My wheels want greasing,
And so they shriek a little—that is all.
*Eug.* Dear, dear St. Lo, when will you cast aside
These idle follies?
*St. Lo.* Now, boy—now—to-day!—
From this hour forth I'll be another man.
I will not run in debt—for I've no credit—
Nor borrow—for I've no security.
Nor gamble—for I've nothing left to stake.
Nor—hear your sermons—for I have no patience!
*Eug.* Why force me then to preach! Oh, well you know
I burn to call you brother—but my sister

Has always the same answer; your wild courses,
Your thoughtless waste, your dissolute companions!—
And what can I reply?
*St. Lo.* That she's an angel;
And you a lucky, calm, cold-blooded dog,
Whose virtue costs him nothing!—It's all luck—
Nothing but luck, I tell you. Here am I,
Who owned a fortune not a twelvemonth back,
What am I now? Cleaned out—drained dry—a beggar—
While you, who seemed the butt of all mischances,
Motherless from your birth—in infancy
Orphaned by violence—your father murdered—
His steward left your guardian and his heir,
For all your father's lands proved mortgaged to him—
What does it matter?—Nothing!—There's your luck—
For you, up starts a stranger—Matthew Elmore—
This English merchant—takes you to his house—
Brings home a pretty daughter—gives you means
To ruffle with the bravest of her suitors—
Makes you—Psha!—Talking of it angers me!
Fortune's a jade—the world all goes by luck—
Nothing but luck! [*Crosses*, R.
*Eug.* All this, and more than this,
Has Elmore done for me; more than my tongue
Or grateful heart can utter; and I love him
As I have dreamed a son should love his father.
Oft has my fancy called again to earth,
My own lost father's unentombed remains
From the deep waters where they lie engulphed,
And animating them with Elmore's soul,
I've asked myself if I could love that father
More dearly then, than I do Elmore now.
*St. Lo.* And how replied your fancy?
*Eug.* With a sigh!
A father!—Oh! there is a magic charm
In the mere name of kindred, other words
Cannot supply!—How I have stood and watched
When Elmore gazed upon his daughter's face,
While their souls seemed to cling about each other,
And from their eyes, like two opposing mirrors,
The images received were given back,
Again to be returned, again reflected,
In endless interchange:—but upon me

His calm and chastened smile, though ever kind,
Is cold and saddened, too. Yet both are love—
That—the proud father's fondness for his child;
This—the good man's compassion for the orphan.
*St. Lo.* Oh, that some good man with the like good means
Would take a like compassion upon me!
I would not quarrel with his looks. Inquire
If Elmore wants another protégé!
I'm disengaged, and wholly at his service;
An orphan, too—the very thing to suit him!
I'm to be let.—I shall take little room—
My baggage will all lie in an arm-chair;
My purse pack up within a nurse-maid's thimble.
*Eug.* Nay, not while mine is full.
*St. Lo.* You're a kind fellow—
Perhaps I'll take you at your word, and use you;
If not, I shall not thank you aught the less:
And let your Margaret be but of my mind,
You'll win her from them all!
*Eug.* Oh, name her not!
To my own heart, I dare not breathe my love.
I am the creature of her father's bounty.
Yet were I lord of kingdoms—nay, of worlds,—
To ask the love of Margaret would seem
As though I bade the silver queen of night
Curtain her beams from every other eye,
To shine on me alone.
*St. Lo.* I've seen the moon
Shine brighter on a puddle than an ocean!
And women love that best on which their love
Can show most liberal.—Do you still doubt?
Then look at me!—I'll go and woo your sister
More hotly now than ever.—Follow me!
And, as I prosper, make me your example.
*Eug.* [*laughing.*] You an example!
*St. Lo.* And why not, good friend?
What wins a widow will not lose a maid! [*Exeunt*, R.

Scene II.—*A Chamber in Matthew Elmore's House, with preparations for a toilette.*

Jenny *discovered arranging the dressing table*, R.

*Jenny.* Well! I like France—and so does my young lady, Miss Margaret, too, I warrant! Why, though we have been here only a couple of months, I feel just as if I had been born a Frenchwoman—gentility comes so natural to me! In England, Tom the coachman used to call me pretty Jenny Jarman. Poor Tom!—But Jenny Jarman! What a horrid name! Now, Monsieur Friponneau, the valet, whispers to me, Ah, belle Anatole Charmant! Charmant means charming, which he says I am, both by name and by nature; and Anatole, he tells me, is the French for Jenny. How much nicer it sounds!—Anatole Charmant—Jenny Jarman! Oh, there is no sort of comparison between them!—But hark! I hear my young lady's voice.—Ay, and there is Madame de Vermont with her as usual. What a comfort it is to see a widow always so gay and merry! really it is quite a temptation to marriage!

*Enter* MARGARET *and* HERMINIE DE VERMONT, L.

*Mar.* I have been idle, and the morning wears:
I shall be chid for my late toilette. Come,
We must make haste, good Jenny.

*Jenny.* Anatole, if you please, Ma'mselle—I have been translated.

*Mar.* Translated?

*Jenny.* Yes. Anatole is the French for Jenny; and as all our other English has to be translated, Monsieur Friponneau has persuaded me to undergo the operation too.

*Mar.* [*laughing.*] Beware, girl! for they teach false lessons here,
And we are too apt scholars.

*Jenny.* Oh, but the masters are so pleasant! And all alike! Why, lovers in France are as plentiful as sprats at Christmas; while England is like a ship on short allowance—there is not one for half-a-dozen of us!

*Mar.* Fie, fie, girl! To your task. I shall be late.
You know, my father's love, which makes of me
The unskilled mistress of his house, demands
I should receive his friends.

*Her.* (L. C.) Your father's friends!
Thou little hypocrite! Where did they hide
Before your father's daughter came? Till then
No man had fewer; but with Margaret
They flocked as thick as swallows with the summer:

Till, in a month, good, quiet, peaceful Elmore
Found himself master of the destinies
Of half the raving, moon-struck youths of Paris.
Thanks to that duteous daughter, whose sole care
Was—to do honor to her father's friends!
*Mar.* Go to! You are an idle chatterer.
*Her.* Do you weary of me?
*Mar.* No—talk on—talk on—
I'll think of other things.

*Enter* Servant, L.

*Ser.* Monsieur Lafont
Presents his humble duty to you, Madam,
And waits below.
*Mar.* I am not ready yet
For visitors—so tell Monsieur Lafont. [*Exit Servant*, L.
*Her.* Oh, my poor guardian!—Why, thou saucy girl,
So short an answer to so rich a wooer!
*Mar.* Wooer!—Oh, wherefore will he thus persist
In this most monstrous suit?—Why haunt a house
Where no one welcomes him?
*Her.* Two strong attractions,
Beauty and wealth! Lafont adores them both.
Besides, your father is his rival now
In trade; but this would make their interests one.
How they could play into each other's hands!
What snug monopolies! Oh, he will win you!
You are your father's goods—his stock in trade;
The merchant sells his wares to the best chapman—
And few can bid a price with Paul Lafont.
How I should like to hear them haggling for you!
*Mar.* Stay, Herminie! I know you do but jest—
Yet there are themes on which a jest appears
A kind of irreligion. One of these
Is my dear father's name. Unworthy doubt
Never approached it—never! If his heart
Has any worship lower than the skies,
It is his honour; if he has a thought
Still dearer than that honour, 'tis his child.
*Her.* Forgive me—I but jested on Lafont.
*Mar.* Name him no more.—I should despise him, were it
But for your own and for your brother's wrongs:

Yet in himself there's that—I scarce know what—
Which makes me shrink from him. "His honied sweetness
"Moves my aversion—his eternal smoothness
"Wakes my antipathy." I think I see
A coiled-up serpent in his half closed eye:
It may be prejudice, yet, Herminie,
I'd rather meet my father's sternest frown,
Than Paul Lafont's smooth smile.
"*Her.* Come to my arms,
"And let me kiss thee!"

*Re-enter* SERVANT, L.

*Ser.* Count D'Autun, my lady,
Tenders his service.
*Mar.* I will come anon. [*Sits at Toilette.* *Exit Ser.* L.
*Her.* D'Autun. Now there's a gallant that is rich,
Generous, young, well featured, well proportioned—
A very pearl of men. How's the heart now?
Is there no palpitation?
*Mar.* [*Extending her arm.*] Feel my pulse.
*Her.* [*Taking it.*] One—two—three—four—a most provoking pulse!
Firm as a rock—dull as the step of time.
Oh, I am out of patience! Margaret,
Like a good girl, come, make a full confession!
I die to know the truth—who is the man?
*Mar.* Psha! not a soul of them.
*Her.* Stay—that's a fib!
I see a blush—a little crinkling smile!
Desanges?—still steady!
*Mar.* Ay—or it beats false.
*Her.* Rochard?—Now whip that little wrist of thine.
This is a piece of clockwork, not a pulse!
It stirs no more for the best men in Paris,
Than if I named my brother, poor Eugene—
Oh, mercy on us! what a leap was there!
And what a blush! You're ill—extremely ill!
My wicked brother! It was he——
*Mar.* Go, madcap!
Girl, you have surely finished——
*Jenny.* Oh, your hair——
*Mar.* My hair is excellent, I have no doubt.

*Jenny.* And that left sleeve——
*Mar.* "Quite right—the sleeve's perfection,
"There—any thing will do!" I am not used,
You know, to be fastidious in my dress.

*Re-enter* SERVANT, L.

*Ser.* The Sieur Eugene, my lady, is below.
*Mar.* [*eagerly.*] Ha! say I'm coming—that is, presently.
No—never mind. There, there—you need not wait.
[*Exit Servant,* L.
*Her.* My brother! Oh, you must not venture near him.
You know his very name alarmed you! Nay,
Indeed you must not—'twill be dangerous!
Stay where you are.
*Mar.* [*Going to a glass.*] Oh, you provoking girl!
How ill you've dressed me! never half so badly!
This hair is frightful—do it all again—
Yet that will take so long——
*Her.* "Nay, but you know,
My hair is excellent!"
*Mar.* And then this sleeve—
See how it hangs!
*Her.* "The sleeve's perfection!"
*Mar.* Psha!
Why, look yourself—the dress is all awry—
I cannot be seen thus!
*Her.* "I am not used
To be fastidious in my dress!"—Dear Margaret,
I must embrace you! Nay, don't turn away!
Never did book delight me half so much,
As that most simple one in which I read
Thy heart. [*Rises and comes forward.*
*Mar.* You are a simpleton yourself!
Like an ambitious child, who knows not yet
A single letter, you would seize the volume,
Turn the page upside down, and so pretend
To read its matter. Fiction—all pure fiction,
Framed out of your own brain! [*To Jenny.*] There, you may go, girl.

*Jenny.* [*Aside.*] Go!—yes, that's always the way, just as the conversation is growing interesting! But as long as doors are made with key-holes, I'll not be brought up in ignorance. [*Flounces out,* R.

*Mar.* And I must hasten now to meet these people,
If but to 'scape from you. Ha! here's my father—
Now I shall have a champion!

*Enter* MATTHEW ELMORE, L.

*Elm.* [*entering.*] So thou shalt! [*Embraces her.*
Why, what's the matter, girl? Why, Margaret!
As full of blushes as the morning, when
The sun peeps in through her half opened curtains,
And finds her sleeping! What has happened, child?
What have they done to thee?
*Mar.* Oh, she torments me
With saucy jests, such as one's cheek can't choose
But tingle at. Forbid her!
*Her.* [*laughing.*] Don't attempt it!
I will not be forbid—
*Elm.* Yes, Herminie,
You will. [*Crosses* C.] You know the jealous care with which
I watch my budding rose—grown far away,
In bleak but wholesome air; transplanted now
Into this rank and doubtful soil of France,
Because my selfish fondness could not bear
That it should bloom away from me. I'd have her
Gay, happy, courted, and admired; but yet
I must not let you spoil my English girl. [*Her. retires up.*
*Mar.* [*Affectionately.*] Nor shall they, father! Am I not with you,
And is not that always to be at home?
The truant slip, that once was severed from you,
Now, grafted back into the parent stem,
Grows all again your own.
*Elm.* [*Regarding her earnestly.*] Art sure of that?
Art sure thou art not, like so many more,
A parasite, twining about my boughs,
Only to feed upon my sap?
*Mar.* Oh, no!
I am your own true branch.
*Elm.* Beware, beware!
This world we live in, child—'tis a strange world—
And, like a cur, will snap at the same hand
It licked an hour before. If this same world—
It is a giddy thing—which fawns so now,

Should one day turn on me—if it should find
My gold but tinsel—call my seeming virtue
Smooth-faced hypocrisy—brand my proud name
With its most damning marks—think'st thou, would still
Thy fond affection know no cooling?
*Mar.* "No!"
If such could be—though such can never be—
Then I would fly that world with thee, and go
Where we would have no world but one another.
But why do you so often in your talk
Start off to doubts and questionings like these?
*Elm.* Do I? I did not know it. 'Tis perhaps
That love is jealous—restless; not content
To be loved as we are, we seek assurance
We should be loved no less if we were other.
Love is not reason—yet I think thou lovest me?
*Mar.* And I'll be sworn I do!
*Her.* [*Coming forward.*] And I'll be sworn
She wishes you a thousand leagues away,
E'en while she tells you so! Have you forgot
What sighing suitors wait for her below?
*Elm.* [*smiling.*] In truth I had! Well, child, thou hast the choice
Of some of the most gentle blood of France.
*Her.* Choice! Give a maid a choice! The good man doats!
Why, ev'n a widow scarcely gets as much!
Oh, this is heresy against all custom!
*Elm.* Then we will make new customs, Herminie.
If I would buy my child a house, a horse,
A trinket, bauble—should I not consult
Her taste on what would pleasure her? And yet
Might each be soon exchanged, if she disliked it.
Or if I would bring home some youthful friend
As her companion for a vacant hour,
Should she not have a choice in what should be
The character of that selected friend?
Yet might she snap at will the slender tie.
Then, when the question is of one to be
The partner of her life to its last breath,
The sharer of her heart's most sacred thoughts,
The breast in which her own should pour its joys,

Or rest its griefs—for grief will come to all—
The altar of her home—her other self—
The substitute for all the outer world,
For which the outer world must be resigned
Without a sigh:—in such a gift as this,
Shall my girl have no choice?

*Mar.* My own best father!

*Elm.* Come! [*Crosses to* L. *taking Marg'ts hand.*] We will go and meet these wooers, child.
I'll ask no wealth but that more pure than gold—
An honest heart; and thou canst choose no other.

*Her.* Be not too sure of that! Lovers are made
Like pastry—all with tempting outside crusts;
But what they have within we can but guess
Till we begin to taste—a privilege
Never allowed us till they're bought and paid for!
[*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Court before Elmore's House.*

*Enter* EUGENE DE LORME *from the House*, L. F.

*Eug.* I cannot stay within! It drives me mad
To see them clustering round her, and to hear
Their glib tongues chattering their shallow vows;
While I, who love her with a depth of love
That might engulph them all, can speak no word,
But stifle in my fulness. They can offer—
Ay, even the meanest—rank and wealth; while I
Have less than nothing; for whate'er I have
Is filched from stores that else were all her own.
O poverty, gaunt poverty! [*Retires up* C.

*Enter* FRIAR DOMINIC, R.

*Friar.* 'Tis here, then,
This merchant Elmore revels; and 'tis here
The latest scion of a line of nobles
Takes his inglorious rest. Ha! Is not yon

The boy himself? Alone, too: that is well.
But why this sunken aspect? Does he feel
The enervating bond that circles him?
Is nature true, in spite of circumstance?
Does subtle instinct rise, and bid him hate
The hand from which he feeds?
*Eug.* [*Perceiving him.*] Your blessing, father.
Desire you aught in which you may be furthered
By one who has some influence in this house?
*Friar.* [*Aside.*] Some influence in this house! He boasts his thraldom!
His thoughts are sunk and abject as his state.
Peace to Eugene—the nameless! [*Going*, R.
*Eug.* Stay, good friar! [*Advances*, L.
To know me as Eugene, at least should argue
An equal knowledge of that other title
My ancestors bequeathed. I am not nameless,
But called Eugene de Lorme.
*Friar.* Fie, fie, young braggart!
I knew De Lorme, whom thou wouldst claim for father,
And knew him as a man of haughty soul,
And pride untameable: his boiling blood
Could never so cool down in one remove,
As with this sluggish pace to creep content
In a dependent's veins.
*Eug.* Dependent, sir!—
You say you knew my father: knew you, too,
His early death—my orphaned infancy—
The doubtful guardianship that seized my means?
*Friar.* Something of this, too, reached my distant convent.
But when its business called me here to Paris,
And I sought out the children of my friend,
I thought to find a stubborn courage striving
With an opposing fate; and ready, like
The olden giants, to tear from their bases
Even rocks and mountains, so they might pile up
A road to reach the persecuting gods.
*Eug.* I pray you, mock not thus my helpless state.
Perhaps my nature owns a higher flight,
But I have had my pinions early clipped,
And have been made familiar with the perch.
*Friar.* The eagle's egg breeds nothing but an eagle,

Hatch it where'er you may. Could a De Lorme
Believe that he was wronged, yet calmly leave
The wrong unchallenged?
*Eug.* What could I effect
Against my guardian's wealth?
*Friar.* What hast thou tried?
Nothing! Oh, thou rare puppet for these knaves
To play with!—Of endurance past belief!
But, stalled and crammed to drowsy lethargy,
How could I think a common wrong could move thee?
When even thy father's murder cannot stir
Thy sluggish phlegm: but his assassin roves
The world, unsought for!
*Eug.* Not so, sir. The man
Who took my father's life—the Count du Barré—
Scarcely survived his victim.
*Friar.* Who says so?
*Eug.* The ship in which he fled from human justice,
Was tracked by the divine; and on her way
Foundered and sank.
*Friar.* Who tells thee so, I ask?
*Eug.* Common report.
*Friar.* I'll bring thee new report,
Better than common! I have travelled much,
And I report to thee, Du Barré lives!
*Eug.* Where?
*Friar.* Not too distant for a son's revenge,
Though 'twere at the antipodes.
*Eug.* Yet where?
*Friar.* Tush! what imports it thee? Thou darest not seek him.
*Eug.* I dare not! Who shall stay me?
*Friar.* Who? Thy patron—
Thy merchant patron! That same crafty trader,
Who tames so cunningly the noble's blood.
*Eug.* Thou would'st not speak of Elmore!
*Friar.* Ay, of Elmore—
The subtle, specious Elmore.
*Eug.* [*Turning away.*] Then thou'rt mad!
*Friar.* Not mad, thou doting boy! And yet I say,
The crafty Elmore—he whose subtle arts
Have wound their numbing influence around thee,

'Till every generous resolve is palsied.
His seeming bounties are but tricks——
*Eug.* Hold, sir! [*Advances rapidly and firmly.*
Though your words sorted ill with a profession
Which teaches pardon, not revenge of wrongs,
I yet endured your speech so far unchecked,
Because you called yourself my father's friend.
But now I tell thee, he whose venomed lip
Slanders with but a breath the name of Elmore,
Grows, from that moment, to my enemy.
*Friar.* Infatuated boy!
*Eug.* Peace, peace, I say!
Some foe of mine has set you on to this,
To rob me of my last remaining prop.
*Friar.* Wilt thou be blind to proof?
*Eug.* I tell thee, monk,
Though that which seemed to my own sense most just,
Were backed by every other tongue on earth,
With Elmore's only to the contrary,
I would call Elmore right, and all the world,
With my own judgment, wrong!
*Friar.* Then thou'rt past cure,
Of all but sharp experience; and to that
I'll leave thee. Thou wilt one day learn thine error,
And know me better. We shall meet again. [*Exit,* R.
*Eug.* Better! I know thee now, and well enough;
I know thee for a busy, meddling monk—
Some agent of Lafont's. 'Tis like his art!
And yet he railed against my guardian, too!
A cloak!—a cloak to hide the deeper purpose!
Yet part he said was truth—I am too sluggish—
Submit too grossly to the worst of wrongs,
[*Elmore appears on steps of House,* C., *looking off,* R.
And live content in ignominious ease,
Till e'en a stranger feels a right to taunt me
With biting comments. I will speak with Elmore,
And he shall guide me. Yes, I'll speak with Elmore.

EUGENE *turns up and meets* ELMORE, *who is slowly advancing,* L.

*Elm.* (L.) Eugene, my child, why do I find thee thus
Shunning society, to brood alone

On thoughts that do not make me their companion?
I deemed thy heart was mine.
*Eug.* (R.) And so it is:
Alas! 'tis all I have to offer you,
That was not yours before it was my own!
Oh, Elmore, I am far too much your debtor!
The weight of obligation bows me down.
I cannot meet with independent brow
The bold eyes of the world, where every man
Is rightful heir or maker of his means,
And holds them without blushing. I alone
Live upon sufferance—on charity!
*Elm.* What phantasy is this? Who tells thee so?
*Eug.* All I encounter—all look down upon me!
The harsh with scorn, the gentle with compassion;
Yet still all do look down—and some proud blood
Which I inherit, prouder than my fortunes,
Rebels against it.
*Elm.* What wouldst thou desire?
*Eug.* To right myself, and call my plunderer
To an account.
*Elm.* Tut, tut, thou silly boy!
Canst thou believe a puny arm like thine
Could shake Lafont?
*Eug.* Ay, in a righteous quarrel!
There lies a hidden strength in a just cause,
That nothing can resist. The Syracusan
Boasted, had he but where to fix his lever,
He'd move the earth:—a righteous cause does more—
Fixed on the earth, it sways the heaven itself,
And bows it to his aid.
*Elm.* No more, no more!
I will not hear of this. What wouldst thou ask
More than thou hast? What is there thou couldst win
From Paul Lafont, that Elmore has denied thee?
What have I left undone? I 've grudged thee nothing;
Have lavished freely on thee every pleasure
The pulse of youth could pant for; have allowed thee
Means without limit: say, what is there more
I still can give, and I will give it still!
*Eug.* Nothing: I ask not bounty, but my rights.
Oh, Elmore, pause ere you forbid my efforts!

Reflect how thus, to a censorious world,
You seem to cast a shield over my foes,
And draw suspicion even on yourself.
*Elm.* Suspicion! what suspicion? What is this?
Who has been tampering with thee? Oh, my child!
As thou wouldst prize thy young heart's dearest peace,
Guard from thy breast that moral pestilence!
Suspicion, like the fabled upas, blights
All healthy life, and makes a desert round it.
" Nothing so fair, nothing so pure can live,
" But by suspicion may be marred and blasted;
" No path so straight, but to suspicion's eye
" Looks tortuous and bent from its true end;
" Away with it!—We know it not in youth,
" When we come freshest from the hand of heaven.
" It is an earth-engendered monster, springing
" From the rank slime of our polluted years."
Oh, better be, in trust o'er-confident,
A thousand times deceived, than wrongly once
Wound with ungenerous doubt the breast of truth!
*Elm.* Then why——
*Eug.* [*Impatiently.*] Why?—Boy, must I lay bare to thee
My merchant heart, and show its hidden weakness?
Canst thou not see, without express confession,
That peace is necessary to the trade
By which I live?—that I must not make foes,
And least of all of men like this Lafont;
Whose cunning, wealth, connexions, influence——
*Eug.* Stay!
This is the first time I have ever heard
A selfish word issue from Elmore's lips;
And I would spare myself the shame to think
I forced it from him—
*Elm.* Boy—unfeeling boy!
Thou dost not know my state. In the world's crowd
I stand alone—an isolated man
Amidst a land of strangers. True, I have
Dependents, flatterers, needy hangers-on:
" But yet, among them all, there is not one,
" No, not a man of them, whose eager eye
" Keeps not a jealous watch upon my steps:
" There is not one whose heart would not rejoice

" To see me stumble on my dizzy height,
" Because I am a stranger, and have grown
" To wealth beyond their own." I have a child, too,
Whose tender helplessness I must protect——
*Eug.* No more—no more, sir.—Call me satisfied:—
I blush to think I should have moved you thus.
*Elm.* Dost think I ask thee to forego thy right
For my advantage?—Name the utmost sum
Thou deem'st thy guardian has withheld from thee—
Calculate freely—give thy fancy rein—
And if it lie within my farthest means——
*Eug.* What do you think me, Elmore?
*Elm.* Nothing worse
Than all the world.—There was a time, Eugene,
I thought thee something better. " Do I pain thee?—
" Nay, then, forgive me!—I am fretful—peevish—
" I know I am—but there are things that vex me
" Beyond my calmer self—and this is one.
" Give me thy hand! So—we are friends again.
" And now, as I refused thee a request—
" I think for the first time—find out some other
" With which I may content thee. Do not fear
" To ask a large one—for I doubt if now
" There rests that thing I own upon the earth
" Which thou canst ask, and I deny to thee."
Come—thou hast still a wish!
*Eug.* [*Hesitating.*] I have.
*Elm.* [*Smiling.*] I knew it!
" [*Aside.*] His timid love shrinks even from the sound
" Of its own breath! but Margaret's heart already
" Has heard and answered it." [*Aloud.*] Well! what's the wish—
That secret which thou hoard'st so jealously?
Fearest thou to speak?
*Eug.* My father's murderer——
*Elm.* [*Starting.*] What! [*Passionately.*]
Now by my life some one has set thee on!
I know there has—Who is it who has toiled
To wreck thy peace on all these rocks of strife?
Stay!—I remember now, as I came down
I saw a Gray Franciscan quit the court—
'Twas he!
*Eug.* How! Do you know him?

*Elm.* No—But once
To-day we met before—and then he stopped
And whispered one beside him—when his eye
Shot such a glance on mine, that the quick instinct
Which wakes antipathies within our blood,
Told me he was a man to shun.
*Eug.* That's strange!
For he declared himself my father's friend.
*Elm.* A trick to win thy confidence!
*Eug.* And said,
Du Barré, the assassin of my father,
Still lived——
*Elm.* Ha!—What!—Du Barrè lived!—Thou'rt mad!
A thousand tongues will certify his death!
[*Checking himself.*] And even if he lives, what is't to thee?
Is it for thee to snatch the hangman's office?
How canst thou tell what bitter provocation
May have impelled the deed?
*Eug.* Shall provocation
Be found to justify a murder?
*Elm.* Thou thyself:
Dost thou not seek a life—and what hast thou
To plead but provocation?
*Eug.* Blood for blood!
A murdered father to his child bequeaths
A holy legacy in his revenge.
*Elm.* Fie! fie! Shall twenty years not quench this thirst?
I thought I had reared thee better. "Thou, who own'st
"All blessings that affection can heap on thee,
"Canst thou not rest content in their enjoyment,
"Unless thou may'st hunt down a wretched outcast,
"Proscribed of all the world—who, if he lives,
"As they would have thee think—lives steeped in fears,
"Listening in terror to each passing sound
"By the light ear of innocence unheeded?"——
Believ'st thou, oh thou thoughtless boy, that guilt,
So it escape detection, walks in peace?
Dost know—canst dream what 'tis to take a life?
To feel the curse of Cain upon thy steps—
To meet the blood-glazed eye in every object—
To hear the dying groan in every sound?
For years—years—years—to start from restless sleep,
And find the phantom standing by thy bed?

Go where thou wilt, to bear about with thee
A hidden wolf gnawing thy shrinking entrails——
*Eug.* Hold—hold !—The passion of these burning words
Curdles my blood——
*Elm.* Passion !—no, boy—not passion.
I am calm—quite calm.—I did but reason with thee
As of an unknown wretch, whose state might ask
More pity than abhorrence.
*Eug.* Let him live !
A life like this is penalty enough.
*Elm.* Ha ! That's my own Eugene again ! This Friar
Shall miss his aim.
*Eug.* This Friar !
*Elm.* Ay, this Friar !——
" Dost thou not see he thought, by setting thee
" On some vain, endless quest, to sever us ?
" But, as the traveller, when the tempest blows,
" Girds his cloak round him tightlier,—so we,"
Since plots against us are abroad, will knit
A closer bond !—Eugene, thou lovest my daughter—
Nay, do not start—it is no crime to love.
*Eug.* I thought it so—and wrestled with my heart.
But now its secret's told, why should I hide,
That love of parents, station, fortune, friends,
Hope, life itself, is weak and feeble love,
To that I bear to Margaret.
*Elm.* [*Smiling.*] Poor boy !
And didst thou think a passion so absorbing
Could lie concealed ? I saw it from the first,—
Saw it with joy, reflecting my own wish.
*Eug.* Elmore, you would not mock me !
*Elm.* Mock thee, boy !
It was a thought I nursed from the beginning——
*Eug.* From the beginning !
*Elm.* Ay—from the beginning
" Of that more perfect knowledge of thy worth
" That knew thy heart—which—not the outward station,
" Is the true man."—But still, for Margaret,
I left her free to choose—gave her full scope
To draw comparison betwixt thyself
And the best youth of France—allowed free access
To every wooer—'twas a right I owed her—
But now——

*Eug.* [*eagerly.*] What now? Oh, do not torture me!
*Elm.* [*smiling.*] Go question for thyself.—I am no tell-tale
Of maidens' secrets.—Yet thou shalt behold
I will dismiss, and with her own consent,
Every remaining suitor, to content thee!
*Eug.* Oh, speak not lightly, Elmore! for thy words
Open a glimpse of such an unthought heaven,
That if it vanish now, my bursting heart
Will break with the illusion.
*Elm.* 'Twill not vanish!——
There—grasp my hand!—'Tis substance, is it not?
Yet not more substance than thy promised joy!
But come with me—"I see thou'lt not believe
"Till Margaret's lips shall certify my words.
"Oh, now my laboring hope draws near a birth!
"No longer orphaned, thou shalt find a father,
"Whose love shall make thee lord of greater riches
"Than e'er thine own could have bequeathed to thee.
"My Margaret's self shall be the precious bond
"To bind our hearts, souls, hopes, homes, all in one;"
And thou shalt cease to mourn a father lost,
In rich content of such a father found! [*Exit,* L.

### Scene II.—*The Garden of Elmore's house.*

*Enter* Herminie *and* St. Lo, R.

*St. Lo.* Nay, Herminie, be reasonable!
*Her.* No—
I'll be content with nothing less. Lafont
Has made the offer, and you shall accept it.
Yes, you shall be—[*laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—his clerk!
*St. Lo.* I'd rather be a hawk on a barn door,
Nailed through my outstretched wings! He's still a hawk,
And looks respectable. I'd sooner give
My race-horse limbs into a sand-cart's harness—
For then I might believe I showed at least
An interesting wreck of better days.
I'd sooner be a cur, and turn a spit;
For then I'd swear in every revolution
I served the common weal! I'd sooner be——
*Her.* Anything sooner than what I command you.
Well, well, good sir—you brought your love to market,

I should not else have thought of bidding for it.
I've named my price—it is not yours—and so
We part without a bargain—Fare you well! [*Crosses*, R.
*St. Lo.* Stay, Herminie! I love you with a passion—
*Her.* Of course you do! I never knew a lover
But swore as much! But passions are cheap things,
Common as nuts, and just as often rotten.
Give me obedience—give me deeds.
*St. Lo.* Ask something
In reason, then.
*Her.* Ask, sir!—I did not ask—
I ordered you!
*St. Lo.* Then order me some task
A gentleman may undertake!—Command me
To cut a throat—join a conspiracy—
Get up a revolution—shoot Lafont—
Turn the world topsy-turvy.
*Her.* Pooh—pooh—pooh!
I want not a knight-errant!—I have only
One modest longing—one intense desire.
*St. Lo.* Name it!
*Her.* A clerk!—a gentle, smug-faced clerk!
His pen behind his ear—rubbing his hands—
With—"What can I supply your noble worship?"
Oh, I do languish for a clerk!
*St. Lo.* You'll drive me
To madness.
*Her.* 'Twill be only a short drive—
You're half way there already.
*St. Lo.* Herminie!
*Her.* If I am worth the winning, you have heard
The only terms on which I can be won.
*St. Lo.* What have I done that can deserve such rigour?
*Her.* What have you done! A thousand naughty things!
You've kept bad company—drunk—gambled—sworn—
Wasted your means—ruined five honest tailors—
Enriched my guardian—
*St. Lo.* Spare me!
*Her.* From which courses
There's such a rank contagion all around you,
That, as you are, I dare not let you near me.
You must be fumigated—purified!
You say you have forsook these sins—I doubt you.

But here I offer you the means of proof,
Where you may fly temptation, and achieve
An honest bread.
*St. Lo.* And you are absolute?
*Her.* Fixed as the centre.
*St. Lo.* And you will not change?
*Her.* Not though I lived an age!
*St. Lo.* You'll really have me
Be clerk to Paul Lafont?
*Her.* Paul Lafont's clerk,
And nothing else.
*St. Lo.* [*After a pause.*] Why, then, I'll do it!——
*Her.* You will?
*St. Lo.* I will!
*Her.* [*laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! ha!—Then I'll indeed
Believe you are sincere.
*St. Lo.* But afterwards
You'll marry me?
*Her.* Marry you!—I'll do more—
I'll love you!—[*laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!
*St. Lo.* Now will you, though?
*Her.* Yes, that I will! [*laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! ha!
*St. Lo.* Don't laugh!
*Her.* How can I help it?
*St. Lo.* Oh, I know there'll be
Laughing enough at this!—But Herminie,
Pray don't you laugh so! Hark! there's some one coming,
Don't laugh!—I shall have need of all my courage.

*Enter* EUGENE DE LORME, R.

*Eug.* Joy! joy, my sister! Joy, my best St. Lo!
There is not air enough to breathe
My suffocating bliss!
*Her.* Why, what's the matter?
*Eug.* She's mine! My own eyes saw them all dismissed.
The jewel that the world contended for
Is placed within my hand, to hold forever!
*Her.* He's mad!—What jewel?—Who's dismissed?
*Eug.* What jewel?
Margaret!—Who dismissed?—Her suitors—all—
Oh, where shall my full heart find love enough
To pay this matchless Elmore?

*Her.* All dismissed!
Lafont, too?
*Eug.* Ay—
*Her.* Oh, this is exquisite!
What a delightful mood he will be in
For his new clerk!
*Eug.* But how is this, St. Lo?
No word of welcome for my happiness?
Is this your boasted friendship?
*St. Lo.* Hold your tongue!
I've got my own affairs. Did you not hear her?
Lafont's new clerk—that's me!
*Eug.* You!
*Her.* Peace, good brother!
It is my will—I'll have no interference!
*St. Lo.* She's rock, Eugene! flint—granite!
*Her.* Hush! See yonder,
Your master's coming! Dear, how kind he looks!
Oh, how the world will envy you your service!
[*Eugene, Herminie, and St. Lo retire,* L.

*Enter* LAFONT, R.

*Laf.* [*Aside.*] Dismissed! rejected by this upstart
And his young chit! and no revenge at hand!
That princely fortune missed; and, more than that,
The greater fortune which it would have led to—
And now all lost!
*Her.* [*Advancing.*] Oh, my poor ill-used guardian!
Is this news true?
*Laf.* Ha! pretty Herminie!
My dear Eugene, too! Let me kiss your cheek.
[*Aside.*] Curse her—she knows it all!
*Eug.* Peace, sweetest sister!
I am too happy now to find more joy
In an ungenerous triumph. [*To Lafont.*] There's my hand,
Lafont, there has been enmity between us,
But henceforth let it cease. I'll call all paid
By the bright transport of this happy hour.
*Laf.* How very kind! Hm! Quite magnanimous!
*Eug.* For Elmore's sake, I have forgiven all.
*Laf.* Dear Elmore! What I owe him!
*Her.* Can such trifles [*Crosses to Lafont.*

Move one of your philosophy—and years?
*Laf.* [*Aside.*] How I detest that woman!
*St. Lo.* [*Aside.*] A young devil!
She's doing all she can to drive him mad,
Before I enter service!
*Her.* [*To Lafont.*] Oh, sir, yonder
Stands a young man who comes to seek your worship.
He says he is engaged to be your clerk.
Here, sir—come forward. So, hold up your head,
And speak out like a man!
*St. Lo.* [*Aside.*] Upon my soul,
I shall break down; I never can endure it!
*Laf.* What, my sweet friend, St. Lo! I am delighted!
*Her.* Your clerk, sir.
*Laf.* Oh, a little jest this morning—
But nothing more. You know, my dear St. Lo,
You are not fit——
*Her.* Not fit! He'll be a treasure!
So prudent, so industrious, so careful!
And you, sir, [*To St. Lo.*] you will find in your new master
Such honour, such integrity, such virtue,
Such liberality, such—[*laughing.*] Ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!
Oh, you were made for one another!
*Laf.* [*Aside.*] Hm!
Is there no aconite—no deadly nightshade—
No arsenic—no henbane—no quick drug,
To poison the whole batch?
*St. Lo.* Yes, I'm resolved—
I'll become learnéd in the mysteries
Of tallow, stock-fish, blubber, salt, train oil,
And all your filthy messes—go to school—
Recover my lost tables—learn the sum
That two and two amount to—stick a pen
Behind my ear—perch on a high-legged stool,
And bore my nose into your mighty ledgers!
Oh, you shall find me such a paragon,
That, when I die, you shall embalm my body,
And hang me up—the counting-house's pride,
And model for succeeding generations! [*Crosses,* R.
*Laf.* [*Aside.*] I'd rather hang you first!
*Her.* [*To Lafont.*] He waits your orders.
*Laf.* Then home, sir, home!—since you must fasten on me—

That is—we'll home at once, my dear St. Lo!
[*Aside.*] I'm mocked at! fooled!—[*Aloud.*] My charming
Herminie!
My sweet Eugene, farewell!—[*Aside.*] Ugh! devils! vipers! [*Exit*, L.

*Her.* He's furious! raving!

*St. Lo.* Thank you!

*Her.* [*laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!
Oh, you will lead a happy life together!

*Eug.* St. Lo, you shall not perpetrate this folly.

*Her.* He shall—or he shall never be my husband!
Be grateful for the course of your own wooing,
And let me manage mine, good brother!

*St. Lo.* Nay, [*Crosses*, C. *from* R.
She'll have her way; so good bye, pleasant world!
You will look in on me, though, now and then?

*Her.* Perhaps I may. Good bye!

*St. Lo.* [*Sighing.*] Good bye!

*Her.* [*Imitating him.*] Good bye!
There—you may kiss my hand. Stop! that's enough.

*Eug.* Farewell, my poor St. Lo.

*Her.* Your master's waiting.

*St. Lo.* Torturer!—Angel! Bah! give me my pen.
[*Rushes out* L.—*Exeunt Eugene and Herminie*, R.

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III

### SCENE I.—*An Office in Lafont's house.*

JEAN RUSE, *discovered at a desk*, L.

*Jean.* [*Groaning.*] Oh! to a man of any moral feeling,
It's a sad, wicked world! Two and three's five—
One's six—three's nine—nine hundred and fourteen.
That four's just like a seven! I should not wonder
If they would call it seven, and pay it so!
And if they should, those three shall be my own.
A rascal world!—None but the little pickings
Come to my pocket—all the big are his.

I hate him! hate them all! Now, where's the next?
Twelve hundred—hem!—and five. Only and five!
I wonder if that naught would bear a tail?
A little dash? It's very like a six!
They'll call it sixty-five, if they don't cast it;
And if they do, it's but an ill-made naught!
Figures should never be too plain. Who's next?
So, Master Gaudry!—lost your quittance, have you?
But sure you paid the bill? I choose to doubt it.
Pay it again, my friend! Ha, ha! you'll be
Another time more careful of your papers!
A shocking world! Nothing but carelessness!
People must pay for it, or they'll not mend!

*Enter* MANOU, R.

*Man.* So, there he sits! Now, here's a pretty task
That madcap Herminie has set me on!
To guard the morals of her poor St. Lo,
And watch that they don't spoil him! To begin,
I must make friends with that old crab-face yonder.
Will that be hard? We'll see!—Hem! Jean Rusé!
*Jean.* [*Looking up.*] Manou! how's this? What are you doing here?
You're out of bounds! What would your master say!
*Man.* Master 'll say nothing—for he's closeted
With a strange Friar; and orders have been given
That no one shall disturb them. He'll not know it.
*Jean.* Closeted with a Friar! Paul Lafont!
In five and thirty years I never heard
Of such a thing!
*Man.* Perhaps he's come to shrive him——
*Jean.* [*Aside.*] To shrive him! [*laughing.*] Hi! hi! hi! If that's the case,
They'll be some time indeed; for Paul must have
Run up, by this, a pretty long account!
*Man.* And so, Jean, as I found it very dull
In my own room, I naturally thought
That you, down here, must be but lonely, too.
*Jean.* That's very kind of you! [*Aside.*] Now she wants something,
I know she does! She never speaks so kindly,
But when she's a design to wheedle me!

*Man.* And so, I brought with me a little bottle
Of the best wine——
*Jean.* [*looking up.*] Eh! stop! that's rational.
*Man.* Your work must be so dull.
*Jean.* It is—it is!
And melancholy, too—a sad, sad world!
Nothing but knavery, Madame Manou!
All trying how to cheat us! You've a glass?
[*Manou pours him out a glass of wine.*
Yes—a sad world! My service to you, ma'am! [*Drinks.*
That's capital good wine!
*Man.* I know it, Jean;
And that was why I brought it.
*Jean.* [*Aside.*] She can be
A very pleasant woman when she likes!
Capital wine!
*Man.* Come, try another glass! [*Filling one.*
You don't get the full flavor out of one.
*Jean.* Really you press me so. [*Drinks.*] And, as you say,
The flavor does improve. But, la! you're standing!
I've nothing here to offer but a stool.
*Man.* Let it be yours, and I'll feel honoured by it.
*Jean.* [*Aside.*] How monstrous kind! Oh, she wants something from me— [*Fetches down stools.*
I wonder what it is! But she shan't get it—
No—I'm too much for her. I'm close—close—close!
[*Places two high stools side by side, and they sit.*
*Man.* There, now I call that snug!
*Jean.* [*Pouring himself out another glass, and drinking.*
Amazing snug! [*Then looking at her.*
You're really an uncommonly nice woman!
A very nice!—so sleek, so comfortable!
*Man.* Housekeepers should be sleek and comfortable.
The housekeeper should be a sort of sign
To show what living's had within the house.
*Jean.* [*Sighing.*] Happy housekeepers! But the clerk, Manou—
He is a sort of sign to show what life
Is in the counting-house! Like his own pen,
Thin, dry, and peaked!
*Man.* [*Filling his glass.*] Take a dip of ink, then!
*Jean.* Hi! hi! That's very good! I will—I will.

Ah, Manou! You are like the juicy joint, [*Drinks.*
And I only the skewer!
*Man.* [*Aside.*] He's making love!
If that's the wind, I'll hoist another sail:
Jean, you are dull! [*Pours out another glass.*
*Jean.* Now don't—pray don't, Manou!
I am not used to wine and such strong drinks!
Now, really! [*Drinks.*] There's a warmth about my heart,
I feel so odd! [*taking her hand.*] What a soft, pretty hand!
How smooth and fat! Quite a round hand, I swear!
*Man.* [*Coquettishly.*] A pity it has got no master, an't it?
[*St. Lo appears behind, from* R.U.E., *watching them with evident amusement.*
*Jean.* Dear, I feel very bold! Quite, quite courageous!
That hand no master, beautiful Manou?
Kings might be proud——hem! and in all these years,
No doubt you have contrived to lay by something!
*Man.* [*Carelessly.*] A thousand crowns or so.
*Jean.* [*Aside.*] A thousand crowns!
Dear, dear, what lovely opportunities
She must have had for cheating!
*Man.* You too, Jean—
I wager now you have got something, too?
*Jean.* Hm! why, why, yes—I won't say much of money;
We merchants don't let capital lie idle.
But I've got something [*laughs.*] Hi! hi! I've got secrets,
Worth more than money, if I dared but use them.
*Man.* Secrets! Oh, tell me what they are!
*Jean.* [*Chuckling.*] Stop, stop!
Time enough when we're married! [*laughing.*] Hi, hi, hi!
*Man.* Another glass, Jean? [*Filling it.*
*Jean.* Thank ye. [*Drinks.*
*Man.* But at least,
Where are they kept?
*Jean.* [*Pointing.*] There! Master's private closet!
I've got—[*laughing.*] Hi! hi! hi!—I've got a second key
That opens it!
*Man.* And all his secrets!
*Jean.* Hush!
Of course I found it—quite an accident—
But it exactly fits!
*Man.* I'm a weak woman!

Jean, woo me with that key, and I believe
I shall be won.
*Jean.* The thousand crowns and all?
*Man.* Twelve hundred crowns!
*Jean.* Twelve hundred!—Oh, I yield! [*Falls on his knees.*
Lovely Manou!——
[*St. Lo advances, and throws his arms round Manou's neck.*
*St. Lo.* The first kiss of the bride!
*Man.* [*Starting up.*] La! how you made me jump!—
This is the youth
Whose morals I'm to guard!
*St. Lo.* Brave wench,—another!
[*Whispers her.*] Obtain that key! It may unlock the way
To knaveries past thought. For the dear sake
Of Herminie, obtain it!
*Jean.* [*Recovering himself.*] Why, what's this!
Do you know, young man, this is the private room?
*St. Lo.* [*Slapping him on the shoulder.*] Old boy, it looks
so! [*Points to the bottle and Manou.*
*Jean.* [*Aside.*] Did he hear, I wonder?
I've been a fool——
*St. Lo.* Come, come—no sulky faces!
I'll not tell tales. We're friends, Jean—fellow clerks.
We must be brothers!
*Jean.* What a funny boy!
*St. Lo.* One bottle! Psha! We'll drain a dozen dry
To our new friendship—won't we, honest Jean?
You shall be jolly!
*Jean.* [*hesitating.*] I was never jolly
In all my life.
*St. Lo.* We'll to the cellar, Jean!
*Jean.* My virtue trembles! It's a wicked world—
But he's a funny boy!
*St. Lo.* Shan't we be friends?
*Jean.* I think so.
*St. Lo.* Brothers?
*Jean.* Brothers.
*Man.* Then embrace! [*St. Lo and Jean embrace.*
*Jean.* I will—and then I'll embrace you, Manou.
*St. Lo.* We'll have a rouse!
*Jean.* We will!—we'll have a rouse!
La! what will master say?
*Man.* Hang master.

*St. Lo.* Draw him!
*Jean.* Quarter him!—[*laughing.*] Hi! hi! hi!—We'll have a rouse!
I will be jolly then!
*St. Lo.* [*Taking his arm.*] So!—To the cellar!]
*Jean.* It's very shocking, drinking master's wine, though!
It's a sad—no! no!—it's a funny world! [*Exeunt,* L.

### SCENE II.—*An elegant Apartment in Elmore's house.*

MARGARET *seated* R., *embroidering*—EUGENE *leaning over, and whispering with her.*—ELMORE *seated on the opposite side at a table,* L. *with a book in his hand, but his eyes fixed on them*—*discovered.*

*Elm.* Yes, they are happy!—who can look and doubt it?
Happy in mutual affection—happy
In guileless hearts, in youthful innocence,
That, with a cloudless sky above its head,
Sees nothing in the future for a fear,
Nor in the past for a regret. [*Rises.*] Oh, blest
Beyond all earthly bliss! Why, when I see
Such happiness in those I love the best,
Why sinks my heart in this unnatural dulness?
That Friar—I have tracked him to Lafont's—
What should he there? Tush! this is folly—weakness!
Why should he not go there? What is't to me?
I will not think of him—and yet 'tis strange! [*Resumes book.*
*Eug.* [*to Mar.*] Marvellous art—and marvellously plied!
To watch those fairy fingers rove the canvass;
They show like Flora's footsteps through the fields,
Dropping a flower at every touch. "Could nature
"Behold her rival here, she'd blush to find
"Her craft not only stolen, but exceeded
"In the new execution." [*They come forward.*
*Mar.* Out, you flatterer!
I do but mock, not copy nature's cunning.
Here is the form—but where the dewy freshness?
The hues are here—but where is the perfume?
I'll work no more. It is a foolish labour—
I like not counterfeits in any shape!
*Eug.* And yet how often they outlive the real!
The fine and delicately organised,
Or flowers or hearts droop first. A thousand buds,
Perfumed with sweetness, ere the summer ends,

Shall wither, fade, and fall—while these fair fictions
Shall never die.
*Mar.* [*Smiling.*] Because they never lived!
A barren boast. I would not wear my heart
Upon such dull conditions to secure
A life of centuries! All that is bright
Trembles in quick and sensitive vibration—
All that is beautiful moves to a change.
" The varying seasons shadow in their course
" The sympathising earth—suns rise and set—
" Clouds skim the azure sky—the light of day
" Mellows to evening—evening into night—
" Night into ruddy dawn—dawn to new day.
" All life is ceaseless motion. To stand still
" Is but a term for death—the monument,
" And not the living man."
*Eug.* Shall love change, too?
*Mar.* Ay, like the moon, through every varying phase,
And yet be bright and beautiful in all!
Youth's heady passion—manhood's tenderness—
Old age's silent cherishing.
*Eug.* And then?
*Mar.* Why then, like flowers, whose summer course is done,
Their blossoms shed, their green leaves seared and fallen,
For a short season it shall seem to die:
Yet only seem,—bursting again to life
Beneath a brighter, purer sky; and there,
Amidst an endless spring, blooming for ever!
*Eug.* Ere my love change, I first must change myself,
For it and I are one.
*Mar.* Wilt swear to that?
*Eug.* Ay, by the prettiest oath e'er fram'd.
*Elm.* Eugene! [*Eugene goes up to Elmore.*
The man who traced the Friar to Lafont's,
Did he perceive him quit the house again,
Or mark which way he went?
*Eug.* I did not ask, sir.
Content to find him what I first believed,
When I had tracked him home I sought no further.
*Elm.* True; ay, as you say, home. Of course 'twas so.
He came from thence.
*Mar.* Now out upon this Friar—

He has bewitched you! Ever on our talk,
Since first you saw him, breaks this spectre Friar,
And snaps the thread of it! I am beat back
From household consultations—plans of pleasure—
Matters of grave debate—all are pushed by
For some new speculation on this Friar!
Nay, even when, as now, I listen to
The prettiest common-places love can utter,
In comes your Friar again, and scatters all
To the unpitying winds! [*Retires up*, L.
*Elm.* Well, well: 'tis folly,
I own it is. Yet the man haunts me strangely.
Hast never seen a face you could be sworn
You'd met before—yet know not when nor how?
It might be in a dream, so vaguely floats
The memory of it: yet, if such it were,
It was a painful dream. A face that wakes
More an impression than a recollection:
Such is that Friar's face to me. I felt it
When first I met him.—Next I found him busy
Tampering with the quiet of my house—
And now I trace him to the doors of one
Whom many circumstances tempt to be
My active enemy.——At least 'tis strange!

*Enter* Servant, L.

*Ser.* Monsieur Lafont, sir, waits below, and prays
The favour of a private interview.
*Elm.* [*Starting up.*] Lafont! Did I not say so!—I'll not see him.
*Mar.* That message will sound rude.
*Elm.* I will not see him!
Say I am occupied—that there are hours
And places for affairs of business:
To-morrow he will find me. [*Exit Servant*, L.
*Eug.* Sir, bethink you.
*Elm.* [*Impatiently.*] I say I will not have my privacy
Intruded on; and who shall chain me down
In my own house?
*Mar.* [*Astonished.*] Father!

*Enter* Lafont, L.

*Laf.* Ha! my dear Elmore!

You have a foolish fellow for a servant;
He said you would not see me!
*Mar.* You are bold, sir,
To come unbid.
*Laf.* [*Bowing.*] Beauty makes cowards bold!
*Elm.* [*Interposing.*] I think you said you had some business—
*Laf.* Ay—private business—talked of best alone.
*Elm.* Here's but my daughter and her destined husband:
From them I have no secrets.
*Laf.* [*Whispering.*] Are you sure?
Quite sure of that?—Why do you start?—I offer
A private hearing.
*Mar.* Father, you are ill!
You tremble—you look pale!—What is the matter?
*Elm.* Nothing, child—nothing—but a passing faintness.
" *Mar.* Eugene—run—call for help!"
" *Elm.* No!—I am well—
" Quite well."
*Mar.* [*To Lafont.*] Sir, you perceive your coming here
Is most inopportune. My father's strength
Is tried, at times, too much. I pray you go—
*Eug.* And quickly, or you'll tempt me, sir, to use
A harsher language than befits your years.
*Elm.* Peace, peace, Eugene! There's nothing—nothing wrong—
We'll speak together. Margaret, there was something
You had to do—go, do it. And, Eugene,
That letter we conferred upon this morning—
Attend to it.
*Mar.* I cannot leave you thus!
*Elm.* [*Impatiently.*] How thus? What mean you, silly girl? All's well.
Go, go, you simpleton! You interrupt us
The sooner now we enter on our task,
The sooner I am free, and yours again.
There—go—go—go—
*Mar.* He smiles—yet I can see
He only decks his lips with a false mirth,
That shows more sadly than an open sorrow.
What can this mean?
*Eug.* He grows impatient. Come, love!

But keep within his call. [*Exit,* R., *leading out Mar., who continues to look back, anxiously watching her father.*

*Elm.* [*After walking about irresolutely flings himself into a chair.*] Well, sir?

*Laf.* My friend
Forgets his ordinary courtesy.

[*Elmore points to a chair, and turns his head away.*

Will you forgive me—I've a foolish habit
That, when I talk, I like to see the faces
Of those I talk with. Humour me so far!

*Elm.* [*After a struggle, turning and looking him in the face.*] Well, sir!

*Laf.* Ay, thank you.—There has been with me
A holy Friar—I think you've seen him, too—
He has been sent here from some distant convent
To gather pious alms.——I own, myself,
I'm little given to the company
Of these good churchmen; but the talk of this one
Has moved me much—'Twas of our dear Eugene—
You don't attend to me.

*Elm.* I do.

*Laf.* It seems
This Friar knew his father—Count De Lorme—
In Brittany——was it not strange?

*Elm.* 'Tis likely
Many in Brittany knew Count de Lorme.

*Laf.* True—very true. But then this worthy Friar
Told all his history with such minuteness!
He knew Du Barré, too—and he repeated
How they both loved one lady—but her friends
Gave her De Lorme.——You really don't attend!

*Elm.* I have told you, sir, I do.

*Laf.* And then he added,
How, after marriage, dear De Lorme grew jealous
Of Count Du Barré's interest with his wife—
'Twas said not without cause.

*Elm.* [*Starting up.*] 'Twas false as hell!
And she as pure as angels fresh from heaven!

*Laf.* You knew her, then?

*Elm.* [*Checking himself.*] I have heard her history:
And manly sympathy may well protect
The reputation of an injured woman—
Still more, the sacred honour of her grave.

*Laf.* Hm! That's so generous, so charitable!
I love you for it so! I do, indeed.
Ay, as you say, the poor young lady died
In bearing our Eugene:—on which, Du Barrè
Distracted, let us hope, by this new grief,
Turned all his rage on the bereaved De Lorme.
They met one night upon the river's bank— [*Elm. starts.*
You need not stir:—well, as I said, they met;
And there Du Barrè stabbed him to the heart,
And flung him in the stream to hide the murder.
*Elm.* The blow was given in self-defence—repented
As soon——that is, so I have heard the story.
*Laf.* How very well you seem to be informed
Of every particular!
*Elm.* What then?
The tale is common on a thousand lips—
What wonder I have heard it, too? What wonder
My version differs somewhat from your own?
*Laf.* Hm! Oh, no wonder. Yet Du Barrè fled;
He might be innocent, though, notwithstanding—
But most thought otherwise; and the law judged him,
And sentenced him to meet a felon's death,
If ever he were found——How pale you look!
This moves you very much!
*Elm.* [*Gasping.*] No—no—go on!
*Laf.* You know, my dearest friend, how much I love you.
For worlds I would not hurt you. Re-consider
Your late decision! Give me leave again
To plead my suit with lovely Margaret,
And lend your voice to help me! Won't you, Elmore?
*Elm.* [*As before.*] What's this to me, or Margaret?
*Laf.* Hm! The Friar—
How very strange he should have come to me,
Who am so much your friend!—he says Du Barrè
Still lives, in spite of his reported loss—
Lives here in France, under another name;
That he has much to make life precious to him—
Great wealth, and a young, lovely, helpless daughter.
He says that now this murderer—this felon—
This outlaw, with a price set upon his head—
This Count du Barrè—is called—Matthew Elmore!
[*Elmore utters a loud cry, and falls senseless.*

*Enter* MARGARET *hastily*, R.

*Mar.* What cry was that?—My father! [*Rushes to him*,
*Elm.* [*Reviving, and glancing around.*] Is he gone?
Ah! he's there still!
*Mar.* [*To Laf.*] Sir, can you not perceive,
Whatever the ill tidings you have brought,
Your presence makes them worse? Beseech you, go!
*Laf.* When Margaret's here?
*Elm.* [*In a low voice.*] Cling closer to me, child!
So—closer still!
*Mar.* Father! what does this mean?
*Elm.* The sight of him is poison to my eyes—
Send him away!
*Mar.* I bade you, sir, begone!
You see this is no time to talk with him.
*Laf.* Then I must talk with you, sweet Margaret.
*Mar.* Neither with him nor me. "Have you no feeling
"That you can look on such a man, so moved,
"And persecute him still?"
*Laf.* It grieves me much;
Yet be not, sweet, so peremptory. Better
Make me your friend—you had, indeed!
*Mar.* [*Proudly.*] Do you threaten?
*Laf.* Not willingly; I love too much to threaten.
And yet you'd better think upon your answer,
Ere you reject——
*Mar.* [*Impatiently.*] You drive me from my nature!
My answer! To your insolence, my loathing;
To your professions, scorn; and to your threats,
Defiance!
*Laf.* And is this your answer?
*Mar.* Ay.
*Laf.* Hm! That's a pity; for your father's life
Depended on it.
*Mar.* What! my father's life?
*Laf.* It rests with me!
*Mar.* My father's life with thee!
Thou bold blasphemer! Wouldst thou dare assert,
The Power who guards the virtuous and just,
Would give a life like his into the hand
Of such a wretch as thou? Father! speak, father!
Fling the vile falsehood back into his teeth,

And say how much you scorn him!
*Laf.* He is silent!
Perhaps he does not hear you. Let me speak:
Elmore! my valued, honest, virtuous friend!
This gentle maiden disbelieves my words—
Shall I refer her to the Count du—
*Elm.* [*About to fling himself at Lafont's feet.*] Ha!
"Spare me—oh, spare me! My poor innocent child—
She'll hate me!" Spare me—look, I'm kneeling!
*Mar.* [*Indignantly snatching him away.*] Father!
Or this is madness, or 'tis something worse.
I dare not look on it. Doubts, spite of faith,
Battle for entrance. [*Seeing Laf.*] Ha! art thou there still?
I'm glad of it! I will speak with thee, now—
But yet, not before him, nor in this place.

*Enter* EUGENE, R.

*Eug.* What stir is this?
*Mar.* I know not:
Some heavy grief has crushed my father's soul,
And paralysed his sense. Eugene, stay with him,
But do not heed his words. "His fancy wanders.
"Eugene, look that thou do not wrong my father
"With an unworthy thought. He is unhappy,
"But nothing more." I will return again,
When I have spoke a word with yonder man.
Watch till I come. Oh, father! [*Throws her arms round Elmore's neck, then tears herself away.*] Now! [*To Lafont, crossing to* L.] I'm ready!
*Laf.* Can you forgive me?
*Mar.* [*Impatiently.*] All things but delay!
[*Exit,* L. *followed by Lafont.*
*Elm.* [*Feebly.*] Margaret! Where is she? Gone! Oh, not with him!
He must not speak with her. Margaret! my child!
Margaret! [*Attempts to follow her, but reels into a chair.*] Oh! lost, lost!—betrayed! abandoned!
*Eug.* [*Kneeling by his side, and affectionately taking his hand.*] No! not abandoned, my best friend! [*Elm. gazes steadfastly on him.*] My father! [*Elmore snatches his hand away, and buries his face. Curt. falls.*

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE 1.—*A Room in Elmore's House.*

MARGARET *discovered on a sofa*, R., *her face covered with her hands*—LAFONT *standing beside her.*

*Laf.* Don't take it so to heart—your tears distress me!
They grieve me very much—they do, indeed!
It's true your father murdered—that is, slew—
The gentleman; for, after all, in fairness,
Perhaps it should not be called murder—may be,
A duel, without witnesses—
*Mar.* [*looking up.*] It might! [*They rise, and come forward.*
Lafont, at least I thank thee for that hope.
Hope! Oh, that I must seek my hope in that
Which is but guilt a little less uncommon!
*Laf.* And yet one would be glad to think it so.
It's always pleasant to believe the best,
When our friends err. It's true that the stern law—
(But then, we know the law is stern, and cannot
Feel as we feel, who love the criminal)—
The law decreed it murder, and condemned him
To death!
*Mar.* He was judged unheard! How knew they
What provocation drove him to the deed—
What wrong received purged it of half its guilt!
Oh, had they heard him, what now seems offence,
Necessitated by the strong occasion,
Might then have shown like virtue.
*Laf.* So it might—
Yes, certainly, it might. It was a pity,
A thousand pities, that he fled. You know
That really looked so very much like guilt—
It did, indeed—you must admit it did.
[*Margaret buries her face in despair.*
He might have else even escaped suspicion,
For no one saw the deed itself. 'Twas known
That he and the slain man were enemies,
And they had met that night; but nothing more.
The morning found, it's true, where they had been—
Signs of a struggle on the river's bank,

And marks of blood; yet thieves might have done that.
But then, you see, your father took to flight;
Was met, unluckily, with clothes all stained,
And eyes wild staring with remorse and horror.
They tracked him to the coast, where he took ship
For England:—really, now, this hardly looked
Like innocence!
*Mar.* [*who has been writhing with agony, starts up.*] Who was the murdered man?
Lives there a wife and children, whose deep wrong
Cries for revenge—whose pardon may be bought
With such weak recompense as gold can offer
For such a loss? They shall have all we own.
From hence I 'll live on crusts—I 'll be their servant,
Their drudge, their slave—an humble, willing slave,
So they but spare my father! "Tell me all."
*Laf.* Poor lady!
*Mar.* Hold, sir! No compassion—no!
Not your compassion! I can suffer much—
Can meet your sarcasms or your sneering smiles,
Endure your hate, your malice, your revenge,
But not your pity—oh, no, not your pity!
*Laf.* Scorn me not, sweet! I meant to speak of hope—
*Mar.* [*eagerly.*] Of what?—of innocence?
*Laf.* In the world's eye.
Can you be calm, and listen?
*Mar.* [*bitterly.*] Oh, yes, calm.
*Laf.* That Matthew Elmore, by another name,
Is the proscribed assassin sought so long,
Is yet a secret known but to myself [*Mar. turns to him.*
And one beside, whose tongue I can control.
Do you not see a path of safety now?
I love you, beauteous Margaret—
*Mar.* [*Starting.*] Ha! stay! [*Then, with trembling eagerness.*
Yes, yes, I listen——
*Laf.* Make his interest mine—
The father of my wife would have a claim
On all my care.
*Mar.* [*As before.*] Go on.
*Laf.* His fortune, too,
Should swell, not suffer by our compact——
*Mar.* Ay——
*Laf.* For he and I, instead of rivals, then,

Should share our knowledge and our well-planned ventures,
With double 'vantage—profits without bound—
And all to be my Margaret's at last!
*Mar.* I think I understand—yet I am dull—
Let me be quite assured. My father's guilt, then,
As yet is unsuspected, save by you
And one beside, whose tutored tongue, you say,
Speaks or keeps silence as you may direct?
*Laf.* Exactly so; but don't say tutored tongue.
*Mar.* And I am made your confidant, in hope
I may be wrought, by terror and affection,
To give the hand you seek for as the price
At which your silence must be bought? [*Lafont bows.*
[*With sudden energy.*] Thou knave!
Thou shallow, self-convicted knave! Caught, caught
In thine own trap! Thou hast confessed it all—
The means, the end, the motive—laid all bare!
Oh, thou poor knave!——and that convenient friend,
Who swears or unswears, speaks or holds his peace
At thy command——you have conspired together!—
Ransacked the annals of forgotten crime,
And, having found one fitted to your purpose,
Plotted to charge it on my father's head,
To gain his envied wealth! Oh, brave device,
So cunningly to play upon the fears
Of a weak girl! That weak girl sees thee through—
Sees through thy most transparent artifice,
And laughs at thy detected plot! Dare now
To breathe one word against my father's honour,
I'll hold thee up to public shame—the world,
The blinded world, shall see thee as thou art! [*Crosses,* L.
*Laf.* Hm! You presume upon my love.
*Mar.* Thy love!
Do not profane that holy word so far—
Find out some other name for the rank compound
That festers in thy hollow heart. Thy love!
Oh, matchless insolence! If I believed
I owned a quality so base and vile,
That thou couldst love it, I would pluck it out
From my corrupted heart, though it should tear
My life along with it! [*Crosses,* R.
*Laf.* Hm! That's so bitter!
*Mar.* Now, sir, you have your answer—get you gone,

While you may go in safety, ere I call
My father, and lay bare your villany.
His indignation might be ill to meet,
Unless, indeed, illimitable scorn
Of the gross charge—too great for common anger—
Should only find its vent in mirth.
*Laf.* That's likely:
He was exceeding merry when we left him!
[*Mar. starts and shrinks back.*] You had forgotten that!
*Mar.* [*Almost inarticulately.*] I had—I had!
*Laf.* He could not keep his feet for mirth! He knelt,
Grovelled and knelt!—this noble, virtuous Elmore,
Grovelled and knelt to the despised Lafont!
*Mar.* [*As before.*] He did, he did! [*Impetuously.*] Tell me, what does this mean?
Hast thou spoke truth? Man, tell me, did my father,
By any devilish tempting, in some moment
Of frenzy—madness—did he do that thing
Which thou hast said?
*Laf.* We'll go and ask him.
*Mar.* [*Shrieks.*] No! [*Then faltering.*
I dare not. Oh, if thou hast any pity,
Say thou hast played upon me—frightened me—
I'll not be angry—I'll forgive thee; nay,
I'll bless thee—pray for thee! I'll——
*Laf.* [*Softly.*] Marry me?
*Mar.* [*In despair.*] Oh, no, no, no!
*Laf.* Not while Eugene de Lorme
Remains, to tempt you with a younger blood.
It's very natural—but still a pity,
Considering the bar between you. Hm!
You asked the name of him your father slew;
Your father at that time was called Du Barré,
And he he murdered was the Count de Lorme,
The father of Eugene—— [*Margaret stands a moment stupified—then pressing her hand to her brow, appears falling—Lafont approaches to support her--but at his touch she starts, and with a shudder waves him away—then sinks into a chair and sits motionless.*
*Mar.* [*Bewildered.*] It is too much!
Yet, if it's true, then life is all a lie,
Of double-steeped hypocrisy!—All's dark!—
All lost in tangled chaos. Out, out on it!
Hurry it to an end!

*Laf.* [*Gently.*] Margaret——
*Mar.* [*Rising.*] Sir——
*Laf.* Do you listen?
*Mar.* Sir? Oh, yes——
*Laf.* Come, be persuaded——
*Mar.* Yes—what you will: it does not matter now.
*Laf.* Your father——
*Mor.* Ay—my father——
*Laf.* Let us seek him.
*Mar.* True, I remember—yes, I'll go—I'll go—
But first alone; you must not come just yet;
Come in an hour—but, let me see him first.
*Laf.* If you desire it.
*Mar.* I am grateful, sir. [*Going*, R.
*Laf.* Permit me—— [*Offering his hand.*
*Mar.* Thank you, I can walk. [*Totters out*, R.
*Laf.* [*Looking after her.*] Poor thing!
She makes me pity her—she does, indeed!
[*Seats himself as if to watch.—Scene closes.*

### SCENE II.—*Gardens of the Tuilleries.*

*Enter* JENNY, R. *and* MANOU, L., *meeting.*

*Jenny.* Oh, Madame Manou! I'm ravished, as you say in France, to meet you! I am in such dreadful want of a confidant!

*Man.* Why, what's the matter, child?

*Jenny.* That's exactly what I want to know! There's your master has been with my master, and they were shut up together: when presently there was such a disturbance and screaming and crying, and Miss Margaret in tears, and such a-do altogether, as you never heard in all your life!

*Man.* But what about?

*Jenny.* Don't I tell you, that's what I can't discover—which makes it so particularly dreadful! I'm sure, as soon as ever I learned that there was something the matter, I ran to the key-hole——

*Man.* Stop, that was beneath you, Jenny—undignified—

*Jenny.* Oh, I suppose you never do such a thing!

*Man.* [*With dignity.*] Never! When I want information, I cross-question and pump for it: that's intellectual and lady-like. However, since you have done it, go on and tell me.

*Jenny.* La! have not I told you I've got nothing to tell? What I want is, to find it out! Why, as soon as ever I got to the door, out Miss Margaret came, and your master with her, and they went into another room where the nasty door fastens with a bolt, and has no key-hole at all! I could have cried. I hate that door, and have tried to get it altered a hundred times!

*Man.* Poor child! I pity you from my soul! But hush! [*looking round.*] There's old Jean Rusè close at our heels, and St. Lo is with him. Now, if all this has anything to do with master, Jean is sure to know it, and St. Lo can worm anything out of him that he pleases.

*Jenny.* Do you think so? Then I'll make a confidant of him directly!

*Man.* Capital, my dear! Always make a confidant of any body you want to get a secret out of!

*Enter* ST. LO *and* JEAN RUSE, L., *arm in arm.*

*Jean.* Go to, go to! you're a sad dog. I've never
Been sober for an hour since I knew you——
*St. Lo.* Never been sad, you mean!
*Jean.* It's all the same.
*St. Lo.* You've been a prince!
*Jean.* I have!
*St. Lo.* A hero!
*Jean.* Ay!
*St. Lo.* A demi-god!
*Jean.* I have!
*St. Lo.* You have looked down
With scorn upon the pens and ink of earth—
*Jean.* I have! I have! I don't mean to complain—
I like it!—[*Crosses*, C.] Ha! Manou, the beautiful!
Manou, the glorious! Manou, the rich! [*Jenny touches St. Lo's arm, and leads him up*, L., *whispering.*
*Man.* Jean the gallant!
*Jean.* That boy's a funny boy!
We've done no business since he's been here—
Nothing but fun!
*Man.* What brings you to this place?
*Jean.* Hm! I forgot. That's business, to be sure.
I'm sent to look for an exempt or two.
*Man.* The officers of justice! Mercy on us!
For what?

*Jean.* I can't imagine. To my mind,
It's very foolish waking Justice up—
We'd better let her sleep. For my own part,
I tremble at the sight of an exempt!

*Man.* [*Whispers him.*] No wonder, Jean—no wonder—

*St. Lo.* [*To Jenny.*] Home, good girl,
And I'll work wonders for you—if I can.

*Jenny.* Thank you, I'm sure, sir! And really my place depends upon it—for I never did, and never will stay in a house where there is a secret I can't find out! [*Exit*, L.

*St. Lo.* [*Advancing thoughtfully.*] Trouble at Elmore's —bustle at Lafont's—
And officers of justice sent for! Strange!
And quite a pity I can't understand it!
Well! I was never good at reading riddles—
But if a plot is playing, I'll cut in
And take a hand! I must obtain that key;
And the old scoundrel is so shrewd, Manou
Makes nothing of him. This might help me.—So!
I have it all! [*Whispers.*] Manou, get the rogue home,
And keep him there an hour or two. It's bold—
But what of that? I like it all the better! [*Crosses*, R.

*Man.* Jean, I am going home; lend me your arm.

*Jean.* [*hesitating.*] But master's business——

*St. Lo.* I'll do it for you.

*Jean.* Now will you, though? What, go for the exempts?
I'd take it as a favor, certainly.

*St. Lo.* Shall brother Jean ask me for any favor,
And I deny it?

*Jean.* What a funny boy!

*Man.* But, Jean, you must look smart. Hold up your head!

*St. Lo.* [*Aside, while Manou busies Jean with arranging his dress.*] I'll find him officers, or make him some!
Du Viray and Morluc are masqueraders
That few can match. I'll dress them as exempts—
I think 'twill do!—and even should it fail,
There'll be some sport, at least!

*Jean.* [*Dragging back from Man.*] They are to come
Quite privately, and wait till master calls them.

*St. Lo.* I recollect it. Farewell, brother Jean!
Speed to your wooing—joy to your young love! [*Exit*, R.

*Jean.* [*looking after him.*] It *is* a funny boy, then!

*Man.* Ah, but Jean, if you did really love me, you'd not deny me one little half-hour's rummage in that closet.

*Jean.* [*Chuckles.*] Pretty Manou, ask nothing before marriage that ought not to be granted till after it—I don't! [*laughs.*] Hi! hi! hi! No, no! We must be virtuous, Manou, and prudent! Hi! hi! hi! [*Aside.*] Oh, I'm her match!

*Man.* [*Aside.*] Ugh! you old oaf!

*Jean.* Yes—prudent!—[*laughs.*] Hi! hi! [*Exeunt*, L.

### SCENE III.—*A room in Elmore's House.*

ELMORE *discovered, seated.*

*Elm.* Discovered—ruined—lost! Am I the same
Who stood an hour ago this house's master?—
The proud, the wealthy, courted, honoured Elmore?
Oh, lie—oh, gilded lie—now stripped so bare! [*Starts up.*
What madness tempted my return to France?
It was that burning fever of the heart,
That elsewhere found no rest:—it was the cries,
Haunting my ear, of those whom I had orphaned,
Calling me here to fill their father's place!
And now, in stretching forth my hand to them,
I have outstretched and lost myself. Oh, thus
That over-ruling Justice, which directs
The issues of our lives, stands by the culprit,
And, when his blinding guilt has sealed his eyes,
Guides him, unknowing, to the very spot
Fixed for his execution. [*Starts.*] Hark! a footstep—
My child's! How shall I meet her?

*Enter* MARGARET *slowly*, R.

Margaret!

*Mar.* [*Faintly, and keeping at a distance.*] Sir—

*Elm.* [*Hesitates, and then advances a step.*] Margaret—

*Mar.* [*Shrinking back, mutters.*] A murderer—a sentenced murderer!
Those hands, which have so often fondled mine—
Those fingers, which have played among my hair,
And smoothed it on my brow so many a time—
Blood has been on them—human blood!

*Elm.* [*Faltering.*] My child—
It is not thus we have been used to meet——

*Mar.* That's still his voice—the same, whose gentle tone

So often lulled my pettish infancy—
Which, till an hour ago, could never sound,
But it seemed music—now how harsh it jars!
*Elm.* [*extending his hand.*] Margaret!—Do you shrink from me, my child?
[*She slowly and fearfully advances towards him, and with an evident struggle, places her hand in his.*
She shudders at my touch! That's past belief—
I could bear all but that. Girl, they have told thee——
*Mar.* All.
*Elm.* No—not all! They may have told, perhaps,
How one I hated wedded one I loved,
But none could ever tell thee how I loved her—
The wild, the maddening passion——let it pass!
Perhaps she answered to it:—he, at least,
Who won her, thought so—till his jealous doubts
Reproached her innocence. She bore him children—
But, swayed by the gross frenzy of his thought,
He loathed the sight of them, and called them bastards!
Oh, then her outraged honour, no less proud
Than it was pure, broke her young heart!—She died!
*Mar.* Oh, happy!—Yet go on.
*Elm.* It was the night
Fixed for her burial—and I sat alone:
I was not mad, for I had consciousness,
And knew my desolation. The deep toll
Of the loud convent bell, with measured stroke,
Fell on my ear, till its repeated sound
Gnawed, like a living thing, upon my brain.
And then there came the flat and heavy tread
Of those who bore her—they must pass my house;
Convulsed, I started up and fled!—Close by,
Sullen and black—tempting to thoughts as dark—
The plashing river lay. I neared its bank—
Perhaps with sinful purpose—ay, thou tremblest—
But sinful thoughts, indulged, bring sinful acts
Before unthought of. In my very path,
In that wild hour, he crossed me—he himself,
Who had consigned her to her early tomb.
We spoke—but what, I know not; yet I know
I taunted—spurned him—charged him with her blood.
He challenged me, and drew. I was unarmed,
But with one hand I struck aside his sword,

And with the other felled him to the ground,
And so passed on.—Burning with rage, he followed—
I heard his voice and his quick nearing tread—
I turned, and saw the gleaming of his sword
Close at my throat.—Desperate, I sprang upon him,
Grappled, and wrenched the weapon from his grasp,
And drove it in his heart! Why, girl, dost stand
Looking upon me with that stony gaze?
Dost thou condemn me still?—Speak!—Tell me, child,
Could it have happened otherwise?

*Mar.* [*Faintly.*] Go on.

*Elm.* Oh, that it had!—for when the blow was struck,
When his loud death-shriek rang upon my brain,
And his pierced corpse fell heavy at my feet,
Oh, then indeed all changed!—The murky air
Grew thick and choking—lightnings flashed before me—
A thousand thunders bellowed in my ear,
And every one cried, "Murderer!"—I fled,
And knew not whither, till I found myself
In a strange land, with strangers gathered round me;
And there was one who watched and pitied me,
Pouring the balm of woman's tenderness
Upon my bruisèd spirit, till I grew
To love her—not as I had loved before,
But with the quiet of a calm affection
That leaned upon her soothing gentleness,
As on a place of rest from my 'scaped shipwreck:
She was thy mother, child——

*Mar.* [*Sighing.*] Go on, go on.

*Elm.* But blood was spilt, and the avenger's wing
Hovered above my house. It was on her
That the blow fell: she drooped, and she, too, died;
But still her memory remained in thee.
Oh, how I prayed to have thee spared to me!
How watched, how toiled for thee! My prayer was heard!
Granted!—for what—for what? My child was spared,
That I might see her, now, shrink from my sight,
And shudder at my touch!

*Mar.* [*Flinging her arms round his neck, and bursting into tears.*] Father!—My father!

[*Then breaking away from him, continues hurriedly.*
We'll speak no more of this—we will forget it—
All shall be well—fear not—all shall be well—

And yet one question first.—Is there no hope
The sentence may be yet reversed ?
*Elm.* None—none—
I have no witnesses.
*Mar.* And one word more—
It was, indeed, the father of Eugene—
He—he—you—
*Elm.* He I slew ! Alas, poor child !
It was.
*Mar.* Enough—we'll talk of it no more !
'Tis past : we'll never name Eugene again—
All shall be well——
*Elm.* [*Suddenly.*] Margaret, I know thy thought !
But sooner shall they tear me limb from limb—
*Mar.* Hush ! hush ! You shall be safe.
*Elm.* Never, child, never,
By such a sacrifice !
*Mar.* A sacrifice !
Sir, you have yet to learn a woman's heart !
She looks, perhaps, a weak, vain, fluttering thing ;
But call on her affections, she is strong,
Constant, invincible, immovable !
And sacrifice—a word without a meaning !
See—I can smile already !

*Enter* LAFONT, L.

*Laf.* My sweet friends,
I fear I interrupt you ?
*Mar.* [*Trembling.*] No, sir, no—
We waited for you. This agreement, sir,
Of which we spoke—I am prepared.
*Elm.* [*Passionately.*] Forbear !
Child, I forbid it !
*Laf.* Dearest Elmore, think !
Your goods are confiscated by the law—
Your life is forfeit—Where shall Margaret shelter
When these are taken ? [*Elmore covers his face.*
*Mar.* [*In a low, hurried voice.*] I have said I'm ready.
*Laf.* Then, sweetest, give me now your hand, in pledge
Of a more formal contract soon to follow.
But, mark ! this act shall bear in it a vow
As strong as any that the altar hears,
And as irrevocable. Thus I take it. [*Marg. slowly and*

*tremblingly extends her hand, but as she is about placing it in Lafont's, overcome by emotion, faints.*

*Elm.* [*Catching her.*] Villain! what hast thou done?—
Thou hast killed my child!
Away! or I shall have another murder
Upon my soul! There's something desperate in me!
My blighted blossom! 'tis thy father's arms
That circle thee. Look up! She cannot live
While thou art near her.—Get thee gone, I say,
Thou tempting, torturing fiend!

*Laf.* Elmore, bethink you!

*Elm.* [*Bending over her.*] Margaret—my pure one!

*Laf.* I wait my answer—

*Elm.* Devil—my defiance!
Go—do thy worst!

*Laf.* Since you desire it—well!
Without there! Guard the doors!—If any pass,
Your lives shall answer for it to the law! [*Exit,* L.—*Elm. embraces Margaret. The curtain falls.*

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Office in Lafont's house, as before.* MORLUC *and* DU VIRAY, *disguised as Exempts, discovered seated at table,* C. *with wine, &c.,* ST. LO *leaning near them, and* JEAN RUSE *uneasily walking up and down.*

*Mor.* Mōre wine, there, wench! more wine!

*Enter* MANOU, *with wine,* L.

*St. Lo.* [*Whispering.*] Bravo, Morluc!
Nature intended you a thieftaker,
You look the part so well!

*Du V.* And I, St. Lo?

*St. Lo.* Du Viray, you look just as great a scoundrel!

*Jean.* What a most horrid world! Think of exempts
Posting themselves here, in our private office,
Where they're like matches in a magazine!
Gentlemen, gentlemen! Your orders were
To go to Elmore's—not to sit down here.

*Mor.* How! dog! cur! hound! knave! minion! scrub!

Wilt thou teach gentlemen of law their duty? [*Starts up.*
*Du V.* Good fellow, we have found some graver matter,
As thou wilt quickly learn.
*Jean.* [*Aside.*] There! there! I knew it!
I said he must be mad, to send for them!
Oh! what I'd give to be an honest man
Just for five minutes, till I'd kicked them out!
*St. Lo.* [*Whispers.*] Oh, brother Jean, I 'm very sorry for you!
*Jean.* [*Alarmed.*] Why?—what?
*Man.* [*Whispers.*] They mean that key, Jean.
*Jean.* Wh——what key?
I've got no key! I never said I had one.
*Man.* No key! Deny the key?
*Jean.* [*Impatiently.*] All lies! all lies!
*Man.* And my twelve hundred crowns, Jean!
*Jean.* All lies, too!
I don't believe you ever had as much.
You've played upon me—made a fool of me,
You and St. Lo there. Yes—I see it all!
But now I wash my hands of you—I leave you.
[*Aside.*] Master may look to this himself! [*Going*, L.
*Mor.* Stay, prisoner!
*Jean.* [*Trembling.*] Prisoner!
*Mor.* It has been reported to us
That certain evil practices have passed
Within this house——
*Jean.* [*Agitated.*] I'll call my master. [*Going*, L.
*Mor.* [*In a loud voice.*] Stay!
*Du V.* And, prisoner, 'tis said the secret proofs
Are placed in yonder closet, to which you,
Feloniously, have made a second key.
*Jean.* No, no, I have not! It's all false! That woman—
*Man.* Sweet gentlemen, indeed he only found it,
And put it in that left-hand pocket.
*Du V.* [*Snatching it out.*] Ha!
What's this, thou villain?
*Jean.* [*Trembling.*] That?
*St. Lo.* That's not a key,
No more than he's a man! Can't you perceive
It's but a skeleton! [*Holding up the key in Du V.'s hand.*
*Mor.* A skeleton key!
*Jean.* It's nothing but the key of my own trunk.

*Du V.* [*Advancing to closet,* L. D. F.] I'll try it here.
*Jean.* [*Screaming.*] No! Pray, sir—pray, sir, don't.
It's possible—just by the merest chance—
That—by an accident—the key might fit,
And then you'd ruin me!
*St. Lo.* [*Aside to Jean.*] Oh, brother Jean,
I fear you're very likely to be ruined!
They want your master's papers. [*All retire up but Man. and Jean.*
*Jean.* [*Eagerly.*] Is that all?
Break down the door, then—I'll make no resistance:
It will be all the same, you know, to you;
I'll even run and fetch a crow-bar for you,
But not my key! Sweet, gentle gentlemen,
I'm a poor man, but I have fifty crowns, [*Du V. is now trying key in door.*
The savings of some five-and-thirty years,
I'll give you all to spare me!
What will become of me! [*Clasping his hands.*]
*Man.* [*Aside to Jean.*] Fly for your life!
*Jean.* I will! I will!
Oh, what a wicked—what a horrid world! [*Exit,* R. *Du Viray and Mor. open the closet, and pull out papers.*
*Man.* Quick, quick! I tremble lest my master come!
[*Exit, following Jean,* R.
*St. Lo.* Find what relates to Herminie.
*Mor.* Here!
*Du V.* Here! [*They hand papers to St. Lo, scattering others around. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*A Gallery in Elmore's House.*

*Enter* MARGARET, L., *looking fearfully behind her.*

*Mar.* I had nearly ruined all—I must repair it!
To flight! To flight from him I love the best
To him I loathe the deepest—and alone—
Before my father can suspect my purpose.
He'll stay me else—and then he's lost! [*Going,* R., *starts and stops.*
Eugene!
Oh, cruel accident! [*Endeavoring to retire,* L.

*Enter* EUGENE, R.

*Eug.* Margaret, I sought you.
*Mar.* Not now—another time—to-morrow—
*Eug.* Now!

For every moment is an age of torture.
Is this your writing? [*Shows a letter.*
*Mar.* [*Faintly, and averting her head.*] Yes.
*Eug.* You answer me
Without examination.
*Mar.* [*As before.*] It is mine.
*Eug.* Own not so lightly to the cruel lines—
You do not know their purport. They would tell me
That you disclaim the vows so lately made,—
Call back the love bestowed but yesterday,—
And bid me part from you forever.
*Mar.* Yes—'twas thus I wrote.
*Eug.* Thou didst!—What have I done?
Wherein deserved this?—What has been my offence?
*Mar.* Nothing.
*Eug.* I'll swear it!—I have asked the heart
That hung upon thee with such doting love,—
The zeal that followed, worshipping thy steps,—
The faith that stored its all of happiness
Under thy keeping—I have asked them all,
And all declare me guiltless.
*Mar.* [*Aside.*] I must go—
I dare not listen, or I shall betray— [*Crosses*, R.
*Eug.* Oh, hadst thou died, I would have wept thee, then,
With tears, that, amber-like, should have embalmed
Thy memory, till they and it were one.
But thus to lose thee!—thus to find thee false
To vows—to oaths——
*Mar.* Oh, no! not false, Eugene!
*Eug.* Not false!—what art thou, then?
*Mar.* Wretched—most wretched! [*Then suddenly.*
Ask me no more—Eugene, be generous!
Think me unhappy, but not criminal.
Oh, do not curse me!—Were you struggling thus—
Did you so pray to me for kind construction—
Were these tears yours, and yours this bursting heart,
My faith should battle with appearances—
I would disown my sense—deny my reason—
Ay, would believe impossibilities,
Rather than risk to wrong you with a thought!
*Eug.* And yet in deeds how cruelly you wrong me!
If I have sinned against you, let me be
Confronted with my offence. The meanest culprit

May claim so much!—Oh, tongue-tied!—Canst thou find
Not even one extenuating plea
That may relieve the blackness of thy falsehood,
And bid me not to curse thee! [*Going*, R.
*Mar.* [*In agony.*] Stay, Eugene!
Spare me—be merciful!
*Eug.* Fie!—fie upon
This poor hypocrisy of seeming grief!
*Mar.* Eugene—oh, is he not my—— [*Checks herself.*
*Eug.* What?—Is who?
Whom dost thou speak of?
*Mar.* [*Shrinking.*] Nothing—nothing—no one.
[*Aside.*] I dare not stay to bear this torture longer!
Farewell, Eugene. Let us not part in anger.
I might reproach you with some cruelty,
But I forgive you. We are both unhappy,
And need not sharpen one another's pangs.
*Eug.* Art thou not false?
*Mar.* If thou wilt mourn me less
Thinking me so—as it is like thou wilt—
Then call me false, and drive me from thy heart:
I'll not complain, if thou art saved a tear.
Oh, I am as a wretch already reeling
Within the eddy of a whirlpool's sweep,
Beyond the reach alike of love and hate,—
Powerless,—helpless!—every passing moment
The narrowing circles drag me closer in
To the dark gulf where I must sink forever. [*Crosses*, R.
*Eug.* Margaret, there is some horrid mystery
Which thou would'st hide——
*Mar.* [*Agitated.*] No—no—
*Eug.* But he, who first
Encouraged my young love to soar, shall be
My counsel now in my despair. Elmore shall——
*Mar.* [*Shrieking, and grasping his arm.*] Not for thy life, Eugene!—Go not to him—
Not to my father!
*Eug.* Margaret, what can mean
This wild distraction?
*Mar.* A distracted heart!—
Have pity on it, then!—Oh, if I ever
Possessed thy love—if ever, to thine eyes,
The tears in mine appeared a sacred thing,—

As thou hast said they did—scorn them not now!
Promise me—swear thou wilt not seek my father!
I ask but a few hours—but till to-morrow—
Oh, do not hesitate!—I'll kneel to thee—

*Eug.* Margaret, what thou wilt.

*Mar.* But thou wilt swear?

*Eug.* I promise.

*Mar.* Bless thee!—Now we'll talk no more—
Forget that I have ever been. Efface me
As a dark blot, that for a moment marred
Thy brighter page. And so—[*Gazes affectionately on him.*]
Eugene—[*Takes his hand in hers, and slowly carries it to her lips.*] Farewell! [*Hurries out,* R.

*Eug.* I will not lose her thus!—I'll follow her——

*Enter* SERVANT, L., *presenting a letter.*

Away! [*Waving him off.*

*Ser.* It came in haste, sir, from Lafont's.

*Eug.* Lafont's! [*Tears it open.*] What's here!—
[*Reading.*] *The Friar Dominic,*
*Who said he was a friend of Count De Lorme,*
*Now summons both his children to Lafont's.*
*Be instant!*——So I will! This sudden call
Meets my suspicions half way on the road.
I'll pierce this mystery, though its deep secret
Lay buried in the centre! To Lafont's! [*Exit,* L.

SCENE III.—*A Room in Lafont's House.—Writing materials and papers on a table,* C.

FRIAR DOMINIC *and* LAFONT *discovered, seated.*

*Laf.* Yes, she will come. I have her letter here.
And when all's done, depend on't, holy Father,
For your assistance in this pious work,
I will enrich your convent to your wish.

*Friar.* I am content. Yet tell me why the hate
You bear to Elmore, shapes itself to love
Thus to pursue his daughter?

*Laf.* Saintly father,
Your appetites are mortified—and yet,
In your vocation, you have heard, perhaps,
Of carnal passion? She is beautiful.

You pardon injuries—but common men
Nurse a deep-hoarded treasure called revenge.
She is the one child of my enemy.
Your vows are poverty—but we poor laymen
Find some delight in riches. She is rich.
You see, at once, I've beauty for my toying,
My enemy's best jewel for my prize,
And gold to pay me for enjoying it!
Ha! ha!—Is there not reason in my love?
*Friar.* True. I will make no further waste of breath
In seeking to dissuade you.
*Laf.* Learned Father,
I could expect no other from your wisdom!
*Friar.* A footstep!—Hark! [*Rises.*
*Laf.* My Margaret herself! [*Advances to meet her.*

*Enter* MARGARET, L.

Sweet lady! This is kind to come to me.
I might show more gallant waiting on you,
But we are safer here from interruption.
You will forgive me?—In this holy man,
You see the priest who shall unite our hands.
*Mar.* [*murmurs.*] The executioner.—Well, what's to do, sir?
*Friar.* [*Pointing to the table.*] The contract, there prepared, must first be signed.
But wherefore, maiden, are you come alone?
The meanest peasant, in an hour like this,
Brings troops of smiling friends to grace her nuptials.
Have you no kin?—no brother?—father?
*Mar.* [*Passionately.*] Man—
I charge thee, by a breaking heart's deep grief,
Do not insult my wretchedness! To you—
To you I owe this lonely desolation!
'Twas you who raised this storm where we are wrecked!
*Friar.* Thy father's guilt, my child——
*Mar.* My father's guilt!
What was a moment's unforethought offence
To the calm baseness of a plot like this!
My father's guilt!—Oh, blush to use the word,
Thou trebly guilty priest! Thou know'st my lips
Dare make no cry to man for my redress.

But before listening angels I denounce thee
As leagued in craft with yonder heartless wretch—
A shame to thy great office.
*Friar.* Daughter—peace!
*Mar.* I will not peace!—for peace and I are now
Parted forever. No—I will not peace!
And, when this poor turmoil of life shall end,
As soon it will for me—nor late for thee—
Then—when we meet before another bar—
Still, still I will no peace—but charge on thee
Crushed hearts—a ruined home—a soul perhaps
Lost by despair—till thou shalt agonize
And writhe as I do now!
*Laf.* Sweet Margaret,
There will be time enough for this hereafter.
The holy man and contract both are waiting.
[*Leads her to the table.*
*Mar.* [*Hesitating.*] Yet tell me, is there no alternative?
Will all our wealth——
*Laf.* Naught but thy lovely self:
I would not do such shame to your rare value,
To barter it for gold! Your father, too——
*Mar.* Father--ay, there's the word! Father! where is it?
Give me the paper—— [*Snatches a pen.*
*Friar.* Stay awhile, my child—
Formalities like this are of great weight,
And must have further witnessing. Without, there!

*Enter* SERVANT, L.

Are those I sent for come?
*Ser.* They are.
*Friar.* Admit them. [*Exit Servant,* L.

*Enter* EUGENE *and* HERMINIE, L.

*Mar.* Eugene!
*Laf.* [*Angrily.*] What's this? [*Goes to table.*
*Friar.* To make your triumph full.
[*To Eugene.*] Well, boy! we meet again—I said we should.
And this should be your sister? [*Regarding Herminie earnestly.*] She is fair——
*Her.* Then more unfitted for so foul a place,
And doubly foul a deed! We have learned your purpose.

*Eug.* Yet, Margaret, tell me, 'tis not with your will
That I am summoned here to undergo
Insult on outrage added! Ha! you weep!
Is this, which seems consent, extorted from you?
Margaret! confide in me! My sword—my life—
Shall guard thee yet! Do they constrain thee? Speak!
*Friar.* Speak, maiden!—Shall your promise be retracted?
*Mar.* [*Looks timidly to Lafont,—then shrinking back.*]
No——do not torture me, Eugene!—This act
Is of my free, deliberate will.
*Her.* [*Indignantly.*] 'Tis false!
Thy will was ever holy, pure, and honest—
*Laf.* The contract waits—we really lose our time.
*Mar.* Quick!—Give it to me!—Quick! [*Goes to table.*
*Elm.* [*Without.*] I know she's here!
*Mar.* [*Looking round wildly.*] My father's voice!
*Elm.* [*Without.*] Away! I tell you, knaves,
I'd reach my child through twenty thousand such!

*Enter* ELMORE, L.

Where is she?—Is it done?—My Margaret!
Why dost thou hide thy face upon my breast?
Am I too late?—Speak, some one! Is it done?
*Friar.* Nothing is done that with a breath as light
May not be yet undone again.
*Laf.* We waited
For our dear father. Hm! [*Apart.*] Elmore, be wise!
*Elm.* I will be wise! Thy power only lives
In my concealed offence—and with a breath
I rob thee of it—thus! Without there! Ho!
You officers of justice!
*Mar.* [*Breaking from him.*] Ha!
*Elm.* This way!
*Mar.* One moment! [*Springs to the table and writes.*
*Elm.* [*Stamping.*] Hither!
*Mar.* [*Handing to Lafont the contract, and throwing herself into Elmore's arms.*] Father, it is done!
You're now too late!

*Enter* MORLUC, DU VIRAY, *and others, as exempts*, L.

*Elm.* [*Presses her to his heart.*] My poor, devoted girl!
But 'tis all vain—the spell is broken now.

He did but seek thy wealth—he will not wed
A felon's child!
*Eug. & Her.* A felon's!
*Elm.* Ay, Eugene—
Ay, Herminie! To you, the worst of felons!
*Mar.* Oh, do not heed him!
*Elm.* Yes, hear, heed me, all!
*Mar.* He's mad!
*Elm.* A sentenced felon!
*Mar.* Father!
*Elm.* Yes—
The long proscribed Du Barré—the assassin
Of Count de Lorme!
*Mar.* Oh, no, no!
*Elm.* I am he!
*Eug.* My father's murderer!
*Her.* Elmore? Oh, no!
*Elm.* [*To Margaret.*] And now, poor child, thou'rt beggared with that word,
And thou must seek thy future sustenance
Where the young ravens do—from heaven's garners.
But thou art rescued from his foul pollution.
*Laf.* But not from my revenge! That's left me still.
Officers, seize your prisoner!
*Elm.* I am ready—
Yet first one word. My Herminie—Eugene—
Do not shrink from me! I have wronged you deeply,
But I have loved you, too; and in that love,
Seeking to make atonement for that wrong,
I ventured here, and thus have lost myself.
I would not boast, as asking thanks; and yet
Something I would ask:—my poor helpless child—
Let her not want!
*Mar.* [*Clinging to him.*] Father, I'll die with thee!
*Elm.* She has been guiltless!
*Eug.* Would my life itself
Could be the sacrifice to win her peace!
*Laf.* [*Impatiently.*] Your prisoner, sirs!
*Elm.* I go——
*Friar.* [*To Lafont.*] And yet, my son,
Ere pressing forward to a public sentence,
Lacks there not yet some proof?

*Laf.* Of what?
*Friar.* The death
Of Count de Lorme. His body was not found.
*Laf.* The law was satisfied. I don't pretend
To be more hard of credence than the law.
*Eug.* [*To the Friar.*] What would'st thou say?
*Her.* Oh, speak! Can any doubt
Be found to build a hope on?
*Friar.* Hear and judge.
Upon the night when it was thought he died,
Two monks of a small solitary convent,
That stood upon the river's further bank,
Hearing a cry, ferried across the stream,
And found a bleeding man——
*Laf.* [*Starting.*] A trick! a trick!
Thou wouldst turn traitor, monk! Thou'rt bought!
*Eug.* Peace, villain!

*Enter* ST. LO *softly, behind.*

*Friar.* They staunched his wound and bore him to their house.
*Her.* But did he live?
*Friar.* He did.
His name unknown, he joined their brotherhood,
Forswore the world, and in his deep concealment
Laughed with malicious glee to see his foe
Denounced his murderer.
*Her.* Yet he had children?
*Friar.* He had—but bitter thoughts were in his soul,
That elsewhere fathered them—and he denied them.
*Eug.* Beware! Oh, do not tempt my mother's child
To curse my father's memory!
*Friar.* His fault
Bore its stern punishment along with it:
Unloving and unloved, he lingered on,
A miserable man. But years at length
Shed freshening dews upon him. First he wept
For that pure angel he had wronged so foully;
And then his children's images rose up,
Like a soft dream;—and still the longing grew,
Until he pined to see them. He had learned,
A knave—a subtle knave—his servant once—

Had seized their wealth. He hastened then to Paris——
*Her.* To Paris!
*Eug.* Here!
*Friar.* And found his ancient foe
Was now his child's protector. For a moment,
His former jealousy revived—he judged
The two confederate together, plotting
To hold the boy a passive tool between them,—
And he resolved to pierce their secret plans—
For he had seen and loved his child——
*Eug.* Who art thou?
Speak! speak!
*Her.* Thy name! thy name!
*Friar.* [*To Elmore.*] Wilt thou, like them,
Require my name?
*Elm.* [*Who has been listening with breathless eagerness.*] The features all are changed—
But the voice grows familiar on my ear;
Oh, do not mock me, if I dare to call thee——
*Friar.* De Lorme! [*Eugene and Her. spring to him.*
*Mar.* [*Shrieks.*] De Lorme! Alive! [*Sinks on her knees.*] My own, own father!
*Laf.* [*Aside.*] What devil's here, dragging the dead to life,
To overthrow me?—Yet the contract's safe!
I have them there! Ha! ha! Her name is to it—
It only wants my own. Soft! soft! [*Moves stealthily to table, spreads the paper on it, and is about to write, when St. Lo lays another paper over it.*
*St. Lo.* [*Mocking him.*] Soft! soft!
*Laf.* [*Starting.*] Ha! I am robbed! My private papers!
*St. Lo.* Ay,
Some half a score or so! [*To Friar.*] Look, holy father!
Most dear, revivified, and welcome father—
For so I hope to call you before long—
This writing names Lafont your children's guardian:
I doubt you never saw the deed before!
*Friar.* [*Looking at it.*] A forgery!
*St. Lo.* I thought so. Here's another—
And here another—and another yet— [*Producing papers.*
Mortgages, bonds, assignments——
*Friar.* False—all false!

Oh, thou most daring knave! Ho! officers,
Arrest that man!
*St. Lo.* Psha! they are of no use—
They're only sham ones! Oh, I'd give my hand
To have a real exempt here! Run and fetch one,
Whoever loves me!
*Laf.* Curses on you all!
I'll hang myself, and never see their triumph! [*Exit*, L.
*Friar.* Follow him, some one—let him not escape!
[*Exeunt Du Viray, Morluc, and others*, L.
Du Barré, we have something, each, to pardon—
Can you forgive?
*Elm.* As I would be forgiven!
I'm yet too dazzled with this sudden joy,
To find the words I seek—
*Friar.* I ask no more.
I now am grown unfitted for the world,
And I am bound by vows to higher service—
Yet ere I go, Eugene, one gift, to prove
Thy father's love, the penitent's atonement.
[*To Margaret.*] Maiden, thou lovest this boy?
*Mar.* When first he asked me—when my sunny heart
Had never known a cloud—I told him so:
And when that trial came, which seemed to part us,
Oh, then I felt how truly I had spoken!
I may not, now our sky is bright again,
Deny what storm and sunshine both have vouched.
*Friar.* [*Joining their hands.*] Be happy!—Though he were the best on earth,
Thou'rt more than worthy of him!
*Her.* Honoured father—
Have you no gift for me?
*Friar.* What would'st thou, girl?
*Her.* Hm! Can't you guess?—A husband.
*Friar.* Thou hast had one!
*Her.* That was an old one that my guardian found,
Who took me cheap.
*St. Lo.* [*To Friar.*] Should you not like to have
A second brood of little grandchildren?
*Friar.* [*Smiling.*] What is't to thee?
*St. Lo.* Hm! I'm to be their father!
*Friar.* Thou, rattler!

*St. Lo.* I!—I've earned her honestly,
It's the first honest earning of my life—
I must not, now, be cheated of my wages!
*Her.* But all your vices?
*St. Lo.* Mended!—every one!
*Her.* You will not swear?
*St. Lo.* Only my love for you!
*Her.* Nor drink?
*St. Lo.* Except the brightness of your eyes!
*Her.* Nor keep bad company?
*St. Lo.* No—only yours!
*Her.* Nor play?—Take care!
*St. Lo.* No—only with the babies!
*Friar.* These are fair promises. What say'st thou, girl?
*Her.* Why, had the world no other man, I think
I'd take him, rather than go husbandless.
And, since there seems no other man for me,
Why——even let me have him!
*Friar.* Be content.
Thy father's coming shall not thwart thy will.
Be happy, all!
*Mar.* Happy!—Oh, may I dare
Apply the word?—Shall all this world of care,
These struggling hopes and fears that have possest
To-night poor Margaret's anxious, fluttering breast,
Conclude in joy?——Nay, then, encouraged so,
She's ready all again to undergo:
Braving each trial—and repeating, still,
Her Sacrifice—as often as you will! [*Curtain falls.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

ST. LO. HER. FRIAR. MAR. EUG. ELM.
R.] [L.

No. XIII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

# THE GAMESTER.

A Tragedy.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY EDWARD MOORE.

With the Stage Directions, Cast of Characters,

COSTUMES, &c.

AS PLAYED AT THE PARK THEATRE BY MR. & MRS. CHAS. KEAN,

TAKEN FROM THE ACTING COPY MARKED BY C. KEAN, ESQ.

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# EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

Honor to Edward Moore, that at a period when the writer for the stage, who would achieve success, was tempted to cater liberally for the tastes of the licentious and the irreverent, he nobly kept aloof from the beaten track, and made the drama wholly subservient to the interests of good morals and domestic purity! Indeed with so much rigor did he attack one of the darling vices of the age in his tragedy of the *Gamester*, that his audiences found its *home* truths too poignant to be agreeable; and the consequence was, that they murmured at the severity of the rebuke, and received the play but coldly at first. Its intrinsic merits were too great, however, to be overlooked; and the acting of Garrick, and afterwards that of John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, fully established it in the public favor.

According to Cumberland, this play did not lack the popular support on its first representation. "Whilst it was preparing for the stage," he says, "great expectations were raised by the reports which were in circulation of the very extraordinary degree in which the performers were affected by it during their rehearsals. It was heard with that stillness of attention, which Garrick used to remark as the highest tribute he could wish for or receive, till Lewson stepped forth upon the stage to the conviction of Stukely, when the torrent was so loud, and so lasting withal, that the performers stood fixed and motionless in their attitudes of surprise, long enough (as it should seem) for a nimble painter to have sketched the group."

The Gamester was originally represented in 1753 at Drury Lane.—Edward Moore, its author, was bred a linen-draper. His dramatic pieces were not numerous. The *Foundling*, a comedy, was produced in 1745; but its success was limited, as it was supposed to bear too near a resemblance to Sir Richard Steele's comedy of "The Conscious Lovers," although it is, perhaps, the better play of the two. *Gil Blas*, Moore's second comedy, was acted in 1751, and is taken from the story of Aurora in Le Sage's celebrated novel. A *Serenata*, entitled "Solomon," completes the list of Moore's dramatic productions But he was an essayist and a poet of no inconsiderable repute, and the author of the well-known collection of papers published under the title of *The World.*

Certain portions of the Gamester were originally composed in blank verse, of which many vestiges remain.

It is objected by Mrs. Inchbald to this play, that Beverley and his *wife* are a very weak-minded couple—the former because he forsakes a happy home for the gaming-table; and the latter because she gives up her jewels to pay her husband's debts of "honor." And yet, how many Beverleys are there in the world! And how many wives would have acted as his did!

For the honor of humanity, however, we hope that the character of *Stukely* is a purely imaginative one; and that there are few villains, who, like him, are impelled by motives of such unmixed turpitude and wickedness. The celebrated John Palmer* is said to have played this part with such inimitable skill, that he made it the great feature of the play. *Lewson* is not an ineffective character; and *Charlotte,* though something of a shrew, is a good foil for her gentle-spirited sister-in-law. Garrick, the Kembles, the Keans, Young and Macready have all been indebted to their fine acting in *Beverley* for a share of their laurels. It is a part, in which the highest histrionic genius may not disdain to exercise itself.

This play was selected by John Philip Kemble for his first appearance on the boards of Drury Lane in conjunction with Mrs. Siddons, his sister, who is said to have made the part of *Mrs. Beverley* deeply affecting. We find the following appropriate anecdote in Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons: "Mr. Young, the actor, related to me an instance of her power in the part of *Mrs. Beverley* over his own feelings. He was acting *Beverley* with her on the Edinburgh stage, and they had proceeded as far as the 3d scene in the 5th act, when *Beverley* has swallowed the poison, and when *Bates* comes in, and says to the dying sufferer, '*Jarvis* found you quarrelling with *Lewson* in the streets last night,' *Mrs. Beverley* says, 'No! I am sure he did not!' to which Jarvis replies, '*Or if I did?*'—meaning, it may be supposed, to add, 'the fault was not with my master':—but the moment he utters the words,

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For some account of Palmer's remarkable death, see our introduction to "The Stranger."

*'Or if I did?' Mrs. Beverley* exclaims, 'Tis false, old man!—*they had no quarrel—there was no cause for quarrel!'* In uttering this, Mrs. Siddons caught hold of *Jarvis*, and gave the exclamation with such piercing grief, that Mr. Young said his throat swelled, and his utterance was choked. He stood unable to speak the few words which, as *Beverley*, he ought to have immediately delivered; the pause lasted long enough to make the prompter several times repeat *Beverley's* speech, till Mrs. Siddons, coming up to her fellow-actor, put the tips of her fingers on his shoulders, and said, in a low voice, '*Mr. Young, recollect yourself.*' "

Who can read the *Gamester* and deny that the stage may be made the medium of conveying the most impressive and salutary lessons?—It was a pointed remark of Sir Walter Scott, that the dramatic art is in itself as capable of being directed either to right or wrong purposes as the art of printing. It is therefore as foolish to attempt to put down the theatre because immoral plays are performed and gross abuses exist, as it would be to undertake to destroy the liberty of the press because demoralizing books and newspapers are published. The abuses to which we allude are peculiar to the English and American theatre, of which they are no more necessarily a part than the inquisition is of true religion. The public have it in their power to withhold their support from the theatres, where these abuses are allowed, and to establish and support a theatre, from which they shall be excluded. For our own part we would rejoice to witness such an advance in popular sentiment as would compass both these objects. Since the theatre in some form, as experience proves, is imperishable, would it not be wiser to labor to correct the irregularities, with which it has been tainted, rather than to disgust the liberal and the intelligent by denouncing as intrinsically evil, an institution which the Saviour did not condemn, though it existed at Jerusalem at the time of his coming, and which has received the open and active support of such men as Cicero, Shakspeare, Luther, Milton, Tillotson, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Young, Burke, Washington, Coleridge, Scott, Milman, Croly, and a host of others, whose opinions are entitled to no less respect than those of the most zealous opponents of the theatre who can be named?

# CAST OF CHARACTERS,

As performed at the Park Theatre, 1845.

| | |
|---|---|
| Beverley | Mr. Chas. Kean. |
| Stukely | " Dyott. |
| Lewson | " Bland. |
| Dawson | " M'Douall. |
| Bates | " Gallot. |
| Jarvis | " Barry. |
| Mrs. Beverley | Mrs. Chas. Kean. |
| Charlotte | " Abbott. |
| Lucy | Miss Kate Horn. |

# COSTUMES.

BEVERLEY—Claret-coloured cloth court dress coat with cut steel buttons, and ruffles at wrists, white cravat edged with lace, white silk embroidered waistcoat, breeches same as coat, white silk stockings, pumps with steel buckles, dress sword, and cocked hat.

STUKELY.—Court dress same as Beverley, but of different colours.

LEWSON.—Do.

DAWSON.—Do. but plainer.

BATES.—Plain black dress suit.

JARVIS.—Grey or drab overcoat with side pockets, knee breeches, stockings, old man's shoes with buckles, white cravat, white hair, three-cornered hat, and stick.

MRS. BEVERLEY.—Ruby-coloured velvet demi-train with point lace trimmings, low to neck and short sleeves.

CHARLOTTE.—White muslin dress of same pattern.

LUCY.—Slate-coloured gown, white handkerchief, apron, and cap.

## EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

## RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

*N.B. Passages marked with* Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

# THE GAMESTER.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*Beverley's Lodgings.*

MRS. BEVERLEY *and* CHARLOTTE *discovered, sitting at table* L.

*Mrs. Bev.* (C.) BE comforted, my dear, all may be well yet. And now, methinks, the lodging begins to look with another face. Oh, sister, sister, if these were all my hardships: if all I had to complain of, were no more than quitting my house, servants, equipage, and show, your pity would be weakness.

*Char.* (R.C.) Is poverty nothing, then?

*Mrs. Bev.* Nothing in the world, if it affected only me. While we had a fortune, I was the happiest of the rich: and now 'tis gone, give me but a bare subsistence and my husband's smiles, and I'll be the happiest of the poor. To me, now, these lodgings want nothing but their master!—Why do you look so at me?

*Char.* That I may hate my brother.

*Mrs. Bev.* Don't talk so, Charlotte.

*Char.* Has he not undone you?—Oh, this pernicious vice of gaming! But methinks his usual hours of four or five in the morning might have contented him; 'twas misery enough to wake for him till then. Need he have staid out all night?—I shall learn to detest him.

*Mrs. Bev.* Not for the first fault. He never slept from me before.

*Char.* Slept from you! No, no, his nights have nothing to do with sleep. How has this one vice driven him from every virtue! Nay, from his affections too! The time was, sister——

*Mrs. Bev.* And is. I have no fear of his affections. 'Would I knew that he were safe!

*Char.* From ruin and his companions. But that's impossible. His poor little boy, too! What must become of him?

*Mrs. Bev.* Why, want shall teach him industry.—From his father's mistakes he shall learn prudence, and from his mother's resignation, patience. Poverty has no such terrors in it as you imagine. There's no condition of life, sickness and pain excepted, where happiness is excluded. The husbandman, who rises early to his labour, enjoys more welcome rest at night for't. His bread is sweeter to him; his home happier; his family dearer; his enjoyments surer. The sun that rouses him in the morning, sets in the evening to release him. All situations have their comforts, if sweet contentment dwell in the heart. But my poor Beverley has none. The thought of having ruined those he loves, is misery for ever to him. 'Would I could ease his mind of that! [*Goes* R.

*Char.* (C.) If he alone were ruined, 'twere just he should be punished. He is my brother, 'tis true; but when I think of what he has done, of the fortune you brought him, of his own large estate too, squandered away upon this vilest of passions, and among the vilest of wretches! Oh, I have no patience! [*Mrs. B. returns.*] My own little fortune is untouched, he says. 'Would I were sure on't!

*Mrs. Bev.* (R.C.) And so you may—'twould be a sin to doubt it.

*Char.* I will be sure on't—'twas madness in me to give it to his management. But I'll demand it from him this morning. I have a melancholy occasion for it.

*Mrs. Bev.* What occasion?

*Char.* (R.C.) To support a sister. [*Takes her hand.*

*Mrs. Bev.* No; I have no need on't. Take it and reward a lover with it. The generous Lewson deserves much more. Why won't you make him happy?

*Char.* Because my sister's miserable.

*Mrs. Bev.* You must not think so. I have my jewels left yet. And when all's gone, these hands shall toil for our support. [*Part.*] The poor should be industrious. Why those tears, Charlotte?

*Char.* They flow in pity for you.

*Mrs. Bev.* All may be well, yet. When he has nothing to lose, I shall fetter him in these arms again; and then what is it to be poor?

*Char.* Cure him but of this destructive passion, and my uncle's death may retrieve all yet.

*Mrs. Bev.* Ay, Charlotte, could we cure him! But the disease of play admits no cure but poverty; and the loss of another fortune would but increase his shame and his affliction. Will Mr. Lewson call this morning?

*Char.* He said so last night. He gave me hints, too, that he had suspicions of our friend Stukely.

*Mrs. Bev.* Not of treachery to my husband? That he loves play, I know, but surely he's honest.

*Char.* He would fain be thought so; therefore I doubt him. Honesty needs no pains to set itself off.

*Enter* LUCY, L.

*Lucy.* (L.) Your old steward, madam. I had not the heart to deny him admittance, the good old man begged so hard for't. [*Exit,* L.

*Enter* JARVIS, L.

*Mrs. Bev.* (C.) Is this well, Jarvis? I desired you to avoid me.

*Jar.* (L.) Did you, madam? I am an old man, and had forgot. Perhaps, too, you forbade my tears; but I am old, madam, and age will be forgetful.

*Mrs. Bev.* The faithful creature! how he moves me! [*To Charlotte.*

*Jar.* I have forgot those apartments, too. I remember none such in my young master's house; and yet I have lived in't these five and twenty years. His good father would not have dismissed me.

*Mrs. Bev.* (L.C.) He had no reason, Jarvis.

*Jar.* I was faithful to him while he lived, and when he died, he bequeathed me to his son. I have been faithful to him too.

*Mrs. Bev.* I know it, Jarvis, I know it.

*Jar.* I am an old man, madam, and have not a long time to live. I asked but to have died with him, and he dismissed me.

*Mrs. Bev.* [*Laying her hand on his* R. *arm.*] Pr'ythee no more of this! [*Weeping.*] 'Twas his poverty that dismissed you.

*Jar.* Is he indeed so poor then? Oh! he was the joy of my old heart. But must his creditors have all? And have they sold his house too? His father built it when he was but a prating boy. The times that I have carried him in these arms! And, Jarvis, says he, when a beggar has asked charity of me, why should people be poor? You sha'nt be poor, Jarvis; if I were a king, nobody should be poor. Yet he is poor. And then he was so brave! Oh, he was a brave little boy. And yet so merciful, he'd not have hurt the gnat that stung him.

*Mrs. Bev.* (c.) Speak to him, Charlotte, for I cannot.

*Jar.* (L.C.) I have a little money, madam; it might have been more, but I have loved the poor. All that I have is yours.

*Mrs. Bev.* No, Jarvis; we have enough yet. I thank you, though, and will deserve your goodness.

*Jar.* But shall I see my master? And will he let me attend him in his distresses? I'll be no expense to him; and 'twill kill me to be refused.——Where is he, madam?

*Mrs. Bev.* Not at home, Jarvis. You shall see him another time. [*Goes up the Stage, and sits.*

*Char.* (L.C.) To-morrow or the next day.—Oh, Jarvis! what a change is here! [*Apart to Jarvis.*

*Jar.* A change indeed, madam! my old heart aches at it. And yet, methinks——But here's somebody coming. [*Retires up* L. *side of Stage.*

*Enter* Lucy, *with* Stukely, L.

*Lucy.* Mr. Stukely, madam. [*Exit,* L.

*Stuke.* (L.) Good morning to you, ladies. Mr. Jarvis, your servant. Where's my friend, madam?
[*To Mrs. Bev., who rises and advances,* R.

*Mrs. Bev.* I should have asked that question of you. Have you seen him to-day?

*Stuke.* (L.C.) No, madam.

*Char.* (C.) Nor last night?

*Stuke.* Last night! Did he not come home, then?

*Mrs. Bev.* (R.C.) No.—Were you not together?

*Stuke.* At the beginning of the evening, but not since. Where can he have staid?

*Char.* You call yourself his friend, sir, why do you encourage him in this madness of gaming?

*Stuke.* You have asked me that question before, madam; and I told you my concern was, that I could not save him; Mr. Beverley is a man, madam; and if the most friendly entreaties have no effect upon him, I have no other means. My purse has been his, even to the injury of my fortune. If that has been encouragement, I deserve censure; but I meant it to retrieve him.

*Mrs. Bev.* I don't doubt it, sir, and I thank you. But where did you leave him last night?

*Stuke.* At Wilson's, madam, if I ought to tell, in company I did not like. Possibly he may be there still. Mr. Jarvis knows the house, I believe.

*Jar.* [*Coming forward.*] Shall I go, madam?

*Mrs. Bev.* No, he may take it ill.

*Char.* (R.C.) He may go as from himself.

*Stuke.* And, if he pleases, madam, without naming me. I am faulty myself, and should conceal the errors of a friend. But I can refuse nothing here. [*Bows to Ladies.*

*Jar.* (L.) I would fain see him, methinks.

*Mrs. Bev.* (L.) Do so, then; but take care how you upbraid him. I have never upbraided him.

*Jar.* Would I could bring him comfort! [*Exit,* L.

*Stuke.* (C.) Don't be too much alarmed, madam. All men have their errors, and their times of seeing them. Perhaps my friend's time is not come yet. But he has an uncle; and old men don't live forever. You should look forward, madam; we are taught how to value a second fortune by the loss of a first. [*Knocking,* L.

*Mrs. Bev.* (L.C.) Hark! No—that knocking was too rude for Mr. Beverley. Pray Heaven he be well!

*Stuke.* Never doubt it, madam. You shall be well, too. Everything shall be well. [*Knocking again.*

*Mrs. Bev.* The knocking is a little loud, though.—Who waits there? Will none of you answer? None of you, did I say? Alas, what was I thinking of! I had forgot myself. [*Retires back weeping—sits.*

*Char.* (R.C.) I'll go, sister—But don't be alarmed so. [*Exit,* L.

*Stuke.* [*Goes back to Mrs. Bev.*] What extraordinary accident have you to fear, madam?

*Mrs. Bev.* [*Rising and advancing,* R.C.] I beg your pardon; but 'tis thus ever with me in Mr. Beverley's absence.

No one knocks at the door, but I fancy it is a messenger of ill news.

*Stuke.* (R.C.) You are too fearful, madam; 'twas but one night of absence; and if ill thoughts intrude (as love is always doubtful), think of your worth and beauty, and drive them from your breast.

*Mrs. Bev.* What thoughts? I have no thoughts that wrong my husband.

*Stuke.* Such thoughts indeed would wrong him. The world is full of slander; and every wretch that knows himself unjust, charges his neighbor with like passions, and by the general frailty hides his own—If you are wise, and would be happy, turn a deaf ear to such reports. 'Tis ruin to believe them.

*Mrs. Bev.* Ay, worse than ruin. 'Twould be to sin against conviction. Why was it mentioned?

*Stuke.* To guard you against rumour. The sport of half mankind is mischief; and for a single error they make men devils. If their tales reach you, disbelieve them.

*Mrs. Bev.* What tales? What told? By whom? I have heard nothing—or, if I had, with all his errors, my Beverley's firm faith admits no doubt—It is my safety, my seat of rest and joy, while the storm threatens round me. I'll not forsake it. [*Stukely sighs and looks down.*] Why turn you, sir, away? and why that sigh?

*Stuke.* (C.) I was attentive, madam: and sighs will come, we know not why. Perhaps I have been too busy—If it should seem so, impute my zeal to friendship, that meant to guard you against evil tongues. Your Beverley is wronged, slandered most vilely—My life upon his truth!

*Mrs. Bev.* And mine too. Who is't that doubts it? But no matter—I am prepared, sir——Yet why this caution?—You are my husband's friend; I think you mine, too; the common friend of both. [*Pauses.*] I had been unconcerned else.

*Stuke.* For Heaven's sake, madam, be so still! I meant to guard you against suspicion, not to alarm it.

*Mrs. Bev.* Nor have you, sir. Who told you of suspicion? I have a heart it cannot reach.

*Stuke.* Then I am happy—I would say more—but am prevented. [*Looking*, L.

*Enter* CHARLOTTE, L.

*Char.* (L.) What a heart has that Jarvis! A creditor, sister. But the good old man has taken him away—"Don't distress his wife—Don't distress his sister," I could hear him say. (L. C.) "'Tis cruel to distress the afflicted"——And when he saw me at the door, he begged pardon that his friend had knocked so loud.

*Stuke.* (L. C.) I wish I had known of this. Was it a large demand, madam?

*Char.* (C.) I heard not that; but visits such as these we must expect often—Why so distressed, sister? This is no new affliction.

*Mrs. Bev.* No, Charlotte; but I am faint with watching—quite sunk and spiritless—Will you excuse me, sir? I'll to my chamber, (R.) and try to rest a little. [*Exit*, R.

*Stuke.* Good thoughts go with you, madam. My bait is taken, then. [*Aside.*]—Poor Mrs. Beverley! How my heart grieves to see her thus!

*Char.* Cure her, and be a friend, then.

*Stuke.* How cure her, madam?

*Char.* Reclaim my brother.

*Stuke.* Ay, give him a new creation, or breathe another soul into him. I'll think on't, madam. Advice, I see, is thankless.

*Char.* (R. C.) Useless, I am sure it is, if, through mistaken friendship, or other motives, you feed his passion with your purse, and soothe it by example. Physicians, to cure fevers, keep from the patient's thirsty lip the cup that would inflame him. You give it to his hands. [*A knocking*, L.] Hark, sir!—These are my brother's desperate symptoms——Another creditor!

*Stuke.* One not so easily got rid of—What, Lewson!

*Enter* LEWSON, L.

*Lew.* (L.) Madam, your servant—Yours, sir. I was inquiring for you at your lodgings.

*Stuke.* This morning! You had business, then?

*Lew.* You'll call it by another name, perhaps. Where's Mr. Beverley, madam? (C.)

*Char.* We have sent to inquire for him.

*Lew.* Is he abroad, then? He did not use to go out so early.

*Char.* No, nor stay out so late.

*Lew.* Is that the case? I am sorry for it. But Mr. Stukely, perhaps, may direct you to him.

*Stuke.* I have already, sir. But what was your business with me?

*Lew.* To congratulate you upon your late successes at play. Poor Beverley!—But you are his friend: and there's a comfort in having successful friends.

*Stuke.* And what am I to understand by this?

*Lew.* That Beverley's a poor man, with a rich friend; that's all.

*Stuke.* Your words would mean something, I suppose. Another time, sir, I shall desire an explanation.

*Lew.* And why not now? I am no dealer in long sentences. A minute or two will do for me.

*Stuke.* But not for me, sir. I am slow of apprehension, and must have time and privacy. A lady's presence engages my attention. (L.) Another morning, I may be found at home.

*Lew.* Another morning, then, I'll wait upon you.

*Stuke.* I shall expect you, sir. Madam, your servant. [*Exit*, L.

*Char.* What mean you by this?

*Lew.* To hint to him that I know him.

*Char.* How know him? Mere doubt and supposition!

*Lew.* I shall have proof, soon.

*Char.* And what then? Would you risk your life to be his punisher?

*Lew.* My life, madam! Don't be afraid. But let it content you that I know this Stukely——'Twould be as easy to make him honest, as brave.

*Char.* (C.) And what do you intend to do?

*Lew.* (C.) Nothing, till I have proof.—But, methinks, madam, I am acting here without authority. Could I have leave to call Mr. Beverley brother, his concerns would be my own. Why will you make my services appear officious? [*Takes her hand.*

*Char.* You know my reasons, and should not press me. But I am cold, you say; and cold I will be, while a poor sister's destitute.—Misfortunes press too hard upon her; yet, till to-day, she has borne them nobly. Till I see her condition ameliorated, love has no joys for me.

*Lew.* Where is she?

*Char.* Gone to her chamber. Her spirits failed her.

*Lew.* I hear her coming. [*Part.*] Let what has passed with Stukely be a secret—She has already too much to trouble her.

*Enter* MRS. BEVERLEY, R.

*Mrs. Bev.* (R.) Good morning, sir; I heard your voice, and, as I thought, inquiring for me. Where's Mr. Stukely, Charlotte?

*Char.* This moment gone. You have been in tears, sister; but here's a friend shall comfort you.

*Lew.* Or, if I add to your distresses, I'll beg your pardon, madam. The sale of your house and furniture was finished yesterday.

*Mrs. Bev.* (R. C.) I know it, sir; I know, too, your generous reasons for putting me in mind of it. But you have obliged me too much already.

*Lew.* There are trifles, madam, which I know you have set a value on; those I have purchased, and will deliver. I have a friend, too, that esteems you—He has bought largely, and will call nothing his, till he has seen you. If a visit to him would not be painful, he has begged it may be this morning.

*Mrs. Bev.* Not painful in the least. My pain is from the kindness of my friends. Why am I to be obliged beyond the power of return?

*Lew.* You shall repay us at your own time. I have a coach waiting at the door—Shall we have your company, madam? [*To Charlotte.*

*Char.* (R. C.) No; my brother may return soon; I'll stay and receive him.

*Mrs. Bev.* [*To Charlotte.*] He may want a comforter, perhaps. But don't upbraid him, Charlotte. We sha'n't be absent long. Come, sir, since I must be so obliged.

*Lew.* 'Tis I that am obliged. An hour, or less, will be sufficient for us. We shall find you at home, madam?

[*Exeunt Lew. and Mrs. Bev.* L., *Char.* R.

SCENE II.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

*Enter* STUKELY, R.

*Stuke.* [*Crossing.*] That Lewson suspects me, 'tis too plain. Yet why should he suspect me? (L. C.) I appear the friend of Beverley as much as he. But I am rich, it seems; and so I am, thanks to another's folly and my own wisdom! To what use is wisdom, but to take advantage of the weak? (C.) This Beverley's my fool; I cheat him, and he calls me friend. But more business must be done yet——His wife's jewels are unsold; so is the reversion of his uncle's estate: I must have these, too. And then there's a treasure above all—I love his wife——Before she knew this Beverley, I loved her; but, like a cringing fool, bowed at a distance, while he stepped in and won her——Never, never will I forgive him for it. My pride, as well as love, is wounded by this conquest. Those hints this morning were well thrown in—Already they have fastened on her. If jealousy should weaken her affections, want may corrupt her virtue; my heart rejoices in the hope!—These jewels may do much——He shall demand them of her; which, when mine, shall be converted to special purposes—What now, Bates?

*Enter* Bates, L.

*Bates.* (L. C.) Is it a wonder, then, to see me? The forces are all in readiness, and only wait for orders. Where's Beverley?

*Stuke.* (R. C.) At last night's rendezvous, waiting for me. Is Dawson with you?

*Bates.* Dressed like a nobleman; with money in his pocket, and a set of dice that shall deceive the devil.

*Stuke.* That fellow has a head to undo a nation; but for the rest, they are such low-mannered, ill-looking dogs, I wonder Beverley has not suspected them.

*Bates.* No matter for manners and looks. Do you supply them with money, and they are gentlemen by profession——The passion of gaming casts such a mist before the eyes, that the nobleman shall be surrounded with sharpers, and imagine himself in the best company.

*Stuke.* There's that Williams, too. It was he, I suppose, that called at Beverley's with the note this morning. What directions did you give him?

*Bates.* To knock loud, and be clamorous. Did not you see him?

*Stuke.* (C.) No, the fool sneaked off with Jarvis. Had he appeared within doors, as directed, the note had been discharged. I waited there on purpose. I want the women to think well of me; for Lewson's grown suspicious; he told me so himself.

*Bates.* What answer did you make him?

*Stuke.* A short one——That I would see him soon for further explanation.

*Bates.* We must take care of him. But what have we to do with Beverley? Dawson and the rest are wondering at you.

*Stuke.* Why, let them wonder. I have designs above their narrow reach. They see me lend him money, and teey stare at me. But they are fools. I want him to believe me beggared by him.

*Bates.* And what then?

*Stuke.* Ay, there's the question; but no matter; at night you may know more. He waits for me at Wilson's—I told the women where to find him.

*Bates.* To what purpose?

*Stuke.* To save suspicion. It looked friendly, and they thanked me.—Old Jarvis was despatched to him.

*Bates.* And may entreat him home——

*Stuke.* No; he expects money from me; but I'll have none. His wife's jewels must go—Women are easy creatures, and refuse nothing where they love. Follow to Wilson's, (L.) but be sure he sees you not. You're a man of character, you know; of prudence and discretion. Wait for me in an outer room; I shall have business for you presently,—Come, sir.

Let drudging fools by honesty grow great;
The shorter road to riches is deceit. [*Exeunt,* L.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Gaming House, with table, box, dice and cards about, candles burnt out, &c.*

BEVERLEY *discovered, sitting at table,* R. U. E.

*Bev.* Why, what a world is this! The slave that digs for gold, receives his daily pittance, and sleeps contented; while those for whom he labors, convert their good to mischief, making abundance the means of want. [*Rises, and comes forward.*] O shame! shame! Had fortune given me but little, that little had still been my own. But plenty leads to waste; and shallow streams maintain their currents, while swelling rivers beat down their banks, and leave their channels empty. What had I to do with play? I wanted nothing—My wishes and my means were equal. The poor followed me with blessings, love scattered roses on my pillow, and morning waked me to delight—Oh, bitter thought, that leads to what I was, by what I am! I would forget both—Who's there?

*Enter* WAITER, L.

*Wait.* (L.) A gentleman, sir, inquires for you.

*Bev.* He might have used less ceremony. Stukely, I suppose?

*Wait.* No, sir, a stranger.

*Bev.* Well, show him in. [*Exit Waiter*, L.] A messenger from Stukely, then; from him that has undone me! yet all in friendship—and now he lends me his little to bring back fortune to me.

*Enter* JARVIS, L.

Jarvis!—Why this intrusion?—Your absence had been kinder.

*Jar.* (L. C.) I came in duty, sir. If it be troublesome—

*Bev.* It is—I would be private—hid even from myself. Who sent you hither?

*Jar.* One that would persuade you home again. My mistress is not well—her tears told me so.

*Bev.* Go with thy duty there, then—I have no business for thee.

*Jar.* Yes, sir; to lead you from this place. I am your servant still. Your prosperous fortune blessed my old age: if that has left you, I must not leave you.

*Bev.* Not leave me! Recall past time, then; or, through this sea of storms and darkness, show me a star to guide me.—But what can'st thou?

*Jar.* The little that I can, I will. You have been generous to me.—I would not offend you, sir—but—

*Bev.* No. Think'st thou I'd ruin thee, too? I have enough of shame already—My wife! my wife! Wouldst thou believe it, Jarvis? I have not seen her all this long night—I, who have loved her so, that every hour of absence seemed as a gap in life! But other bonds have held me—Oh, I have played the boy! dropping my counters in the stream, and reaching to redeem them, lost myself!

[*Crosses*, R.

*Jar.* For pity's sake, sir!—I have no heart to see this change.

*Bev.* Nor I to bear it—How speaks the world of me, Jarvis?

*Jar.* As of a good man dead—Of one, who, walking in a dream, fell down a precipice. The world is sorry for you.

*Bev.* Ay, and pities me—Says it not so? But I was born to infamy. I'll tell thee what it says; it calls me a villain, a treacherous husband, a cruel father, a false brother, one lost to nature and her charities; or, to say all in one short word, it calls me—gamester. Go to thy mistress—I'll see her presently.

[*Goes back and sits on chair from which he had arisen.*

*Jar.* And why not now? [*Following him.*] Rude people press upon her; loud, bawling creditors; wretches who know no pity—I met one at the door—he would have seen my mistress: I wanted means of present payment, so promised it to-morrow: but others may be pressing, and she has grief enough already. Your absence hangs too heavy on her.

*Bev.* Tell her I'll come, then. But what hast thou to do with my distresses? Thy honesty has left thee poor. Keep what thou hast; lest, between thee and the grave, misery steal in. I have a friend shall counsel me—This is that friend.

*Enter* STUKELY, L.

*Stuke.* (C.) How fares it, Beverley? [*Bev. rises and advances* R. C.—*Jarvis goes to* L. *of Stuke.*] Honest Mr. Jarvis, well met. That viper, Williams! Was it not he that troubled you this morning?

*Jar.* My mistress heard him, then? I am sorry that she heard him.

*Bev.* And Jarvis promised payment.

*Stuke.* That must not be. Tell him I'll satisfy him.

*Jar.* Will you, sir ? Heaven will reward you for it.

*Bev.* Generous Stukely ! Friendship like yours, had it ability like will, would more than balance the wrongs of fortune.

*Stuke.* You think too kindly of me. Make haste to Williams ; his clamours may be rude, else. [*To Jarvis.*

*Jar.* (L.) And my master will go home again. Alas ! sir, we know of hearts there, breaking for his absence. [*Exit*, L.

*Bev.* (R.) 'Would I were dead !

*Stuke.* (C.) Pr'ythee be a man, and leave dying to disease and old age. Fortune may be ours again ; at least we'll try for't.

*Bev.* (R. C.) No ; it has fooled us on too far.

*Stuke.* Ay, ruined us ; and therefore we'll sit down contented. These are the despondings of men without money ; but let the shining ore chink in the pocket, and folly turns to wisdom. We are Fortune's children. True, she's a fickle mother ; but shall we droop because she's peevish ? No ; she has smiles in store, and these, her frowns, are meant to brighten them.

*Bev.* Is this a time for levity ? But you are single in the ruin, and, therefore, may talk lightly of it : with me, 'tis complicated misery.

*Stuke.* You censure me unjustly ; I but assumed these spirits to cheer my friend. Heaven knows he wants a comforter.

*Bev.* What new misfortune ?

*Stuke.* I would have brought you money, but lenders want securities. What's to be done ? All that was mine, is yours already.

*Bev.* And there's the double weight that sinks me ; I have undone my friend, too ; one who, to save a drowning wretch, reached out his hand, and perished with him.

*Stuke.* Have better thoughts.

*Bev.* Whence are they to proceed ? I have nothing left.

*Stuke.* [*Sighing.*] Then we're indeed undone—What ! nothing ? No moveables, nor useless trinkets ! Baubles locked up in caskets to starve their owners ? I have ventured deeply for you.

*Bev.* Therefore this heart-ache; for I am lost beyond all hope.

*Stuke.* No; means may be found to save us. Jarvis is rich—who made him so? This is no time for ceremony.

*Bev.* And is it for dishonesty? The good old man! Shall I rob him too? My friend would grieve for't. No; let the little that he has, buy food and clothing for him.

*Stuke.* Good morning, then. [*Going*, L.

*Bev.* So hasty! why, then, good morning.

*Stuke.* (L.) And when we meet again, upbraid me. Say it was I that tempted you. Tell Lewson so, and tell him I have wronged you. He has suspicions of me, and will thank you.

*Bev.* No; we have been companions in a rash voyage, and the same storm has wrecked us both: Mine shall be self-upbraidings.

*Stuke.* And will they feed us? You deal unkindly by me. I have sold and borrowed for you, while land or credit lasted: and now, when fortune should be tried, and my heart whispers me success, I am deserted—turned loose to beggary, while you have hoards.

*Bev.* What hoards? Name them, and take them!

*Stuke.* (R.) Jewels.

*Bev.* And shall this thriftless hand seize them, too? My poor, poor wife! Must she lose all? I would not wound her so.

*Stuke.* Nor I, but from necessity. One effort more, and fortune may grow kind. I have unusual hopes.

*Bev.* Think of some other means, then.

*Stuke.* I have, and you rejected them.

*Bev.* Pr'ythee, let me be a man.

*Stuke.* Ay, and your friend a poor one. But I have done! And for these trinkets of a woman, why, let her keep them to deck out pride with, and show a laughing world that she has finery to starve in.

*Bev.* (L. C.) No; she shall yield up all. My friend demands it. But need we have talked lightly of her? The jewels that she values, are truth and innocence. Those will adorn her ever; and, for the rest, she wore them for a husband's pride, and to his wants will give them. Alas! you know her not. [*Goes up and fetches his sword and hat, which have been lying on a chair.*] Where shall we meet?

*Stuke.* No matter; I have changed my mind. Leave me to a prison; 'tis the reward of friendship.

*Bev.* Perish mankind, first! Leave you to a prison! No! fallen as you see me, I am not that wretch! Nor would I change this heart, o'ercharged as 'tis with folly and misfortune, for one most prudent and most happy, if callous to a friend's distresses. [*Crosses,* L.

*Stuke.* You are too warm.

*Bev.* In such a cause, not to be warm, is to be frozen. Farewell—I'll meet you at your lodgings.

*Stuke.* Reflect a little. The jewels may be lost—better not hazard them—I was too pressing.

*Bev.* And I ungrateful. Reflection takes up time—I have no leisure for't—within an hour expect me. [*Exit,* L.

*Stuke.* (C.) The thoughtless, shallow prodigal! We shall have sport at night, then—but hold—the jewels are not ours yet—the lady may refuse them—the husband may relent, too—'tis more than probable—I'll write a note to Beverley, and the contents shall spur him to demand them. But am I grown this rogue through avarice? No; I have warmer motives, love and revenge. Ruin the husband, and the wife's virtue may be bid for.

*Enter* BATES, R.

Look to your men, Bates; there's money stirring. We meet to-night upon this spot. (R.) Hasten and tell them. Beverley calls upon me at my lodgings, and we return together. Hasten, I say, the rogues will scatter, else.

*Bates.* Not till their leader bids them.

*Stuke.* Come on, then—give them the word, and follow me; [*Crosses,* R.] I must advise with you. This is a day of business. [*Exeunt,* R.

SCENE II.—*Beverley's Lodgings.*

*Enter* BEVERLEY *and* CHARLOTTE, R.

*Char.* (R. C.) Your looks are changed, too; there's wildness in them. My wretched sister! How will it grieve her to see you thus!

*Bev.* (L. C.) No, no; a little rest will ease me. And for your Lewson's kindness to her, it has my thanks; I have no more to give him.

*Char.* Yes; a sister and her fortune. I trifle with him, and he complains. My looks, he says, are cold upon him. He thinks, too——

*Bev.* (C.) That I have lost your fortune. He dares not think so.

*Char.* Nor does he; you are too quick at guessing. He cares not if you had. That care is mine; I lent it you to husband, and now I claim it.

*Bev.* You have suspicions, then?

*Char.* Cure them, and give it me.

*Bev.* To stop a sister's chidings?

*Char.* To vindicate her brother.

*Bev.* How if he needs no vindication?

*Char.* I would fain hope so.

*Bev.* Ay, would and cannot—Leave it to time, then; 'twill satisfy all doubts.

*Char.* Mine are already satisfied.

*Bev.* 'Tis well. And when the subject is renewed, speak to me like a sister, and I will answer like a brother. [*Crosses*, R.

*Char.* To tell me I'm a beggar. Why, tell it now. I, that can bear the ruin of those dearer to me—the ruin of a sister and her infant, can bear that too.

*Bev.* No more of this—you wring my heart.

*Char.* Unthinking rioter! whose home was heaven to him! an angel dwelt there, and a little cherub, that crowned his days with blessings. How he has lost this heaven, to league with devils!

*Bev.* Forbear, I say; reproaches come too late; they search, but cure not. And, for the fortune you demand, we'll talk to-morrow on't—our tempers may be milder.

*Char.* (L. C.) Or, if 'tis gone, why, farewell all. But I'll upbraid no more. What heaven permits, perhaps it may ordain. Yet, that the husband, father, brother, should be its instruments of vengeance! 'Tis grievous to know that!

*Bev.* (R. C.) If you're my sister, spare the remembrance—it wounds too deeply. To-morrow shall clear all; and when the worst is known, it may be better than your fears. Comfort my wife—and for the pains of absence, I'll make atonement. [*Double knock at street door*, L.

*Char.* She comes! Look cheerfully upon her.—Affections such as hers are prying, and lend those eyes that read the soul.

*Enter* Mrs. Beverley *and* Lewson, l.—*Lewson crosses to Charlotte.*

*Mrs. Bev.* (l.c.) My life! [*Crosses to Bev.—they embrace.*

*Bev.* My love! how fares it? I have been a truant husband.

*Mrs. Bev.* But we meet now, and that heals all.—Doubts and alarms I have had; but in this dear embrace I bury and forget them. My friend here, [*Pointing to Lewson,*] has been indeed a friend. Charlotte, 'tis you must thank him: your brother's thanks and mine are of too little value.

*Bev.* (r.) Yet what we have we'll pay. I thank you, sir, and am obliged. I would say more, but that your goodness to the wife upbraids the husband's follies. Had I been wise, she had not trespassed on your bounty.

*Lew.* (l.) Nor has she trespassed. The little I have done, acceptance overpays.

*Char.* (l. c.) So friendship thinks——

*Mrs. Bev.* (r. c.) And doubles obligations by striving to conceal them—We'll talk another time on't—You are too thoughtful, love.

*Bev.* No, I have reason for these thoughts.

*Char.* And hatred for the cause—'Would you had that, too!

*Bev.* I have——The cause was avarice.

*Char.* And who the tempter?

*Bev.* A ruined friend—ruined by too much kindness.

*Lew.* Ay, worse than ruined; stabbed in his fame, mortally stabbed—riches can't cure him.

*Bev.* Or, if they could, those I have drained him of. Something of this he hinted in the morning—that Lewson had suspicions of him—Why these suspicions? [*Angrily.*

*Lew.* At school we knew this Stukely. A cunning, plodding boy he was, sordid and cruel, slow at his task, but quick at shifts and tricking. He schemed out mischief, that others might be punished: and would tell his tale with so much art, that for the lash he merited, rewards and praise were given him. Show me a boy with such a mind, and time, that ripens manhood in him, shall ripen vice, too

—I'll prove him, and lay him open to you—Till then, be warned—I know him, and therefore shun him.

*Bev.* As I would those that wrong him. You are too busy, sir.

*Mrs. Bev.* No, not too busy—Mistaken, perhaps—That had been milder.

*Lew.* No matter, madam. I can bear this, and praise the heart that prompts it. Pity such friendship should be so placed!

*Bev.* Again, sir! But I'll bear, too. You wrong him, Lewson, and will be sorry for't.

*Char.* Ay, when 'tis proved he wrongs him. The world is full of hypocrites.

*Bev.* And Stukely one—so you would infer, I think. I'll hear no more of this—my heart aches for him—I have undone him.

*Lew.* The world says otherwise.

*Bev.* The world is false, then. I have business with you, love. [*To Mrs. Bev.*] We'll leave them to their rancour. [*Goes up the Stage with Mrs. Bev.*

*Char.* (R.) No; we shall find room within for't. Come this way, sir. [*To Lewson.*

*Lew.* (R.) Another time my friend will thank me; that time is hastening, too. [*Exeunt Lewson and Charlotte,* R.

*Bev.* (C.) They hurt me beyond bearing. Is Stukely false? Then honesty has left us! 'Twere sinning against heaven to think so.

*Mrs. Bev.* (C.) I never doubted him.

*Bev.* No; you are charity. Meekness and everduring patience live in that heart, and love that knows no change. Why did I ruin you?

*Mrs. Bev.* You have not ruined me. I have no wants when you are present, nor wishes in your absence, but to be blest with your return. Be but resigned to what has happened, and I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

*Bev.* My generous girl!—But memory will be busy; still crowding on my thoughts, to sour the present by the past. I have another pang, too.

*Mrs. Bev.* Tell me, and let me cure it.

*Bev.* That friend—that generous friend, whose fame they have traduced—I have undone him, too. While he had means, he lent me largely: and now a prison must be his portion.

*Mrs. Bev.* No; I hope otherwise.

*Bev.* To hope must be to act. The charitable wish feeds not the hungry. Something must be done.

*Mrs. Bev.* What?

*Bev.* In bitterness of heart he told me, just now he told me, I had undone him. Could I hear that, and think of happiness? No; I have disclaimed it while he is miserable.

*Mrs. Bev.* The world may mend with us, and then we may be grateful. There's comfort in that hope.

*Bev.* Ay; 'tis the sick man's cordial, his promised cure; while, in preparing it, the patient dies. What now?

*Enter* Lucy, l.

*Lucy.* (l.) A letter, sir. [*Delivers it, and exit.*

*Bev.* (r. c.) The hand is Stukely's.

*Mrs. Bev.* (l. c.) And brings good news—at least I'll hope so——What says he, love?

*Bev.* Why this—too much for patience. Yet he directs me to conceal it from you. [Reads.] "Let your haste to see me, be the only proof of your esteem for me. I have determined, since we parted, to bid adieu to England; choosing rather to forsake my country, than owe my freedom in it, to the means we talked of. Keep this a secret at home, and hasten to the ruined "R. Stukely." Ruined by friendship! I must relieve, or follow him. [*Going*, r., *in a state of distraction.*

*Mrs. Bev.* Follow him, did you say? Then I am lost, indeed!

*Bev.* (c.) Oh, this infernal vice! how it has sunk me. A vice, whose highest joy was poor to my domestic happiness. Yet how have I pursued it! turned all my comforts to bitterest pangs, and all my smiles to tears. Damned, damned infatuation! [*Crosses*, l.

*Mrs. Bev.* (r. c.) Be cool, my life! What are the means the letter talks of? Have you—have I those means? Tell me, and ease me. I have no life while you are wretched.

*Bev.* No, no; it must not be. 'Tis I alone have sinned; 'tis I alone must suffer. You shall reserve those means to keep my child and his wronged mother from want and wretchedness. [*Crosses*, r.

*Mrs. Bev.* What means ?

*Bev.* I came to rob you of them—but cannot—dare not. Those jewels are your sole support: I should be more than monster to request them.

*Mrs. Bev.* My jewels! Trifles, not worth speaking of, if weighed against a husband's peace; but let them purchase that, and the world's wealth is of less value.

[*They embrace.*

*Bev.* How little do I seem before such virtues.

*Mrs. Bev.* No more, my love. I kept them till occasion called to use them; now is the occasion, and I'll resign them cheerfully.

*Bev.* Why, we'll be rich in love, then. But this excess of kindness melts me. Yet, for a friend, one would do much. He has denied me nothing.

*Mrs. Bev.* Come to my closet—But let him manage wisely. We have no more to give him.

*Bev.* Where learnt my love this excellence? 'Tis heaven's own teaching: that heaven, which, to an angel's form, has given a mind more lovely. I am unworthy of you, but will deserve you better.

Henceforth my follies and neglects shall cease,
And all to come, be penitence and peace;
Vice shall no more attract me with her charms,
Nor pleasure reach me, but in these dear arms.

[*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

*Enter* STUKELY *and* BATES, R.

*Stuke.* (C.) So runs the world, Bates. Fools are the natural prey of knaves; Nature designed them so, when she made lambs for wolves. The laws that fear and policy have framed, Nature disclaims; she knows but two, and those are force and cunning. The nobler law is force; but then there's danger in't; while cunning, like a skilful miner, works safely and unseen.

*Bates.* (R. C.) And therefore wisely. Force must have nerves and sinews; cunning wants neither. The dwarf that has it, shall trip the giant's heels up.

*Stuke.* And bind him to the ground. Why, we'll erect a shrine for Nature, and be her oracles. Conscience is weakness; fear made it and fear maintains it. (L. C.) The dread of shame, inward reproaches, and fictitious burnings swell out the phantom. Nature knows none of this; her laws are freedom.

*Bates.* (C.) Sound doctrine, and well delivered!

*Stuke.* We are sincere, too, and practice what we teach. Let the grave pedant say as much. But now to business. (R. C.) The jewels are disposed of; and Beverley again worth money. If my design succeeds, this night we finish with him. Go to your lodgings and be busy. You understand conveyances, and make ruin sure.

*Bates.* [*Crosses,* L.] Better stop here. The sale of this reversion may be talked of. There's danger in it.

*Stuke.* No, 'tis the mark I aim at. We'll thrive and laugh. You are the purchaser, and there's the payment. [*Giving him a Pocket-book.*] He thinks you rich; and so you shall be. Inquire for titles, and deal hardly; 'twill look like honesty.

*Bates.* How, if he suspects us?

*Stuke.* Leave it to me. I study hearts, and when to work upon them. Go to your lodgings; and if we come, be busy over papers. Talk of a thoughtless age, of gaming and extravagance; you have a face for't.

*Bates.* A feeling, too, that would avoid it. (R.) We push too far; but I have cautioned you. If it ends ill, you'll think of me—and so, adieu. [*Exit,* R.

*Stuke.* (C.) This fellow sins by halves; his fears are conscience to him. I'll turn these fears to use. Rogues that dread shame, will be still greater rogues to hide their guilt. Lewson grows troublesome—We must get rid of him—He knows too much. I have a tale for Beverley. He shall call Lewson to account—if it succeeds, 'tis well; if not, we must try other means. [*Knocking at Street-door,* L.] But here he comes—I must dissemble.

*Enter* BEVERLEY, L.

Look to the door, there! [*In a seeming fright.*] My friend! I thought of other visitors.

*Bev.* No; these shall guard you from them. [*Offering notes.*] Take them, and use them cautiously. The world deals hardly by us.

*Stuke.* And shall I leave you destitute? No; your wants are the greatest. Another climate may treat me kinder. The shelter of to-night takes me from this.

*Bev.* Let these be your support, then. Yet is there need of parting? I may have means again; we'll share them, and live wisely.

*Stuke.* No: I should tempt you on. Habit is nature in me; ruin can't cure it. Even now, I would be gaming. Taught by experience as I am, and knowing this poor sum is all that's left us, I am for venturing still, and say I am to blame. Yet will this little supply our wants? No, we must put it out to usury. Whether 'tis madness in me, or some restless impulse of good fortune, I yet am ignorant; but——

*Bev.* (R.C.) Take it, and succeed, then. I'll try no more.

*Stuke.* (R. C.) 'Tis surely impulse; it pleads so strongly. But you are cold—We'll e'en part here, then. And for this last reserve, keep it for better uses; I'll have none on't. I thank you, though, and will seek fortune singly. [*Going*, R.] One thing I had forgot——

*Bev.* What is it?

*Stuke.* Perhaps 'twere best forgotten. But I am open in my nature, and zealous for the honour of my friend. Lewson speaks freely of you.

*Bev.* Of you, I know he does.

*Stuke.* I can forgive him for't; but, for my friend, I'm angry.

*Bev.* What says he of me?

*Stuke.* That Charlotte's fortune is embezzled. He talks on't loudly.

*Bev.* He shall be silenced, then. How heard you of it?

*Stuke.* From many. He questioned Bates about it. You must account with him, he says.

*Bev.* Or he with me—and soon, too.

*Stuke.* Speak mildly to him. Cautions are best.

[*Crosses*, L.

*Bev.* I'll think on't—But whither go you?

*Stuke.* From poverty and prisons—No matter whither If fortune changes, you may hear from me.

*Bev.* May these be prosperous, then. [*Offering the notes, which he refuses.*] Nay, they are yours—I have sworn it, and will have nothing. Take them, and use them.

*Stuke.* Singly, I will not. My cares are for my friend; for his lost fortune and ruined family. All separate interests I disclaim. Together we have fallen; together we must rise. My heart, my honour, and affections, all will have it so.

*Bev.* I am weary of being fooled.

*Stuke.* (L. C.) And so am I. Here let us part, then. These bodings of good fortune shall all be stifled; call them folly, and forget them—farewell.

*Bev.* (C.) No; stay a moment. How my poor heart's distracted! I have these bodings too; but whether caught from you, or prompted by my good or evil genius, I know not. The trial shall determine. And yet, my wife—

*Stuke.* Ay, ay, she'll chide.

*Bev.* No; my chidings are all here. [*Points to his heart.*

*Stuke.* I'll not persuade you.

*Bev.* I am persuaded; by reason, too; the strongest reason, necessity. Oh, could I but regain the height I have fallen from, Heaven should forsake me in my latest hour, if I again mixed in these scenes, or sacrificed the husband's peace, his joy, and best affections, to avarice and infamy.

*Stuke.* I have resolved like you; and, since our motives are so honest, why should we fear success?

*Bev.* Come on, then. Where shall we meet?

*Stuke.* (C.) At Wilson's. Yet if it hurts you, leave me: I have misled you often.

*Bev.* We have misled each other. But come! [*Crosses,* L.] Fortune is fickle, and may be tired with plaguing us. —There let us rest our hopes.

*Stuke.* Yet think a little——

*Bev.* I cannot—thinking but distracts me.

When desperation leads, all thoughts are vain;
Reason would lose what rashness may obtain.

[*Exeunt,* L.

SCENE II.—*Beverley's Lodgings.*

*Enter* MRS. BEVERLEY *and* CHARLOTTE, R.

*Char.* (R.) 'Twas all a scheme, a mean one; unworthy of my brother.

*Mrs. Bev.* (C.) No, I am sure it was not. Stukely is honest, too; I know he is. This madness has undone them both.

*Char.* (R. C.) My brother irrevocably. You are too spiritless a wife. A mournful tale, mixed with a few kind words, will steal away your soul. The world's too subtle for such goodness. Had I been by, he should have asked your life sooner than those jewels.

*Mrs. Bev.* He should have had it, then. [*Warmly.*] I live but to oblige him. She who can love, and is beloved like me, will do as much. Men have done more for mistresses, and women for a base betrayer: and shall a wife do less? Your chidings hurt me, Charlotte.

*Char.* And come too late; they might have saved you, else. How could he use you so?

*Mrs. Bev.* 'Twas friendship did it. His heart was breaking for a friend.

*Char.* The friend that has betrayed him.

*Mrs. Bev.* Pr'ythee don't think so.

*Char.* To-morrow he accounts with me.

*Mrs. Bev.* And fairly—I will not doubt it.

*Char.* Unless a friend has wanted. I have no patience —Sister! sister! we are bound to curse this friend.

*Mrs. Bev.* My Beverley speaks nobly of him.

*Char.* And Lewson truly. But I displease you with this talk. To-morrow will instruct us.

*Mrs. Bev.* Stay till it comes, then—I would not think so hardly.

*Char.* Nor I, but from conviction. Yet we have hope of better days. My uncle is infirm, and of an age that threatens hourly: or, if he live, you never have offended him; and for distresses so unmerited, he will have pity.

*Mrs. Bev.* I know it, and am cheerful.

*Char.* My Lewson will be kind, too. While he and I have life and means, you shall divide with us. And see, he's here!

*Enter* LEWSON, L.

We were just speaking of you.

*Lew.* (L.) 'Tis best to interrupt you, then. Few characters will bear a scrutiny; and where the bad outweighs the good, he's safest that's least talked of. What say you, madam? [*To Charlotte.*

*Char.* That I hate scandal, though a woman—therefore talk seldom of you.

*Mrs. Bev.* Or, with more truth, that, though a woman, she loves to praise—therefore talks always of you. I'll leave you to decide it. [*Exit*, R.

*Lew.* [C. *Taking her hand.*] How good and amiable! I came to talk in private with you, of matters that concern you.

*Char.* (C.) What matters?

*Lew.* First answer me sincerely to what I ask.

*Char.* Propose your question.

*Lew.* 'Tis now a tedious twelvemonth since, with an open and kind heart, you said you loved me. And when, in consequence of such sweet words, I pressed for marriage, you gave a voluntary promise that you would live for me.

*Char.* You think me changed, then? [*Angrily.*

*Lew.* I did not say so.

*Char.* Why am I doubted?

*Lew.* My doubts are of myself. I have my faults, and you have observation. If, from my temper, my words or actions, you have conceived a thought against me, or even a wish for separation, all that has passed is nothing.

*Char.* Why, now I'll answer you. Your doubts are prophecies—I am really changed. [*They part.*

*Lew.* Indeed!

*Char.* I could torment you now as you have me; but it is not in my nature. That I am changed, I own; for what at first was inclination, is now grown reason in me; and from that reason, had I the world, nay, were I poorer than the poorest, and you, too, wanting bread—I would be yours, and happy.

*Lew.* My kindest Charlotte! [*Taking her hand.*] Thanks are too poor for this, and words too weak! But if we loved so, why should our union be delayed?

*Char.* For happier times. The present are too wretched.

*Lew.* I may have reasons that press it now.

*Char.* What reasons?

*Lew.* The strongest reasons; unanswerable ones.

*Char.* Be quick, and name them.

*Lew.* First promise, that to-morrow or the next day, you will be mine forever.

*Char.* I do—though misery should succeed.

*Lew.* Thus then I seize you! And with you, every joy on this side heaven!

*Char.* Now, sir, your secret.

*Lew.* Your fortune's lost.

*Char.* My fortune lost! [*Part.*] Where learned you this sad news?

*Lew.* From Bates, Stukely's prime agent. I have obliged him, and he's grateful. He told it me in friendship, to warn me from my Charlotte.

*Char.* 'Twas honest in him, and I'll esteem him for it.

*Lew.* He knows much more than he has told.

*Char.* For me, it is enough. And for your generous love, I thank you from my soul. If you'd oblige me more, give me a little time.

*Lew.* Why time? It robs us of our happiness.

*Char.* I have a task to learn first. The little pride this fortune gave me, must be subdued; and for a life of obligations, I have not learned to bear it.

*Lew.* Mine is that life. You are too noble.

*Char.* Leave me to think on't.

*Lew.* To-morrow, then, you'll fix my happiness?

*Char.* All that I can, I will.

*Lew.* It must be so; we live but for each other. Keep what you know a secret; and when we meet to-morrow, more may be known. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Charlotte* R., *Lewson*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Room with a Gaming-house in the back scene, lighted up.*

*Enter* STUKELY *and* BEVERLEY, M. D.

*Bev.* Whither would you lead me? [*Angrily.*

*Stuke.* (R. C.) Where we may vent our curses.

*Bev.* (C.) Ay, on yourself, and those damned counsels that have destroyed me. A thousand fiends were in that bosom, and all let loose to tempt me—I had resisted, else.

*Stuke.* Go on, sir. I have deserved this from you.

*Bev.* And curses everlasting. Time is too scanty for them— [*Drawing his sword.*

*Stuke.* What have I done?

*Bev.* What the arch-devil of old did—soothed with false hopes for certain ruin.

*Stuke.* Myself unhurt; nay, pleased at your destruction —so your words mean. Why, tell it to the world. I am too poor to find a friend in't.

*Bev.* A friend! What's he? I had a friend.

*Stuke.* And have one still.

*Bev.* Ay; I'll tell you of this friend. He found me happiest of the happy. Fortune and honour crowned me; and love and peace lived in my heart. One spark of folly lurked there; that, too, he found; and by deceitful breath blew it into flames, that have consumed me. This friend were you to me. [*Walks about extremely agitated*

*Stuke.* A little more, perhaps. The friend who gave his all to save you; and not succeeding, chose ruin with you. But no matter, I have undone you, and am a villain

*Bev.* No; I think not. The villains are within.

*Stuke.* What villains?

*Bev.* Dawson and the rest. We have been dupes to sharpers.

*Stuke.* How know you this? I have had doubts as well as you; yet still as fortune changed, I blushed at my own thoughts. But you have proofs, perhaps!

*Bev.* Ay, damned ones. Repeated losses, night after night, and no reverse. Chance has no hand in this.

[*Crosses,* R.

*Stuke.* I think more charitably; yet I am peevish in my nature, and apt to doubt. The world speaks fairly of this Dawson; so it does of the rest. We have watched them closely, too. But 'tis a right usurped by losers, to think the winners knaves. We'll have more manhood in us.

*Bev.* (R. C.) I know not what to think—This night has stung me to the quick—blasted my reputation, too. I have bound my honour to these vipers; played meanly upon credit, till I tired them; and now they shun me, to rifle one another. What's to be done?

*Stuke.* Nothing. My counsels have been fatal.

*Bev.* By Heaven, I'll not survive this shame. Traitor! 'tis you have brought it on me. [*Seizing his throat and forsing him,* L.] Show me the means to save me, or I'll commit a murder here, and next upon myself.

*Stuke.* Why, do it, then, and rid me of ingratitude.

*Bev.* (C.) Pr'ythee, forgive this language—I speak I know not what. Rage and despair are in my heart, and hurry me to madness. My home is horror to me—I'll not return to it. Speak quickly; tell me, if, in this wreck of fortune, one hope remains? Name it, and be my oracle. [*Falling on his knees.*

*Stuke.* (C.) To vent your curses on. You have bestowed them liberally. Take your own counsel; and should a desperate hope present itself, 'twill suit your desperate fortune. I'll not advise you.

*Bev.* What hope? By Heaven, I'll catch at it, however desperate. I am so sunk in misery, it cannot lay me lower.

*Stuke.* You have an uncle.

*Bev.* [*Rising.*] Ay, what of him?

*Stuke.* Old men live long by temperance; while their heirs starve on expectation.

*Bev.* What mean you?

*Stuke.* That the reversion of his estate is yours, and will bring money to pay debts with. Nay, more, it may retrieve what's past.

*Bev.* Or leave my child a beggar.

*Stuke.* And what's his father? A dishonourable one; engaged for sums he cannot pay. That should be thought of.

*Bev.* It is my shame. The poison that inflames me. Where shall we go? To whom? I'm impatient till all's lost. [*Goes up for his hat, which he threw down at his entrance.*

*Stuke.* [*Crosses,* R.] All may be yours again. Your man is Bates. He has large funds at his command, and will deal justly by you.

*Bev.* (L.) I am resolved. Tell them within we'll meet them presently; and with full purses, too. Come, follow me.

*Stuke.* No: I'll have no hand in this, nor do I counsel it. Use your discretion and act from that. You'll find me at my lodgings.

*Bev.* Succeed what will, this night I'll dare the worst.
'Tis loss of fear to be completely curst. [*Exit,* L.

*Stuke.* (L. C.) [*Looking after him.*] Why, lose it, then, forever. Fear is the mind's worst evil: and 'tis a friendly office to drive it from the bosom. Thus far has fortune crowned me. Yet Beverley is rich; rich in his wife's best treasure, her honour and affections. I would supplant him there, too. (R.) But 'tis the curse of thinking minds to raise up difficulties. Fools may conquer women. Fearless of dangers which they see not, they press on boldly, and, by persisting, prosper. Yet may a tale of art do much. Charlotte is sometimes absent. The seeds of jealousy are sown already. If I mistake not, they have taken root, too. Now is the time to ripen them, and reap the harvest. The softest of her sex, if wronged in love, or thinking that she's wronged, becomes a tigress in revenge—I'll instantly to Beverley's. No matter for the danger. When beauty leads us on, 'tis indiscretion to reflect, and cowardice to doubt. [*Exit*, L.

### SCENE IV.—*Beverley's Lodgings.*

*Enter* MRS. BEVERLEY *and* LUCY, R.

*Mrs. Bev.* (C.) Did Charlotte tell you anything?

*Lucy.* (L. C.) No, madam.

*Mrs. Bev.* She looked confused, methought; said she had business with her Lewson; which, when I pressed to know, tears only were her answer.

*Lucy.* She seemed in haste, too. Yet her return may bring you comfort.

*Mrs. Bev.* No, my kind girl; I was not born for it. But why do I distress thee? Thy sympathizing heart bleeds for the ills of others. What pity that thy mistress can't reward thee! But there's a Power above that sees, and will remember all. [*Knocking*, L.] Hark! there's some one entering.

*Lucy.* Perhaps 'tis my master, madam. [*Exit*, L.

*Mrs. Bev.* Let him be well, too, and I am satisfied.—[*Goes to the door and listens.*] No, 'tis another's voice.

*Enter* LUCY *and* STUKELY, L.

*Lucy.* Mr. Stukely, madam. [*Exit*, L.

*Stuke.* (C.) To meet you thus alone, madam, was what I wished. Unseasonable visits, when friendship warrants them, need no excuse—therefore I make none.

*Mrs. Bev.* (R. C.) What mean you, sir? And where is your friend?

*Stuke.* Men may have secrets, madam, which their best friends are not admitted to. We parted in the morning, not soon to meet again.

*Mrs. Bev.* You mean to leave us, then—to leave your country, too? I am no stranger to your reasons, and pity your misfortunes.

*Stuke.* Your pity has undone you. Could Beverley do this? That letter was a false one; a mean contrivance to rob you of your jewels. I wrote it not.

*Mrs. Bev.* Impossible! Whence came it, then?

*Stuke.* Wronged as I am, madam, I must speak plainly.

*Mrs. Bev.* Do so, and ease me. Your hints have troubled me. Reports, you say, are stirring. Reports of whom? You wished me not to credit them. What, sir, are these reports?

*Stuke.* I thought them slander, madam; and cautioned you in friendship, lest from officious tongues, the tale had reached you with double aggravation.

*Mrs. Bev.* Proceed, sir.

*Stuke.* It is a debt due to my fame; due to an injured wife, too. We are both injured.

*Mrs. Bev.* How injured? And who has injured us?

*Stuke.* My friend—your husband.

*Mrs. Bev.* You would resent for both, then; but know, sir, my injuries are my own, and do not need a champion.

*Stuke.* Be not too hasty, madam. I come not in resentment, but for acquittance. You thought me poor; and to the feigned distresses of a friend, gave up your jewels.

*Mrs. Bev.* I gave them to a husband.

*Stuke.* Who gave them to a—

*Mrs. Bev.* What? whom did he give them to?

*Stuke.* A mistress.

*Mrs. Bev.* No; on my life he did not.

*Stuke.* Himself confessed it, with curses on her avarice.

*Mrs. Bev.* I'll not believe it. He has no mistress; or, if he has, why is it told to me?

*Stuke.* To guard you against insults. He told me, that to move you to compliance, he forged that letter, pretending I was ruined, ruined by him, too. The fraud succeeded; and what a trusting wife bestowed in pity, was lavished on a wanton.

*Mrs. Bev.* Then I am lost indeed! And my afflictions are too powerful for me. His follies I have borne without upbraiding, and saw the approach of poverty without a tear. My affections, my strong affections supported me through every trial.

*Stuke.* Be patient, madam.

*Mrs. Bev.* Patient! The barbarous, ungrateful man! And does he think that the tenderness of my heart is his best security for wounding it? But he shall find that injuries such as these can arm my weakness for vengeance and redress. [*Goes*, L.

*Stuke.* [*Going*, R.] Ha! then I may succeed. [*Aside.*] Redress is in your power.

*Mrs. Bev.* (L. C.) What redress?

*Stuke.* (C.) Forgive me, madam, if, in my zeal to serve you, I hazard your displeasure. Think of your wretched state. Already want surrounds you—Is it in patience to bear that? To see your helpless little one robbed of his birthright? (L. C.) A sister, too, with unavailing tears, lamenting her lost fortune? No comfort left you but ineffectual pity from the few, out-weighed by insults from the many!

*Mrs. Bev.* Am I so lost a creature? Well, sir, my redress?

*Stuke.* To be resolved, is to secure it. The marriage vow, once violated, is, in the sight of Heaven, dissolved—Start not, but hear me. 'Tis now the summer of your youth: time has not cropped the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long has washed them: then use your beauty wisely, and, freed by injuries, fly from the cruellest of men, for shelter with the kindest.

*Mrs. Bev.* And who is he?

*Stuke.* A friend to the unfortunate; a bold one, too, who, while the storm is bursting on your brow, and lightning flashing from your eyes, dares tell you that he loves you. [*Kneels*, C.

*Mrs. Bev.* (L. C.) 'Would that these eyes had Heaven's own lightning, that with a look, thus I might blast thee! Am I then fallen so low? Has poverty so humbled me, that I should listen to a hellish offer, and sell my soul for bread? Oh, villain! villain! [*He rises.*] But now I know thee, and thank thee for the knowledge.

*Stuke.* If you are wise, you shall have cause to thank me.

*Mrs. Bev.* (R.) An injured husband, too, shall thank thee.

*Stuke.* (R. C.) Yet know, proud woman, I have a heart as stubborn as your own! as haughty and imperious:—and, as it loves, so can it hate.

*Mrs. Bev.* Mean, despicable villain! I scorn thee and thy threats. Was it for this that Beverley was false?—that his too credulous wife should, in despair and vengeance give up her honour to a wretch? But he shall know it, and vengeance shall be his.

*Stuke.* Why, send him for defiance then—Tell him, I love his wife; but that a worthless husband forbids our union. I'll make a widow of you, and court you honourably.

*Mrs. Bev.* Oh, coward, coward! thy soul will shrink at him; yet, in the thought of what may happen, I feel a woman's fears. [*Rings.*] Keep thy own secret and begone. [*Goes to him,* C.] Your absence, sir, would please me.

*Stuke.* I'll not offend you, madam. [*Exit,* L.

*Mrs. Bev.* Why opens not the earth to swallow such a monster? Be conscience, then, his punisher, till Heaven, in mercy, gives him penitence, or dooms him in its justice. [*Exit,* R.

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

*Enter* STUKELY, L. *and* BATES, R.

*Bates.* Where have you been?

*Stuke.* (L. C.) Fooling my time away—playing my tricks, like a tame monkey, to entertain a woman. No matter where—I have been vexed and disappointed.—Tell me of Beverley; how bore he his last shock?

*Bates.* (R. C.) Like one (so Dawson says) whose senses had been numbed with misery. When all was lost, he fixed his eyes upon the ground, and stood some time, with folded arms, stupid and motionless; then snatching his sword that hung against the wainscot, he sat him down, and, with a look of fixed attention, drew figures on the floor. At last, he started up, looked wild, and trembled;

and, like a woman seized with her sex's fits, laughed out aloud, while the tears trickled down his face—so left the room.

*Stuke.* Why, this was madness.

*Bates.* The madness of despair.

*Stuke.* We must confine him, then—A prison would do well. [*A knocking*, L.] Hark, that knocking may be his—Go that way down. [*Exit Bates*, R.] Who's there?

*Enter* LEWSON, L.

*Lew.* (L.) An enemy—an open and avowed one.

*Stuke.* (R. C.) Why am I thus broke in upon? This house is mine, sir, and should protect me from insult and ill manners.

*Lew.* (C.) Guilt has no place of sanctuary; wherever found, 'tis virtue's lawful game. The fox's hold and tiger's den, are no security against the hunter.

*Stuke.* Your business, sir?

*Lew.* To tell you that I know you. Why this confusion? That look of guilt and terror? Is Beverley awake, or has his wife told tales? The man that dares like you, should have a soul to justify his deeds, and courage to confront accusers: not with a coward's fear, to shrink beneath reproof.

*Stuke.* Who waits there? [*Aloud and in confusion.*

*Lew.* By Heaven, he dies that interrupts us! [*Throwing away his hat and drawing his sword.*]—You should have weighed your strength, sir; and then, instead of climbing to high fortune, the world had marked you for what you are—a little, paltry villain!

*Stuke.* You think I fear you.

*Lew.* I know you fear me—This is to prove it. [*Strikes him on the breast.*] You wanted privacy—A lady's presence took up your attention. Now we are alone, sir. Why, what a wretch! [*Flings him from him.*] The vilest insect in creation will turn when trampled on; yet has this thing undone a man!—by cunning and mean arts undone him! But we have found you, sir; traced you through all your labyrinths. If you would save yourself, fall to confession: no mercy will be shown, else.

*Stuke.* (R. C.) First prove me what you think me; till then, your threatenings are in vain—And for this insult, vengeance may yet be mine.

*Lew.* Infamous coward! why, take it now now, then—[*Threatening—Stukely retires*, R.] Alas, I pity thee! Yet, that a wretch like this should overcome a Beverley! It fills me with astonishment! A wretch so mean of soul, that even desperation cannot animate him to look upon an enemy. You should not thus have soared, sir, unless, like others of your black profession, you had a sword to keep the fools in awe your villainy has ruined.

*Stuke.* Villainy! 'Twere best to curb this license of your tongue—for know, sir, while there are laws, this outrage on my reputation will not be borne with.

*Lew.* Laws! Darest thou seek shelter from the laws, which thou and thy infernal crew live in the constant violation of! Talk'st thou of reputation, too, when, under friendship's sacred name, thou hast betrayed, robbed, and destroyed?

*Stuke.* Ay, rail at gaming—'tis a rich topic, and affords noble declamation. Go, preach against it in the city—you'll find a congregation in every tavern. If they should laugh at you, fly to my lord, and sermonize it there: he'll thank you, and reform.

*Lew.* And will example sanctify a vice? No, wretch; the custom of my lord, or of the cit that apes him, cannot excuse a breach of law, or make the gamester's calling reputable.

*Stuke.* Rail on, I say. But is this zeal for beggared Beverley? Is it for him that I am treated thus? No; he and his wife might both have groaned in prison, had but the sister's fortune escaped the wreck, to have rewarded the disinterested love of honest Mr. Lewson.

*Lew.* How I detest thee for the thought! But thou art lost to every human feeling. Yet, let me tell thee, and may it wring thy heart, that, though my friend is ruined by thy snares, thou hast, unknowingly, been kind to me.

*Stuke.* Have I? It was, indeed, unknowingly.

*Lew.* Thou hast assisted me in love—given me the merit that I wanted: since, but for thee, my Charlotte had not known 'twas her dear self I sighed for, and not her fortune.

*Stuke.* Thank me, and take her, then.

*Lew.* And as a brother to poor Beverley, I will pursue the robber that has stripped him, and snatch him from his gripe.

*Stuke.* Then know, imprudent man, he is within my gripe; and should my friendship for him be slandered once again, the hand that has supplied him shall fall and crush him.

*Lew.* Wh, now there's spirit in thee! This is, indeed, to be a villain! But I shall reach thee yet—Fly where thou wilt, my vengeance shall pursue thee—and Beverley shall yet be saved—be saved from thee, thou monster! nor owe his rescue to his wife's dishonour. [*Exit*, L.

*Stuke.* [*Pausing.*] Then ruin has enclosed me!—Curse on my coward heart! I would be bravely villainous, but 'tis my nature to shrink at danger, and he has found me. Yet fear brings caution, and that, security. More mischief must be done, to hide the past. Look to yourself, officious Lewson—there may be danger stirring. How now, Bates?

*Enter* BATES, R.

*Bates.* (R.) What is the matter? Twas Lewson, and not Beverley, that left you—I heard him loud—You seem alarmed, too.

*Stuke.* (C.) Ay, and with reason. We are discovered.

*Bates.* I feared as much, and therefore cautioned you; but you were peremptory.

*Stuke.* Thus fools talk ever; spending their idle breath on what is past, and trembling at the future. We must be active; Beverley, at worst, is but suspicious; but Lewson's genius and his hate to me, will lay all open. Means must be found to stop him.

*Bates.* What means?

*Stuke.* Dispatch him——Nay, start not—Desperate occasions call for desperate deeds—We live but by his death.

*Bates.* You cannot mean it?

*Stuke.* I do, by Heaven!

*Bates.* Good-night, then. [*Going*, L.

*Stuke.* (C.) Stay—I must be heard, then answered.—Perhaps the motion was too sudden; and human weakness starts at murder, though strong necessity compels it. I have thought long of this, and my first feelings were like yours; a foolish conscience awed me, which soon I conquered. The man that would undo me, nature cries out, undo! Brutes know their foes by instinct; and, where superior force is given, they use it for destruction. Shall man do less? Lewson pursues us to our ruin! and shall we, with the means to crush him, fly from our hunter, or turn and tear him? 'Tis folly even to hesitate.

*Bates.* He has obliged me, and I dare not.

*Stuke.* Why, live to shame, then—to beggary and punishment. You would be privy to the deed, yet want the soul to act it. Nay, more, had my designs been levelled at his fortune, you had stepped in the foremost—And what is life without its comforts?—Those you would rob him of, and, by a lingering death, add cruelty to murder. Henceforth, adieu to half-made villains—There's danger in them. What you have got is yours—keep it, and hide with it—I'll deal my future bounty to those that merit it.

*Bates.* What's the reward?

*Stuke.* Equal division of our gains. I swear it, and will be just.

*Bates.* Think of the means, then.

*Stuke.* He's gone to Beverley's—Wait for him in the street—'Tis a dark night, and fit for mischief—A dagger would be useful.

*Bates.* No more.

*Stuke.* Consider the reward. When the deed's done, I have other business with you. Send Dawson to me.

*Bates.* Think it already done—and so, farewell.

[*Exit*, L.

*Stuke.* Why, farewell, Lewson, then; and farewell to my fears. This night secures me—I'll wait the event within. [*Exit*, R.

### SCENE II.—*The Street—Stage darkened.*

*Enter* BEVERLEY, L. U. E.

*Bev.* (C.) How like an outcast do I wander! Loaded with every curse that drives the soul to desperation! The midnight robber, as he walks his rounds, sees, by the glimmering lamp, my frantic looks, and dreads to meet me. (R.) Whither am I going? My home lies there: all that is dear on earth it holds, too; yet are the gates of death more welcome to me—I'll enter it no more—Who passes there? 'Tis Lewson—He meets me in a gloomy hour; and, memory tells me, he has been meddling with my fame.

*Enter* Lewson, l.

*Lew.* Beverley! well met. I have been busy in your affairs.

*Bev.* So I have heard, sir: and now I must thank you as I ought.

*Lew.* To-morrow I may deserve your thanks. [*Crosses*, r.] Late as it is, I go to Bates. Discoveries are making, that an arch villain trembles at.

*Bev.* Discoveries are made, sir, that you should tremble at. Where is this boasted spirit, this high demeanor, that was to call me to account? You said I 've wronged my sister—now say as much. But, first be ready for defence, as I am for resentment. [*Draws.*

*Lew.* (c.) What mean you? I understand you not.

*Bev.* The coward's stale acquittance! who, when he spreads foul calumny abroad, and dreads just vengeance on him, cries out, "What mean you? I understand you not!"

*Lew.* Coward and calumny! Whence are those words? But I forgive and pity you.

*Bev.* Your pity had been kinder to my fame: but you have traduced it—told a vile story to the public ear, that I have wronged my sister.

*Lew.* 'Tis false! Show me the man that dares accuse me.

*Bev.* I thought you brave, and of a soul superior to low malice; but I have found you, and will have vengeance. This is no place for argument.

*Lew.* Nor shall it be for violence. Imprudent man! who, in revenge for fancied injuries, would pierce the heart that loves him! But honest friendship acts from itself, unmoved by slander. You know me not.

*Bev.* Yes, for the slanderer of my fame—buzzing in every ear, foul breach of trust, and family dishonour.

*Lew.* Have I done this? Who told you so?

*Bev.* The world—'Tis talked of everywhere. It pleased you to add threats, too—You were to call me to account—Why, do it now, then: I should be proud of such an arbiter.

*Lew.* (r.) Put up your sword, and know me better. I never injured you. The base suggestion comes from Stukely: I see him and his aims.

*Bev.* What aims? I'll not conceal it—'twas Stukely that accused you.

*Lew.* To rid him of an enemy—Perhaps of two—He fears discovery, and frames a tale of falsehood, to ground revenge and murder on.

*Bev.* I must have proof of this.

*Lew.* Wait till to-morrow, then.

*Bev.* I will.

*Lew.* Good night—I go to serve you—Forget what's past, as I do; and cheer your family with smiles—To-morrow may confirm them, and make all happy. [*Exit*, L.

*Bev.* [*Pausing.*] How vile and how absurd is man! His boasted honour is but another name for pride, which easier bears the consciousness of guilt, than the world's just reproofs! But 'tis the fashion of the times; and in defence of falsehood and false honour, men die martyrs. I knew not that my nature was so bad. [*Stands musing.*

*Enter* BATES *and* JARVIS, L. U. E.

*Jar.* (L.) This way the noise was; and yonder's my poor master.

*Bates.* I heard him at high words with Lewson.

*Jar.* I heard him, too. Misfortunes vex him.

*Bates.* Go to him, and lead him home. I'll not be seen by him. [*Exit*, L.

*Bev.* [*Starting.*] What fellow's that? [*Seeing Jarvis.*] Art thou a murderer, friend? Come, lead the way—I have a hand as mischievous as thine; a heart as desperate, too—Jarvis! to bed, old man—the cold will chill thee.

*Jar.* (L. C.) Why are you wandering at this late hour? Your sword drawn, too? For Heaven's sake, sheathe it, sir—the sight distracts me.

*Bev.* Whose voice was that? [*Wildly.*

*Jar.* 'Twas mine, sir: Let me entreat you to give the sword to me.

*Bev.* Ay, take it—quickly take it. Perhaps I am not so cursed, but Heaven may have sent thee at this moment to snatch me from perdition.

*Jar.* Then I am blessed.

*Bev.* Continue so, and leave me—my sorrows are contagious. No one is blessed that's near me.

" *Jar.* I came to seek you, sir.

"*Bev.* And now thou hast found me, leave me—My "thoughts are wild, and will not be disturbed.

"*Jar.* Such thoughts are best disturbed.

*Bev.* "I tell thee that they will not." Who sent thee hither?

*Jar.* My weeping mistress. Alas, sir, forget your griefs, and let me lead you to her. The streets are dangerous.

*Bev.* Be wise and leave me, then. The night's black horrors are suited to my thoughts. These stones shall be my resting-place. [*Lies down.*] Here shall my soul brood o'er its miseries; till, with the fiends of hell, and guilty of the earth, I start and tremble at the morning's light.

*Jar.* For pity's sake, sir! [*Kneels and endeavors to raise him.*] Upon my knees, I beg you to quit this place, and these sad thoughts. Let patience, not despair, possess you. Rise, I beseech you. There's not a moment of your absence that my poor mistress does not groan for.

*Bev.* Have I undone her, and is she still so kind? [*Starting up.*] It is too much. My brain can't hold it. Oh, Jarvis, how desperate is that wretch's state, which only death or madness can relieve.

*Jar.* [*Rising.*] Appease his mind, good Heaven, and give him resignation. Alas, sir! could beings in the other world perceive the events of this, how would your parents' blessed spirits grieve for you, even in Heaven.—Let me conjure you, by their honoured memories—by the sweet innocence of your yet helpless child, and by the ceaseless sorrows of my poor mistress, to rouse your manhood, and struggle with these griefs!

*Bev.* Thou virtuous, good old man! Thy tears and thy entreaties have reached my heart, through all its miseries.

*Jar.* Be but resigned, sir, and happiness may yet be yours.—Hark! I hear voices—Come this way: we may reach home unnoticed.

*Bev.* Well, lead me, then—unnoticed, didst thou say? Alas! I dread no looks, but of those wretches I have made at home. [*Exeunt,* L.

### SCENE III.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

*Enter* STUKELY *and* DAWSON.

*Stuke.* (C.) Come hither, Dawson: my limbs are on the rack, and my soul shivers in me, till this night's business be complete.—Tell me thy thoughts! is Bates determined, or does he waver?

*Daw.* (c.) At first he seemed irresolute;—wished the employment had been mine: and muttered curses on his coward hand, that trembled at the deed.

*Stuke.* And did he leave you so?

*Daw.* No; we walked together, and, sheltered by the darkness, saw Beverley and Lewson in warm debate; but soon they cooled, and then I left them to hasten hither; but not till 'twas resolved Lewson should die.

*Stuke.* Thy words have given me life. That quarrel, too, was fortunate; for, if my hopes deceive me not, it promises a grave to Beverley.

*Daw.* You misconceive me—-Lewson and he were friends.

*Stuke.* But my prolific brain shall make them enemies. If Lewson falls, he falls by Beverley. Ask me no question, but do as I direct. This writ, [*Takes out a Pocket-book*] for some days past I have treasured here, till a convenient time called for its use.—That time is come; take it, and give it to an officer. It must be served this instant. [*Gives a paper.*

*Daw.* On Beverley!

*Stuke.* Look at it—it is for the sums that I have lent him.

*Daw.* Mnst he to prison, then?

*Stuke.* I ask obedience, not replies. This night, a jail must be his lodging. 'Tis probable he's not gone home yet.—Wait at his door, and see it executed.

*Daw.* Upon a beggar! He has no means of payment.

*Stuke.* Dull and insensible. If Lewson dies, who was it killed him? Why, he that was seen quarrelling with him: and I, that knew of Beverley's intents, arrested him in friendship.—A little late, perhaps! but 'twas a virtuous act, and men will thank me for it. Now, sir, you understand me.

*Daw.* Most perfectly; and will about it.

*Stuke.* Haste, then; and when 'tis done, come back and tell me.

*Daw.* Till then, farewell. [*Exit,* R.

*Stuke.* Now tell thy tale, fond wife; and Lewson—if again thou canst insult me!

Not avarice now, but vengeance fires my breast,
And one short hour must make me curst or blessed.

[*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

### Scene I.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

*Enter* Stukely, Bates *and* Dawson, R.

*Bates.* (R.) Poor Lewson! But I told you enough last night. The thought of him is horrible to me.

*Stuke.* (R. C.) In the street, did you say? and no one near him?

*Bates.* (C.) By his own door; he was leading me to his house. I pretended business with him, and stabbed him to the heart while he was reaching at the bell.

*Stuke.* And did he fall so suddenly?

*Bates.* The repetition pleases you, I see.—I told you he fell without a groan.

*Stuke.* What heard you of him this morning?

*Bates.* That the watch found him in their rounds, and alarmed the servants. I mingled with the crowd just now, and saw him dead in his own house.—The sight terrified me.

*Stuke.* Away with terrors, till his ghost rise and accuse us. We have no living enemy to fear, unless 'tis Beverley; and him we have lodged safe in prison.

*Bates.* Must he be murdered, too?

*Stuke.* No; I have a scheme to make the law his murderer. At what hour did Lewson fall?

*Bates.* The clock struck twelve as I turned to leave him.—'Twas a melancholy bell, I thought, ringing for his death.

*Stuke.* The time was lucky for us—Beverley was arrested at one, you say? [*To Dawson.*

*Daw.* (R. C.) Exactly.

*Stuke.* Good. We'll talk of this presently. The women were with him, I think?

*Daw.* And old Jarvis. I would have told you of them last night, but your thoughts were too busy.—'Tis well you have a heart of stone; the tale would melt it, else.

*Stuke.* Out with it, then.

*Daw.* I traced him to his lodgings; and pretending pity for his misfortunes, kept the door open while the officers seized him. 'Twas a damned deed! but no matter—I followed my instructions.

*Stuke.* And what said he?

*Daw.* He upbraided me with treachery, called you a villain, acknowledged the sums you had lent him, and submitted to his fortune.

*Stuke.* And the women—

*Daw.* For a few minutes, astonishment kept them silent. They looked wildly at one another, while the tears streamed down their cheeks. But rage and fury soon gave them words; and then, in the very bitterness of despair, they cursed me, and the monster that had employed me.

*Stuke.* (C.) And you bore it with philosophy!

*Daw.* (R.) Till the scene changed, and then I melted. I ordered the officers to take away their prisoner. The women shrieked, and would have followed him; but we forbade them. 'Twas then they fell upon their knees, the wife fainting, the sister raving, and both, with all the eloquence of misery, endeavoring to soften us. I never felt compassion till that moment; and had the officers been moved like me, we had left the business undone, and fled with curses on ourselves. But their hearts were steeled by custom. The sighs of beauty and the pangs of affection, were beneath their pity. They tore him from their arms, and lodged him in prison with only Jarvis to comfort him.

*Stuke.* There let him lie, till we have further business with him. You saw him quarrelling with Lewson in the street last night? [*To Bates.*

*Bates.* I did: his steward, Jarvis, saw him, too.

*Stuke.* And shall attest it; here's matter to work upon —An unwilling evidence carries weight with him. Something of my design I have hinted t' you before—Beverley must be the author of this murder, and we the parties to convict him. But how to proceed will require time and thought. Come along with me—the room within is fitted for privacy. But no compassion, sir! [*To Dawson.*] We want leisure for't. This way. [*Exeunt,* R.

### Scene II.—*Beverley's Lodgings.*—Mrs. Beverley *and* Charlotte *discovered, sitting.*

*Mrs. Bev.* No news of Lewson, yet?

*Char.* None. He went out early, and knows not what has happened.— [*Clock strikes.*

*Mrs. Bev.* The clock strikes eight. [*Rising.*] I'll wait no longer.

*Char.* [*Rising.*] Stay but till Jarvis comes. He has sent twice to stop us till we see him.

*Mrs. Bev.* (r. c.) Oh, what a night was last night! I would not pass another such, to purchase worlds by it. My poor Beverley, too! What must he have felt? I wanted love for him, or they had not forced him from me. They should have parted soul and body first.—I was too tame. [*Goes,* r.

*Char.* (c.) You must not talk so.—All that we could, we did: and Jarvis did the rest. The faithful creature will give him comfort. See where he comes. His looks are cheerful, too.

*Enter* Jarvis, l.

*Mrs. Bev.* (r.) Are tears, then, cheerful? Alas, he weeps! Speak to him, Charlotte, I have no tongue to ask him questions.

*Char.* How does your master, Jarvis?

*Jar.* (l. c.) I am old and foolish, madam; and tears will come before my words. But don't you weep. [*To Mrs. Bev.*] I have a tale of joy for you.

*Mrs. Bev.* (r. c.) Say but he's well, and I have joy enough.

*Jar.* (c.) All shall be well. I have news for him, that will make his poor heart bound again. Fie upon old age! How childish it makes me! I have a tale of joy for you, and my tears drown it.

*Mrs. Bev.* What is it, Jarvis?

*Jar.* (l.) Yet why should I rejoice when a good man dies? Your uncle, madam, died yesterday.

*Mrs. Bev.* My uncle!—Oh, Heavens!

*Char.* How heard you of his death?

*Jar.* His steward came express, madam. I met him in the street, inquiring for your lodgings. I should not rejoice perhaps; but he was old, and my poor master a prisoner. Now he shall live again. Oh, 'tis a brave fortune! and 'twas death to me to see him a prisoner.

*Char.* How did he pass the night, Jarvis?

*Jar.* Like a man dreaming of death and horrors. When they led him to his cell, he flung himself upon a wretched bed, and lay speechless till day-break. I spoke to him, but he would not hear me; and when I persisted, he raised his hand at me, and knit his brow so—I thought he would have struck me. I bid him be of comfort—Begone, old wretch, says he—My wife! my child! my sister! I have undone them all, and will know no comfort! Then falling upon his knees, he imprecated curses upon himself.

*Mrs. Bev.* This is too horrible! But we have staid too long. Let us haste to comfort him, or die with him.

[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Prison.*—BEVERLEY *is discovered, sitting* R. *of table.*

*Bev.* Why, there's an end, then; I have judged deliberately, and the result is death! How the self murderer's account may stand, I know not. [*Rises.*] But this I know—the load of hateful life oppresses me too much. The horrors of my soul are more than I can bear. [*Offers to kneel,* R. C.] Father of mercy!—I cannot pray—Despair has laid his iron hand upon me, and sealed me for perdition. Conscience! conscience! thy clamours are too loud!—Here's that shall silence thee. [*Takes a phial out of his pocket and looks at it.*] Thou art most friendly to the miserable. Come, then, thou cordial for sick minds—Come to my heart. [*Drinks.*] Oh, that the grave would bury memory as well as body! For, if the soul sees and feels the sufferings of those dear ones it leaves behind, the Everlasting has no vengeance to torment it deeper—I'll think no more on't—Reflection comes too late—Once there was a time for't—but now 'tis past.—Who's there?

*Enter* JARVIS, L.

*Jar.* (L.) One that hoped to see you with better looks. Why do you turn so from me? I have brought comfort with me. And see who comes to give it welcome!

*Bev.* My wife and sister! Why, 'tis but one pang more, and then, farewell, world! [*Aside.*

*Enter* MRS. BEVERLEY *and* CHARLOTTE, L.

*Mrs. Bev.* (L.) Where is he? [*Runs and embraces him.*] Oh, I have him! I have him! And now they shall never part us more. I have news, love, to make you happy forever.—Alas, he hears us not!—Speak to me, love. I have no heart to see you thus.

*Bev.* (R. C.) This is a sad place.

*Mrs. Bev.* (C.) We come to take you from it—to tell you the world goes well again—that Providence has seen our sorrows and sent the means to help them.—Your uncle died yesterday.

*Bev.* My uncle! No, do not say so! Oh, I am sick at heart!

*Mrs. Bev.* Indeed! I meant to bring you comfort.

*Bev.* Tell me he lives, then. If you would bring me comfort, tell me he lives!

*Mrs. Bev.* And if I did—I have no power to raise the dead—He died yesterday.

*Bev.* And I am heir to him?

*Jar.* To his whole estate, sir. But bear it patiently—pray, bear it patiently.

*Bev.* Well, well. [*Pausing.*] Why, fame says I am rich, then?

*Mrs. Bev.* And truly so. Why do you look so wildly?

*Bev.* Do I? The news was unexpected. But has he left me all?

*Jar.* All, all, sir. He could not leave it from you.

*Bev.* I am sorry for it.

*Mrs. Bev.* Why are you disturbed so?

*Bev.* Has death no terrors in it?

*Mrs. Bev.* Not an old man's death. Yet, if it troubles you, I wish him living.

*Bev.* And I, with all my heart. For I have a tale to tell shall turn you into stone; or, if the power of speech remain, you shall kneel down and curse me.

*Mrs. Bev.* Alas! what tale is this? And why are we curse you? I'll bless you forever.

*Bev.* No; I have deserved no blessings. The world holds not such another wretch. All this large fortune, this second bounty of Heaven, that might have healed our sorrows and satisfied our utmost hopes, in a cursed hour, I sold last night.

*Mrs. Bev.* Impossible!

*Bev.* That devil, Stukely, with all hell to aid him, tempted me to the deed. To pay false debts of honour, and to redeem past errors, I sold the reversion—sold it for a scanty sum, and lost it among villains.

*Char.* Why, farewell all, then!

*Bev.* Liberty and life—Come, kneel and curse me.

*Mrs. Bev.* Then hear me, Heaven! [*Kneels.*] Look down with mercy on his sorrows! Give softness to his looks, and quiet to his heart! On me, on me, if misery must be the lot of either, multiply misfortunes! I'll bear them patiently, so he is happy! These hands shall toil for his support! And every duty of a fond and faithful wife be doubly done, to cheer and comfort him! So hear me! so reward me! [*Rises.*

*Bev.* I would kneel, too, but that offended heaven would turn my prayers into curses. For I have done a deed to make life horrible to you—

*Mrs. Bev.* What deed?

*Jar.* Ask him no questions, madam. This last misfortune has hurt his brain. A little time will give him patience.

*Enter* STUKELY, L.

*Bev.* Why is this villain here?

*Stuke.* (L. C.) To give you liberty and safety.—There, madam, is his discharge. [*Giving a paper to Mrs. Bev.*] The arrest last night was meant in friendship, but came too late.

*Char.* (L. C.) What mean you, sir?

*Stuke.* The arrest was too late, I say; I would have kept his hands from blood, but was too late.

*Mrs. Bev.* (C.) His hands from blood! Whose blood?

*Stuke.* From Lewson's blood.

*Char.* No, villain! Yet what of Lewson? Speak quickly.

*Stuke.* You are ignorant, then! I thought I heard the murderer at confession.

*Char.* What murderer? And who is murdered? Not Lewson? Say he lives, and I'll kneel and worship you.

*Stuke.* In pity, so I would; but that the tongues of all cry murder. I came in pity, not in malice, to save the brother, not kill the sister. Your Lewson's dead.

*Char.* Oh, horrible!

*Bev.* Silence, I charge you. Proceed, sir.

*Stuke.* No. Justice may stop the tale—and here's an evidence.

*Enter* Bates, l.

*Bates.* (l.) The news, I see, has reached you. But take comfort, madam. [*To Char.*] There's one without inquiring for you. Go to him, and lose no time.

*Char.* Oh, misery! misery! [*Exit,* l.

*Mrs. Bev.* Follow her, Jarvis. If it be true that Lewson's dead, her grief may kill her.

*Bates.* Jarvis must stay here, madam. I have some questions for him.

*Stuke.* Rather let him fly. His evidence may crush his master.

*Bev.* Why, ay; this looks like management.

*Bates.* He found you quarrelling with Lewson in the streets last night. [*To Bev.*

*Mrs. Bev.* No; I am sure he did not.

*Jar.* Or, if I did——

*Mrs. Bev.* 'Tis false, old man. They had no quarrel; there was no cause for quarrel.

*Bev.* Let him proceed, I say. Oh! I am sick! sick! Reach a chair. [*He sits.*

*Mrs. Bev.* You droop and tremble, love. Yet you are innocent! If Lewson's dead, you killed him not.

*Enter* Dawson, l.

*Stuke.* (c.) Who sent for Dawson?

*Bates.* 'Twas I. We have a witness, too, you little think of—without there!

*Stuke.* What witness?

*Bates.* A right one. Look at him.

*Enter* Lewson *and* Charlotte, l.

*Stuke.* [*Running distracted into the back ground.*] Lewson! O villains! villains! [*To Bates and Dawson.*

*Mrs. Bev.* Risen from the dead! Why, this is unexpected happiness!

*Char.* Or is it his ghost? [*To Stuke.*] That sight would please you, sir.

*Jar.* What riddle's this?

*Bev.* Be quick and tell it. My minutes are but few.

*Mrs. Bev.* Alas! why so? You shall live long and happily.

*Lew.* (L.) While shame and punishment shall rack that viper! [*Pointing to Stuke.*] The tale is short. I was too busy in his secrets, and therefore doomed to die. Bates, to prevent the murder, undertook it. I kept aloof to give it credit—

*Char.* (C.) And gave me pangs unutterable.

*Lew.* I felt them all, and would have told you—But vengeance wanted ripening. The villain's scheme was but half executed. The arrest, by Dawson, followed the supposed murder. And now, depending on his once wicked associates, he comes to fix the guilt on Beverley.

*Mrs. Bev.* Oh! execrable wretch!

*Bates.* (L. C.) Dawson and I are witnesses of this.

*Lew.* And of a thousand frauds. His fortune ruined by sharpers and false dice; and Stukely sole contriver and possessor of all.

*Daw.* Had he but stopped on this side murder, we had been villains still.

*Lew.* How does my friend? [*To Bev.*

*Bev.* [*Still sitting.*] Why, well. Who's he that asks me?

*Mrs. Bev.* 'Tis Lewson, love. Why do you look so at him?

*Bev.* They told me he was murdered. [*Wildly.*

*Mrs. Bev.* Ay; but he lives to save us.

*Bev.* Lend me your hand. The room turns round.

*Mrs. Bev.* O heaven!

*Lew.* This villain here disturbs him. Remove him from his sight—And, for your lives, see that you guard him. [*Stukely is taken off,* R. *by Dawson and Bates.*] How is it, sir?

*Bev.* 'Tis here—and here. [*Pointing to his head and heart.*] And now it tears me.

*Mrs. Bev.* You feel convulsed, too—What is't disturbs you?

*Bev.* O! I have been too hasty! A furnace rages in this heart—Down, restless flames! [*Laying his hand on his heart.*] Down to your native hell—There you shall rack me. Oh! for a pause from pain! Where's my wife? Can you forgive me, love?

*Mrs. Bev.* Alas! for what?

*Bev.* For meanly dying.

*Mrs. Bev.* No—do not say it.

*Bev.* As truly as my soul must answer it.—Had Jarvis staid this morning, all had been well. But pressed by shame—pent in a prison—tormented with my pangs for you—driven to despair and madness—I took the advantage of his absence, corrupted the poor wretch he left to guard me, and—swallowed poison.

*Lew.* O, fatal deed!

*Bev.* Ay, most accursed. And now I go to my account. —Bend me, and let me kneel. [*Kneels,* C.] I'll pray for you too. Thou Power that madest me, hear me! If, for a life of frailty, and this too hasty deed of death, thy justice dooms me, here I acquit the sentence; but if, enthroned in mercy where thou sittest, thy pity has beheld me, send me a gleam of hope, that in these last and bitter moments my soul may taste of comfort! and for these mourners here, Oh! let their lives be peaceful, and their deaths happy! Now I die.

*Mrs. Bev.* (C.) Restore him, heaven! Oh, save him! save him! or let me die, too.

*Bev.* No; live, I charge you. We have a little one. Though I have left him, you will not leave him. To Lewson's kindness I bequeath him. Is not this Charlotte? We have lived in love, though I have wronged you. Can you forgive me, Charlotte?

*Char.* (C.) Forgive you! Oh, my poor brother!

*Bev.* Lend me your hand, love—so—raise me—No—'twill not be! my life is finished. Oh! for a few short moments, to tell you how my heart bleeds for you. That even now, thus dying as I am, dubious and fearful of hereafter, my bosom-pang is for your miseries! Support her, Heaven! And now I go. Oh, mercy! mercy! [*Dies.*

*Lew.* How is it, madam?

*Char.* Her grief is speechless.

*Lew.* Remove her from this sight. Some ministering angel bring her peace! [*Char. and Jar. lead her off* R. *She suddenly returns and falls down by the side of Beverley.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

| JAR. | CHAR. | MRS. BEV. | BEV. | LEWSON. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Standing.* | *Standing.* | *Bending over him.* | *Dead.* | *Kneeling.* |

# PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER.

### WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY GARRICK.

Like famed La Mancha's knight, who, lance in hand,
Mounted his steed to free th' enchanted land,
Our Quixote bard sets out a monster taming
Arm'd at all points, to fight that hydra—Gaming.
Aloft on Pegasus he waves his pen,
And hurls defiance at the caitiff's den:
The first on fancied giants spent his rage,
But this has more than windmills to engage.
He combats passions rooted in the soul,
Whose powers at once delight ye and control;
Whose magic bondage each lost slave enjoys,
Nor wishes freedom, though the spell destroys.

To save our land from this magician's charms,
And rescue maids and matrons from his arms,
Our knight poetic comes—And, Oh ye fair!
This black enchanter's wicked arts beware!
His subtle poison dims the brightest eyes,
And, at his touch, each grace and beauty dies.
Love, gentleness, and joy, to rage give way,
And the soft dove becomes a bird of prey.
May this our bold advent'rer break the spell,
And drive the demon to his native hell.
Ye slaves of passion, and ye dupes of chance,
Wake all your powers from this destructive trance!
Shake off the shackles of this tyrant vice,
Hear other calls than those of cards and dice:
Be learned in nobler arts than arts of play,
And other debts than those of honour pay.
No longer live insensible to shame,
Lost to your country, families, and fame.
Could our romantic Muse this work achieve,
Would there one honest man in Britain grieve?
Th' attempt, though wild, would not in vain be made,
If ev'ry honest hand would lend its aid!

No. XIV.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

[illegible]

# A
# CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE.

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY THOMAS MORTON.

With the Stage Business, Cast of Characters,

Costumes, &c.

NEW YORK:

WILLIAM TAYLOR, No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

BALTIMORE: TAYLOR, WILDE & CO.—[illegible]

1846.

PRICE 12½ CENTS.

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# EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

MORTON was one of the most accomplished dramatic artists that ever wrote for the English stage. His art lay in the admirable adaptation of his plays to the precise object he had in view—effect in the representation. It is easy to detect flaws in the execution, improbabilities in the plot, and incongruities in the characters of many of his pieces; but these imperfections are hardly noticed or readily forgiven in the hurry and vivacity of the scene when acted. We feel too grateful for the amusement we derive, to find fault with the means by which it is brought about.

"A reader," says Mrs. Inchbald, "unacquainted with the force, the various powers of acting, may gravely inquire, how it was possible this play could interest an audience? Much, may be answered, was effected by the actors—but still it was the author who foresaw what might be done in their performance, and who artfully arranged his plan to the purpose of exhibition, and penetrated farther than any other eye could have discerned into the probability of success. His sagacity was rewarded—for never was play better received. It appears in the acting a pretty rural story, most whimsically embellished by the two heroes of the piece from town—the Rapids, father and son. Munden and Lewis, in these two parts, so excellently understood the author; and the audience so well comprehended all three, that scarcely a sentence was uttered by either of those performers without being greeted by laughter and applause. If the influence of St. Vitus was, at times, somewhat too powerful upon Lewis—if his rapidity, now and then, became extravagant, it only excited still more extravagant mirth."

We do not entirely agree with Mrs. Inchbald in her implied disparagement of this as a reading play. With many defects, there are many beauties. The dialogue is for the most part brisk and natural; though we doubt if a father, on learning that his son was about to fight a duel, would be apt to exclaim as *Sir Hubert Stanley* does—"perhaps e'en now the deadly tube is levelled at his manly breast:" This is not the way in which people talk under a state of anxiety or dismay. The truth is, the character of *Sir Hubert* is but feebly drawn. He is altogether too unexceptionable an old gentleman to be interesting. *Old Rapid* is worth a thousand such.

One striking improbability in the plot is the manner in which *Ellen*

*Vortex* is deprived of her property; although, perhaps, the circumstances under which it is restored are even more unlikely. But such are the whim and humor of the conception, and such the cunning of the scene, that it is not until we abstract ourselves from the representation, and sit down critically to revolve the probabilities of the occurrences, that we find fault with these divergences from the legitimate line of comic invention.

For the amusing character of *Young Rapid,* the author must have been largely indebted to Lewis, the actor, who personated the part. and who, in his habitual style, seems to have partaken of many of the quicksilver qualities which it so happily brings into play. "Lewis," says one of the veterans of the stage, "blended the gracefulness of Barry with the energy of Garrick, and superadded to these acquirements his own unceasing activity and amazing rapidity both of utterance and motion. In his early days he had been a tragedian, and retained enough of his serious powers to deliver sentiment gracefully; but his great qualification was of Nature's giving—his animal spirits. No greyhound ever bounded—no kitten ever gambolled—no jay ever chattered with more apparent recklessness of mirth, than Lewis acted. All was sunshine with him; he jumped over the *stage properties* as if his leap-frog days had just commenced,—and a shade never was upon his face except that of the descending green curtain at the end of the comedy. A glare of light was the only thing to compare with his acting."

Another writer, *laudator acti temporis,* says of Lewis: "His energy was wonderful; his words *flew* from his lips, while chairs, tables, and settees—in fact, every obstacle that stood in the way of his mercurial body—were either annihilated or overleaped in an instant. We have heard him, arms a-kimbo, go through the various degrees of mirth, from the half-smothered titter to the broad horse-laugh, carrying the audience with him, with irresistible glee, and returning to the charge with supplementary roars, when he had fairly exhausted every body but himself."

From all this it is evident that the author was as much indebted to the actor, as the actor to the author, for the portrait of *Young Rapid.* If Lewis had never lived, the character would never have been created.* Indeed, the traditional fact is, that every principal performer on the Covent Garden boards at the close of the last century, sat for his picture in the construction of this comedy. Thus Munden found himself quite at home in *Old Rapid;* and Quick gave a degree of point and effect to the character of the *Nabob*, which few of his successors can ever equal. Mrs. Mattocks made even *Miss Vortex* attractive to the lovers of the comic; and Mr. Fawcett found ample scope for the display of his peculiar powers in the part of *Frank Oatland.* His acting in the scene where he picks up the Nabob's purse, is said to have been inimitably fine.

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* It was especially written for him; and very carefully, as Boaden informs us. We can readily believe it; for much that may seem careless and trivial in the reading, will be found the perfection of art in the representation.

We can say little in behalf of the female characters in this piece. In spite of *Young Rapid's* frivolity and recklessness, we cannot help feeling that *Jessy* is unworthy of him. There is altogether too much of what she calls "virtuous indignation" in her character, to make it lovely. *Miss Vortex* was intended as a picture of a heartless and disagreeable woman of fashion; and, though somewhat exaggerated, the portrait is not wanting in fidelity. Every fashionable society has its incipient Miss Vortex. As for *Ellen*, she is a very proper match for *Charles Stanley*,—who forgets the attributes of a gentleman when he encourages the bumpkin, *Frank*, to countenance him in a lie. Though this is done for a good purpose, it is an act unworthy the son of the high-toned *Sir Hubert.*

The title of this comedy has been justly commended for its felicity. It is indeed doubly appropriate—for not only does the excessive amusement the play excites, when well acted, hold out to the audience "a cure for the heartache," but there is a moral delicately conveyed in it by implication, where it is shown that a relieved conscience has cured the heartaches of the two principal delinquents among the persons of the drama. Morton seems to have had a moral object in view, underlying the comic or dramatic interest of all his plays. He evidently has no secret sympathies with his libertines and scoundrels; or, if he ever favors them, it is when they show symptoms that all traces of their better nature are not wholly obliterated.

The "Cure for the Heartache" was originally produced the 10th of January, 1797, at the Covent Garden Theatre. It was played a number of nights with the most marked success, attracting large and delighted audiences. During its run, *Young Rapid's* catch-phrase of "Keep moving" was upon every body's lips. It has consequently obtained an almost proverbial currency. The comedy has been a favorite one, also, in the United States. But where, alas, shall we find a Lewis to bewitch the town with the very foibles of the effervescent hero? When such an actor re-appears, we may look for a revival of the popularity of this ingenious piece.

# CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | *Covent Garden*, 1797. | *Park*, 1844. |
|---|---|---|
| *Sir Hubert Stanley* | Mr. Murray. | Mr. Harrison. |
| *Charles Stanley* | " Pope. | " Crocker. |
| *Vortex* | " Quick. | " Bridges. |
| *Young Rapid* | " Lewis. | " W. H. Crisp. |
| *Old Rapid* | " Munden. | " Chippendale. |
| *Frank Oatland* | " Fawcett. | " Skerrett. |
| *Farmer Oatland* | " Waddy. | " Smith. |
| *Bronze* | " Farley. | " Povey. |
| *Heartley* | " Hull. | " Freeland. |
| *First Waiter* | " Simmonds. | " Gourlay. |
| *Second Waiter* | " Street. | " Gallot. |
| *John, Servant to Mr. Vortex* | " Abbot. | " King. |
| *James, Servant to Sir Hubert* | " Blurton. | " Heath. |
| *Landlord* | " Thompson. | " Anderson. |
| *Hairdresser* | " Wilde. | " Jones. |
| *Ellen* | Miss Chapman. | Mrs. Abbott. |
| *Miss Vortex* | Mrs. Mattocks. | Mrs. Dyott. |
| *Jessy* | Miss Murray. | Mrs. Skerrett. |

# COSTUMES.

SIR HUBERT.—Brown coat, lined with white silk, rich satin waistcoat, and buckskin breeches.

CHARLES STANLEY.—A gentleman's plain suit.

VORTEX.—Purple velvet suit, embroidered with silk, morning gown and cap.

YOUNG RAPID.—Blue frock coat, white cord breeches. Second dress: buff coat and dressing gown.

OLD RAPID.—Brown dress coat and waistcoat, black silk breeches, crimson morning gown, and three-cornered hat.

HEARTLEY.—Brown coat and breeches, black waistcoat, camlet fly, and hat.

FARMER OATLAND.—Drab coat and breeches, red waistcoat, worsted stockings, shoes, and buckles.

FRANK OATLAND.—White coat, scarlet plush waistcoat, leather breeches, and short smock frock. Second dress: white livery, with worsted lace, and red waistcoat

BRONZE.—Blue coat, steel buttons, white waistcoat, buff breeches, white stockings and shoes.

LANDLORD.—Mixed coat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and apron.

BARBER.—Striped jacket, buff breeches, and white apron.

WAITERS.—Frock suits.

SIR HUBERT'S FOUR SERVANTS.—Liveries.

FOUR BLACK SERVANTS.—Two in white liveries. Two in cotton gowns and sashes.

ELLEN.—Very neat white muslin dress.

MISS VORTEX.—Handsome satin dress, with dark trimming, straw or chip hat, and apron with pockets.

JESSY.—Slate-coloured dress with dark trimming, straw hat, apron, with pockets.

## EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

## RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

*N.B. Passages marked with* Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

# A CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Farm-yard. House on one side,* L. S. E. *A neat flower-garden on the other. The bells of a team jingling.*

FRANK, [*without*] R.

WOYH! whoh! Smiler. [*Enters,* R.] So! feyther be not come home from the Nabob's house yet. Eh! bean't that sister Jessy in her garden, busy among the poseys?—Sister Jessy!

*Enter* JESSY *from the Garden,* R. U. E., *a watering-pot in her hand.*

*Jes.* Ah, (R.) Frank! so soon returned from Gloucester? Have you sold the corn?

*Fra.* (L.) Ees.

*Jes.* And how did you like the town? You were never there before.

*Fra.* Loike it—I doan't know how I loik'd it, not I; I zomehow couldn't zee the town for the housen: desperate zight of them, to be zure!—But, Jessy, you who went to Lunnun town to take in your larning, can tell me, be there as many houses in Lunnun?

*Jes.* A hundred times the number.

*Fra.* And do your 'squires there, like Sir Hubert Stanley and the Nabob here, keep fine coaches?

*Jes.* Yes, Frank; there are some thousands round St. James's Gate.

*Fra.* St. James's Geat! Dong it; it would be worth a poor man's while to stand and open that geat—Pray you, where do that geat lead to?

*Jes.* (R.) The road to preferment, Frank.

*Fra.* (L.) Ecod, if your road to preferment be so crammed wi' your coaches and great folk, no wonder a poor man be run down when he tries to get a bit.

*Jes.* Ha! ha!

*Fra.* You seem to be in terrible good spirits, Jessy!

*Jes.* I have reason, Frank. I have just received a letter from my dear Edward, who has left London on business with his father, Mr. Rapid, and will be here to-day.

*Fra.* I suppose it be a desperate long letter, and cruel sweet. Full of kisses and voluntines. Nine sheets, I warrant.

*Jess.* Hardly nine words. The truth is, that Edward, though handsome, generous, and I hope sincere, is impatient and hasty to a degree, that—

*Fra.* Hasty! What then? When a man be on the road to do good, he can't go too fast, I say.—Bean't that feyther coming through Wheat-Ash? He have been drinking and gamestring all good Sunday night wi' Nabob's sarvants,—how whitish and deadly bad he do look. He used to be as comely and handsome as either of us, wasn't he, now?—Do you know, Jessy, at church yesterday Sir Hubert looking round, as he always do, to see if his tenants be there, missed feyther, and gave me such a desperate look, that I dropt prayer-book out of my hand; and truly, when feyther do go to church, I be always shamed, he never knows where to find the collect—never—I'm sure it be not my fault, he be so full of prodigality—never son set feyther better example than I do's mine; what can I do more for 'un? it wouldn't be becoming in me to leather feyther, would it, Jessy?

*Jes.* Here he comes—I'll return to my garden—to converse with him is to me dreadful; for while my breast rises with indignation at his conduct as a man, it sinks again, in pity for the misfortunes of a parent.

*Fra.* Now that's just like I—I feel as if I should like to lick 'un, and cry all the time—but what will be the end on't, Jessy?

*Jes.* Ruin, inevitable ruin! [*Despondingly.*

*Fra.* Well, don't thee be cast down—thee knows I be cruel kind to thee; at meals, I always gi's thee the desperate nice bits; and if thy lover prove false-hearted, or feyther should come to decay, I be a terrible strong lad; I'll work for thee fra sun-rise to down; and if any one offer to harm thee, I'll fight for thee till I die.

*Jes.* Thanks, my good lad: thanks, dear brother.
[*Kisses him, and exit,* R. U. E.

*Fra.* As nice a bit of a sister that, as in all country round.

*Enter* FARMER OATLAND, *dressed in a compound of rusticity and fashion,* R.

*Oat.* [*Singing,* R.] Ba viamo tutti tra.—Dom it, this be what I call loife! Have you sold the wheat?

*Fra.* (L.) Ees.

*Oat.* How much?

*Fra.* Two load.—Six and twenty pound.

*Oat.* [*Yawning.*] Exactly the trifle I lost last night.

*Fra.* What?

*Oat.* Take it to the Nabob's gentleman.

*Fra.* I were going, feyther, to the castle, to gi' it to Sir Hubert's steward for rent.

*Oat.* (R.) Rent, you boor! That for Sir Hubert.—[*Snapping his fingers.*] Ah! Nabob's sarvants be the tippy. Every thing be done by them so genteely.

*Fra.* (L.) Ecod, you be done by them genteely enough: I be sure that house have brought the country round to ruination. Before this Nabob come here wi' all his money, and be domned to 'un, every thing were as peaceable and decent as never was; not a lawyer within ten miles; now there be three practizing in village; and what's ameast as bad, there be three doctors; and the farmers so consated, drive about in their chay-carts, eat lump-sugar ev'ry day, and gi' balls.

*Oat.* To be sure.

*Fra.* And what's the upshot? why, that they jig it away to county jail.

*Oat.* Tezez-vous! Let me see—Great Cassino be ten o'diamonds. Well, then, I play—

*Fra.* Play! ecod, if you go on so, you mun work tho'.

*Oat.* Next, I mun take care of the speads.

*Fra.* No, feyther, a spade mun take care o'you; by gol, here be Mr. Heartley, Sir Hubert's steward;—now, doan't you be saucy to 'un, feyther;—now do behave thyzelf—now that's a man, feyther, do. [*Clapping him on the back.*

*Enter* HEARTLEY, R.

*Heart.* (R.) Good day, Farmer Oatland; how dost do, honest Frank?

*Fra.* (L.) Desperate pure, thank ye, sur.

*Heart.* Well, farmer, once more I have called respecting your arrear of rent. Three hundred pound is a long sum.

*Fra.* Three hundred pounds!

*Heart.* And unless it be immediately discharged, Sir Hubert is resolved to—

*Oat.* (R.) That for Sir Hubert. He shall have his rent. Frank, send your sister Jessy to the Nabob's, he'll let me have the money.

*Fra.* No! I won't.—What business have sister at such a desperate prodigal place! Na, na, I'll go myzelf.

*Heart.* (R.) You are in the right, honest Frank.

*Fra.* (L.) Yes, sur, I always am.

*Oat.* Ugh! you vulgar mungrel. Well, desire the Nabob's gentleman to desire the Nabob to let me have three hundred pounds.

*Fra.* He won't gi' thee a brass farthing.

*Oat.* Sir Hubert shall have his money—Ha! ha! ha! my notion is, he wants it sad enough, ha! ha!

*Heart.* Sirrah!

*Fra.* Don't you mind 'un, zur, don't ye, he be's intoxicated. Dong thee, beheave thyzelf!

[*With sorrow and vexation.*

*Oat.* Silence, you hound! and obey!—Bon jour, Mr. Steward, [*Crosses to* L.]—I'll to bed—'Pon honour, I must cut champaigne, it makes me so narvous—Sir Hubert shall have his money, let that satisfy.—Follow me, cur!

[*Exit into the house,* L. U. E.

*Heart.* Sad doings, Frank. [*Exit,* R.

[*Frank shakes his head, and follows Oatland into the house.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Nabob's House.*

*Enter* ELLEN VORTEX, L. *meeting* BRONZE, R.

*Ell.* (L.) Good Mr. Bronze, have you been at Sir Hubert Stanley's?

*Bro.* (R.) Yes, ma'am.

*Ell.* Is Charles Stanley arrived?

*Bro.* No, ma'am; but he is hourly expected.

*Ell.* Do they say he is well—quite recovered?

*Bro.* I don't know, ma'am, upon my soul.—I beg pardon, but really the Baronet's house is horrid vulgar, compared to your uncle's, the Nabob's here: I peeped through my glass into an old hall, and beheld fifty paupers at dinner,—such wretches!—and the Baronet himself walking round the table, to see them properly fed.—How damned low!—Ugh! I would bet a rump and dozen, our second table is more genteelerer than Sir Hubert's own. But I must away, for we expect the rich Miss Vortex—I beg pardon; but your name and the Nabob's daughter's being the same, we call her the rich, to distinguish—

*Ell.* And you do wisely.—No term of distinction could possibly be more significant, or better understood by the world than that you have adopted.

*Bro.* Hope no offence, ma'am.

*Ell.* None, Bronze; go in— [*Bronze crosses to* L.

*Bro.* The last man on earth to offend a fine woman.

[*Exit,* L.

*Ell.* The rich Miss Vortex—most true.—But now my dear Charles Stanley is returned, I claim the superior title of the happy. Oh! Charles, when we parted last at Spa, how great the contrast! thy animated form was prisoned in the icy fetters of disease, thy pale and quiv'ring lip refused a last adieu;—but ha! a smile that seemed borrowed from a seraph, who waited to bear thee up to heaven, swore for thee everlasting love. That smile supported me in solitude,—but to solitude I have now bade adieu; and to be near the lord of my heart, have again entered this house, the palace of ruinous luxury and licentious madness:—but here comes its whimsical proprietor.

*Enter* MR. VORTEX, *with a paper in his hand, attended by* JOHN, ROBERT, *and two black Servants,* L.

*Vor.* Sublime!—Oh, the fame of this speech will spread to Indostan. Eh! don't I smell the pure air in this room? Oh! you villains, would you destroy me? [*Crosses* R.] Throw about the perfumes. [*Exeunt Serv'ts,* R.] For legislative profundity, for fancy and decoration—'tis a speech—

*Ell.* What speech is it, sir?

*Vor.* Ah! Ellen,—why, my maiden speech in parliament.—It will alarm all Europe.—I'll speak it to you—

*Ell.* No, my dear uncle, not just now. I hear you've been ill.

*Vor.* Oh! very. A strange agitation at my heart, and such a whizzing and spinning in my head—

*Ell.* I hope you've had advice.

*Vor.* Oh, yes; I've had them all. One physician told me it was caused by too brilliant and effervescent a genius;—the next said, it was the scurvy!—a third, it proceeded from not eating pepper to a melon;—another had the impudence to hint it was only little qualms that agitated some gentlemen who had made fortunes in India;—one recommended a sea voyage,—another, a flannel night-cap; one prescribed water,—the other, brandy; but, however, they all agreed in this essential point, that I'm not to be contradicted, but have my way in every thing.

*Ell.* An extremely pleasant prescription, certainly. But under these circumstances do you hold it prudent, uncle, to become a parliamentary orator? I believe a little *gentle* contradiction is usual in that house.

*Vor.* I know it—but if you will hear my speech, you will see how I manage—I begin—Sir—

*Enter* JOHN, R.

*Ser.* Your daughter, Sir, is arrived from town.

*Ell.* Thank you, cousin, for this relief. [*Aside.*

*Miss Vor.* [*Without*, R.] Above, is he?—Oh, very well!

*Vor.* Zounds! I'm not to be interrupted.

*Ser.* She is here, sir.

*Enter* MISS VORTEX, R.—*Exit* JOHN, R.

*Miss Vor.* My dear Nabob, uncommon glad to see you. Ah, Ellen! [*Crosses* C.] what, tired of seclusion and a cottage?

*Ell.* (L.) I hope, cousin, I am welcome to you.

*Miss Vor.* (C.) Certainly; you know we are uncommon glad to see any body in the country. But, my dear Nabob, you don't inquire about the opening of our town-house.

*Vor.* (R.) I was thinking of my speech.

*Miss Vor.* The most brilliant house-warming—uncommon full, about a thousand people—every body there.

*Ell.* Pray, cousin, do you then visit every body?

*Miss Vor.* Certainly; they must ask me.

*Ell.* Must! I should imagine that would depend on inclination.

*Miss Vor.* Inclination! Pshaw! I beg your pardon, but you are really uncommon ignorant, my dear. They must ask me, I tell you.—Now, suppose a duchess rash enough to shut me from her parties;—very well.—She names a night—I name the same, and give an entertainment greatly surpassing hers in splendour and profusion.—What is the consequence?—why, that her rooms are as deserted as an ex-minister's levee, and mine crammed to suffocation with her Grace's most puissant and noble friends.—Ha! ha! my dear Ellen, the Court of St. James's run after a good supper as eagerly as the Court of Aldermen.—Ha! ha! your being in the country, Nabob, was thought quite charming.—A host not being at home to receive his guests is uncommon new and elegant, isn't it? Here we improve, my dear, on ancient hospitality—those little memorandums, Nabob, will give you an idea of the sort of thing.

*Vor.* [*Reads.*] "*March.*"—Oh! that's a delightful month, when nature produces nothing, and every thing is forced.—Let me see—"*fifty quarts of green peas, at five guineas a quart,*"—that was pretty well:—"*five hundred peaches,*"—at what? "*a guinea each.*"—Oh! too cheap.

*Miss Vor.* 'Tis very true; but, I assure you, I tried every where to get them dearer, but could not.

*Vor.* And I suppose the new white satin furniture was all spoiled.

*Miss Vor.* Oh! entirely—and the pier glasses shivered to pieces so delightfully.

*Vor.* Well, I hope you had the whole account put in the papers?

*Miss Vor.* Certainly; else what would have been the use of giving the fête? Then the company; such charming eccentricity, such characters out of character.—Oh! my dear Miss Vortex, why don't you partake in these charming scenes?

*Ell.* My dear Miss Vortex, six suppers would annihilate my fortune.

*Miss Vor.* Oh! true; I forgot your uncommon small fortune: but I don't think it much signifies. I swear people of fashion in town seem to do as well without money as with it. You might be successful at play—there are points to be learnt which certainly do not give you the worst of the game. Come, will you be my protégé ?

*Ell.* Excuse me, cousin, I dare say I ought to be covered with blushes when I own a vulgar detestation of the character of a female gamester; and I must decline the honour of your introduction to the haut-ton, till at least they have justice on their side.

*Miss Vor.* An uncommon odd girl, Nabob.

*Ell.* Heavens ! to what state of abject degradation must fashionable society be reduced, when officers of police are as much dreaded by ladies in the purlieus of St. James's, as they are by cut-purses in the wretched haunts of St. Giles's !

*Miss Vor.* For shame, Ellen, to censure your own sex.

*Ell.* No, madam, I am its advocate; and in that sex's name protest an abhorrence of those women who do not consider any thing shameful, but to be ashamed of any thing; whose resemblance to nature and innocence exists but in their nakedness, and to whom honour is only known as a pledge at a gaming-table. [*Exit*, L.

*Miss Vor.* Did you ever hear, Nabob ?

*Vor.* I did not hear a word she said; I was thinking of my speech.

*Miss Vor.* A pert, gothic, low-bred creature ! But her contemptible fortune suits uncommon well with her grovelling ideas.

*Vor.* Don't you talk of her fortune; it always makes my poor head worse. You know at the time I gave her five thousand pounds in lieu of what I called her expectations, I had in my hands an enormous sum of hers. O dear ! I'm afraid the doctor was right—ah ! mine are certainly East India qualms—I wonder, if giving her fifty thousand back again would do my heart any good ?

*Miss Vor.* What ! my dear Nabob ? I declare you quite shock me.

*Vor.* Oh, conscience !

*Miss Vor.* Conscience ! he ! he ! a thing so uncommon vulgar, a thing so completely chausséed ; besides, you know very well, it is absolutely impossible to exist under twenty thousand pounds a year.

*Vor.* That's very true.

*Miss Vor.* Some people do certainly contrive to grub on with ten thousand, but how they do it is to me miraculous; then think of your intention of marrying me to the son of your great rival, the baronet; think of his borough.

*Vor.* Ah! very true.—Conscience, avaunt! I have made a motion on matrimony to Sir Hubert.

*Miss Vor.* On young Stanley's arrival. Oh! what a sweet youth!

*Vor.* Oh! what a sweet borough interest! But I'm glad your heart is interested.

*Miss Vor.* Heart interested! Lud, how can you suspect me of so uncommon vulgar a sensation? I trust my joy is occasioned by ideas more becoming a woman of fashion.—I am charmed because his fortune is large, his family ancient; and because my marriage will render all my female friends so uncommon miserable; and because I suspect that Ellen met young Stanley at Spa, and that she dares aspire to—

*Vor.* I wish she were out of the house.

*Miss Vor.* No—she shall stay to witness my triumph.

*Vor.* *Shall* stay.—I'm not to be contradicted, you know—my physicians—

*Miss Vor.* Certainly not, my dear Nabob; but I may recommend; I'm sure no physician would object to your taking advice. Ah! does Ellen love you as I do?—will she listen to your speech as I intend to do?—would she throw away thousands for you in a night, as I do?

*Vor.* Very true! very true! [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Pleasure Ground, and a view of an ancient castle.*

*Enter four* SERVANTS, *dressed in old fashioned liveries, then* SIR HUBERT STANLEY *and* HEARTLEY, L. U. E.

*Sir Hub.* (R.) Good Heartley, is all prepared for my boy's reception? his favorite study on the southern battlement? Are his dogs trained—his hunters well conditioned?

*Hea.* (L.) To say truth, Sir Hubert, the castle has been all day in quarrel, each servant claiming the right of exclusive attendance on his dear young master.

*Sir Hub.* I thank their honest loves. He writes me he is well, good Heartley; quite well.—Ha! the village bells proclaim my boy's arrival.—Dost thou hear the people's shouts?

*Hea.* Ay, and it revives my old heart.

*Sir Hub.* These welcomes are the genuine effusions of love and gratitude.—Spite of this Nabob's arts, you see how my loving neighbours respect me.

*Enter* JAMES, L

Where is my boy?

*James.* Not yet arrived, sir.

*Sir Hub.* No!

*James.* These rejoicings are for the Nabob's daughter, who is just come from London.

*Sir Hub.* Indeed! [*Peevishly.*] Well, well.

*James.* (L.) My young master will alight privately at Oatland's farm, and walk through the park. [*Exit at Gate.*

*Sir Hub.* (R.) The Nabob's daughter! Well, let it pass Heartley, what said Farmer Oatland?

*Hea.* (C.) Nothing but what profligacy and insolence dictated—he defied your power, and sent to the Nabob.

*Sir Hub.* Ungrateful man! let a distress be issued.—Hold! no, no.

*Hea.* Indeed, Sir Hubert, he is undeserving your lenity. Besides, sir, your mortgagee, Mr. Rapid, the wealthy tailor, will be here to-day—the interest on the mortgage must be paid—some of your election bills remain unliquidated, and I fear, without a further mortgage—

*Sir Hub.* Don't torture. Pardon me, good old man.

*Hea.* Truly, Sir Hubert; what might have been effected with five thousand pounds some years ago, will now require ten—you must retrench your hospitable benevolence.

*Sir Hub.* My worthy steward, my head has long acknowledged the truth of your arithmetic—but my head could never teach it to my heart.

*Hea.* And, sir, you may raise your rents.

*Sir Hub.* Never, Heartley—never.—What! shall the many suffer that I may be at ease?—But away with care—this is a moment devoted to extasy—this is the hour a doating father is to clasp an only child, who, after combating with disease and death, returns triumphant to his arms in lusty health and manhood.—Ah! he approaches;—

[*Crosses,* L.] 'tis my boy—Dost thou not see him in the beechen avenue? Dull old man, advance thine hand thus. [*Putting his hand over his forehead.*] See how his eyes wander with delight, and renovate the pictures of his youth.—Ah! now he sees his father, and flies like lightning.

*Enter* CHARLES STANLEY, L. [*Kneels.*]

*Cha.* (L.) My honoured, my loved father!

*Sir Hub.* (C.) Rise to my heart. Stand off and let my eyes gloat upon thee—thou art well. Thy arm, good Heartley. Nay, do not weep, old honesty, 'twill infect me.

*Cha.* [*Crosses to Heartley.*] Ah! my excellent old friend. In health, I hope?

*Hea.* (R.) Ay, good master; and this day will make me young again.

*Cha.* Dear father, already must I become a suitor to you. Passing Oatland's farm, I found his lovely daughter Jessy in tears, occasioned by her father's inability to pay his rent. I dried them with a promise.—[*Heartley shakes his head, aud Sir Hubert averts his face.*]—Ha! your brow is clouded with unhappiness: pray, sir—

*Sir Hub.* (L.) Good Heartley, leave us.—[*Exeunt Heartley and Servants,* R.]—Charles, so mixed is the cup of life, that this day, the happiest thy old father can e'er hope to see, is dash'd with bitterness and sorrow, boy. I have been very unthrift to thee.

*Cha.* (R.) Oh, sir!

*Sir Hub.* Listen to me.—You have heard how my father kept alive the benevolent hospitality that once distinguished old England; and I, not finding in modern ethics aught likely to improve either the morals or happiness of mankind, determined to persevere in the ways of my fathers. Soon after you went abroad, the adjoining estate was purchased by an East-Indian, groaning under wealth produced by groans. Like the viper, after collecting in the warm sunshine his bag of venom, he came to the abode of peace and innocence, and disseminated his poison. Riot, contention, indolence and vice, succeeded. I struggled against this mischief, which spurred him on to oppose me in my election. This contest, (I trust, Charles, you think the dignity of our family demanded it,)—this contest, I say, obliged me to mortgage my estate to a considerable amount; and, I fear, boy, even that will not suffice. Dost thou not blame thy father?

*Cha.* Blame, sir? my fortune—nay, my life is held but to promote your happiness.

*Sir Hub.* Glorious boy! then all will be well again—thy estate restored, thy wealth enlarged.

*Cha.* How?

*Sir Hub.* By marriage, Charles.

[*Charles averts his face with dejection.*

*Cha.* Marriage, sir!—To conceal the passion that triumphs here were but to deceive a father, and injure the bright excellence I love. When I was ill at Spa, the votaries of pleasure avoided me as the harbinger of melancholy, and I was despised as a thing passing into oblivion, by all but one fair creature. I obtained an opportunity to thank her for the charitable pity her eye had beamed on me. Love soon kindled his torch at pity's altar, for I found in Miss Vortex such excellence—

*Sir Hub.* Who?

*Cha.* Miss Vortex, sir.

*Sir Hub.* From India?

*Cha.* The same.

*Sir Hub.* She that is now proposed for your alliance?

*Cha.* Is it possible?

*Sir Hub.* And awaits your arrival in the neighborhood.

*Cha.* Oh! let me haste to her. [*Crosses to* L.] Yet hold! Frank Oatland attends to hear your determination.

*Sir Hub.* At present, Charles, I cannot grant your suit. [*Charles beckons in Frank.*] Young man, tell your father, the law must take its course. When I see in him symptoms of contrition and amendment, I may restore him.

*Fra.* (L.) Thank ye—thank ye, sur.

*Cha.* (C.) How came this distress to fall on him?

*Fra.* Why, sur, he went on farmering pretty tightish, didn't he, sur? till he keept company wi' Nabob's sarvants; then all of a sudden, he took to the gentleman line. I conceats, sur, he did'nt much understand the trim on't, for the gentleman line didn't answer at all. I hope your honour bean't angry wi' I for speaking to young 'squire; your worship do know I were a bit of a playfellow wi' un, and we followed our studies together.

*Sir Hub.* (R.) Indeed!

*Fra.* Ees, sur, we went through our letters—and a-b, ab—e-b, eb—there somehow I stuck, and 'squire went clean away into abreviation and abomination; and then, I never could take much to your pens, they be so cruel small; now a pitchfork do fit my hand so desperate kindly as never was.

*Sir Hub.* Ha! ha! Come, my boy, you'll want refreshment. [*Exit,* R. *Frank bows and is going,* L.

*Cha.* What, honest Frank, will you not walk with me to the castle?

*Fra.* If your honour be so gracious.

*Cha.* Nay, wear your hat.

*Fra.* O dear! O dear! what a pity nobody do see I.

*Cha.* Come, brother student, your hand.

*Fra.* My hand! Lord! Dong it, only think o' I.

[*Exeunt, hand in hand,* R.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in an Inn. Table and two chairs.*

*Enter* WAITER, L., *with a Portmanteau, meeting* BRONZE, R.

*Wai.* (L.) Coming, sir.

*Y. Rapid.* [*Without.*] Zounds, why don't you come? Why don't all of you come, eh?

*Bro.* Waiter, who are these people?

*Wai.* I don't know, Mr. Bronze. The young one seems a queer one—he jumped out of the mail, ran into the kitchen, whipped the turnspit into a gallop, and bade him keep moving; and though not a minute in the house, he has been in every room from the garret to the cellar. Father and son, I understand. The name on the luggage, I see, is Rapid.

*Bro.* Rapid! [*Aside.*] Perhaps it is my old master, the great tailor, and his harum-scarum son—I'll observe.

*Wai.* Here he comes full dash, and the old man trotting after him like a terrier. [*Exeunt,* R.

*Enter Old and Young* RAPID, R.

*Y. Rap.* Come along, dad—push on, my dear dad.—Well, here we are—keep moving.

*O. Rap.* Moving! Zounds, haven't I been moving all night in the mail coach, to please you?

*Y. Rap.* Mail! famous thing, isn't it? Je up! whip over counties in a hop, step, and jump—dash along!

*O. Rap.* Od rot such hurry-skurry doings, I say. Here have I ground my old bones all night in the mail, to be eight hours before my appointment with Sir Hubert Stanley; and now I must sit biting my fingers.

*Y. Rap.* Biting your fingers! No, no, I'll find you something to do. Come, we'll keep moving. [*Takes his father by the arm, who resists.*

*Enter* LANDLORD, R.

*Land.* (R.) Gentlemen, I beg leave—

*Y. Rap.* No prosing—to the point!

*O. Rap.* For shame—don't interrupt the gentleman.

*Y. Rap.* Gently, dad—dash away, sir.

*Land.* A servant of Sir Hubert Stanley has been inquiring for Mr. Rapid.

*Y. Rap.* Push on!

*Land.* And expects him at the castle.

*Y. Rap.* That will do—push off—brush—run! [*Exit Landlord, running,* R.] That's the thing—keep moving. I say, dad.

*O. Rap.* What do you say, Neddy?

*Y. Rap.* Neddy! damn it, don't call me Neddy—I hate to be called Neddy.

*O. Rap.* Well, I won't.

*Y. Rap.* That's settled. I say, what's your business with Sir Hubert?—some secret, eh?

*O. Rap.* [*Aside.*] I won't tell you. Oh, no—a bill he owes me for making his clothes and liveries.

*Y. Rap.* Pugh! he's a ready-money man. I never made a bill out for him in my life. It won't do!

*O. Rap.* Well, then, sit down, and I'll tell you. [*They sit.*] Can you sit still a moment?

*Y. Rap.* [*Jumping up.*] To be sure I can—now tell me, briefly—briefly.

*O. Rap.* [*Aside.*] Indeed I will not. You must know—

*Y. Rap.* Ay—

*O. Rap.* You must know—

*Y. Rap.* Zounds! you have said that twice—now don't say it again.

*O. Rap.* Well, I won't. You must know 'tis a very long story.

*Y. Rap.* [*Rising.*] Then I'll not trouble you.

*O. Rap.* [*Aside.*] I thought so. And pray what might induce you to come with me?

*Y. Rap.* [*Aside.*] Won't tell him of Jessy. Oh, as we had given up trade, left off stitching—you know my way—I like to push on—change the scene, that's all—keep moving.

*O. Rap.* Moving! [*Yawns.*] Oh, my poor old bones! Waiter, bring me a night-gown.

[*Waiter enters* R., *and helps him on with a night-gown—he lays his coat on a chair. Exit Waiter,* L.

*Y. Rap.* What are you at, dad?

*O. Rap.* Going to take a nap on that sofa.

*Y. Rap.* A nap—pugh!

*O. Rap.* Zounds! I've no comfort of my life with you.

*Y. Rap.* Say no more.

*O. Rap.* But I will, though—hurry, hurry—od rabbit it, I never get a dinner that's half dressed; and as for a comfortable sleep, I'm sure—

*Y. Rap.* You sleep so slow.

*O. Rap.* Sleep slow! I'll sleep as slow as I please; so at your peril disturb me. Sleep slow, indeed! [*Yawns, and exit,* R.

*Y. Rap.* Now to visit Jessy. Waiter!

*Enter* WAITER, L.

*Wai.* Sar! [*With great quickness.*

*Y. Rap.* That's right—sir—short—you're a fine fellow.

*Wai.* Yes, sar.

*Y. Rap.* Does Farmer Oatland live hereabouts?

*Wai.* Yes, sar.

*Y. Rap.* How far?

*Wai.* Three miles.

*Y. Rap.* Which way?

*Wai.* West.

*Y. Rap.* That will do—get me a buggy

*Wai.* Yes, sar.

*Y. Rap.* Oh, if my old dad had left off business as some of you flashy tailors do, I might have kept a curricle, and lived like a man.—Is the buggy ready?

*Wai.* No, sar.

*Y. Rap.* But to cut the shop with paltry five thousand. —Is the buggy ready?

*Wai.* No, sar.

*Y. Rap.* Or to have dashed to Jessy in a curricle.—Is the buggy ready?

*Wai.* No, sar. [*Exit*, L.

*Y. Rap.* To have flanked along a pair of blood things at sixteen miles an hour. [*Puts himself in the act of driving, and sits in the chair where Old Rapid left his coat—springs from it again.*] What the devil's that? Zounds! something has run into my back. I'll bet a hundred 'tis a needle in father's pocket. Confound it, what does he carry needles now for? [*Searches pocket.*] Sure enough, here it is—one end stuck into a letter, and the other into my back, I believe. Curse it! Eh! what's this? [*Reads.*] "*To Mr. Rapid—Free—Hubert Stanley.*" Ha, ha, ha! here's dad's secret—Now for it! [*Reads very quick.*] "*Sir "Hubert Stanley will expect to see Mr. Rapid at the castle, "and would be glad to extend the mortgage, which is now fifty thousand pounds.*" What's this? [*Reads again.*] "*Extend the mortgage, which is now fifty thousand pounds, to "seventy.*" Fifty thousand! huzza! 'tis so—my old dad worth fifty thousand—perhaps seventy—perhaps—I'll—no, I'll—

*Enter* WAITER, L.

*Wai.* The buggy's ready, sir.

*Y. Rap.* Dare to talk to me of a buggy, and I'll—

*Wai.* Perhaps you would prefer a chaise and pair?

*Y. Rap.* No, I'll have a chaise and twelve. Abscond! [*Exit Waiter.*] I must—I must keep moving. I must travel for improvement. First, I'll see the whole of my native country, its agriculture and manufactories. That, I think, will take full four days and a half. Next, I'll make the tour of Europe; which, to do properly, will, I dare say, employ three weeks or a month. Then returning as completely versed in foreign manners and language as the best of them, I'll make a push at high life. In the first circles I'll keep moving. Fifty thousand! perhaps more —perhaps—oh!

*Wai.* [*Without*, L.] You can't come in.

*Bro.* [*Without*, L.] I tell you I will come in.

*Y. Rap.* Will come in!—that's right—push on,—whoever you are.

*Enter* BRONZE, L.

*Bro.* I thought so. How do you do, Mr. Rapid? Don't you remember Bronze, your father's foreman, when you were a boy?

*Y. Rap.* Ah, Bronze! how do you do, Bronze? Anything to say, Bronze? Keep moving. Do you know, Bronze, by this letter I have discovered that my father is worth—how much, think you?

*Bro.* Perhaps ten thousand.

*Y. Rap.* Push on.

*Bro.* Twenty.

*Y. Rap.* Push on.

*Bro.* Thirty.

*Y. Rap.* Keep moving.

*Bro.* Forty.

*Y. Rap.* Fifty—perhaps—sixty—seventy—oh! I'll tell you. He has lent fifty thousand pounds, on mortgage, to an old baronet.

*Bro.* Sir Hubert St——

*Y. Rap.* [*Stopping him.*] I know his name as well as you do.

*Bro.* [*Aside.*] Here's news for my master!—Well, sir, what do you mean to do?

*Y. Rap.* Do! Push on—become a man of fashion, to be sure.

*Bro.* What would you say, if I were to get you introduced to a Nabob?

*Y. Rap.* A Nabob! oh! some flash-in-the-pan chap.

*Bro.* Oh, no!

*Y. Rap.* What, one of your real, genuine, neat as imported Nabobs?

*Bro.* Yes—Mr. Vortex—Did you never hear of him?

*Y. Rap.* To be sure I have. But will you?

*Bro.* Yes.

*Y. Rap.* Ah! but will you do it directly?

*Bro.* I will.

*Y. Rap.* Then push off—Stop—stop—I beg your pardon—it cuts me to the heart to stop any man, because I wish everybody to keep moving. But won't dad's being a tailor make an objection?

*Bro.* No; as you never went out with the pattern books

*Y. Rap.* [*Sighing.*] Oh yes, I did.

*Bro.* That's awkward. But you never operated?

*Y. Rap.* [*With melancholy.*] What do you say?

*Bro.* I say you never—

[*Describes in action the act of sewing.*

*Y. Rap.* [*Sighing deeper.*] Oh! yes, I did.

*Bro.* That's unlucky.

*Y. Rap.* Very melancholy, indeed!

*Bro.* I have it. Suppose I say you are merchants.

*Y. Rap.* My dear fellow, sink the tailor, and I'll give you a hundred.

*Bro.* Will you? Thank you.

*Y. Rap.* Now push off.

*Bro.* But don't be out of the way.

*Y. Rap.* Me! Bless you, I'm always in the way.

*Bro.* Don't move.

*Y. Rap.* Yes, I must move a little—away you go. [*Pushes Bronze off,* L.] Huzza! now to awake old dad. [*Exit, and returns with Old Rapid,* R.] Come along, dad.

*O. Rap.* [*Half asleep.*] Yes, sir—yes, sir—I'll measure you directly—I'll measure you directly.

*Y. Rap.* He's asleep. Awake!

*O. Rap.* What's the matter, eh! What's the matter?

*Y. Rap.* What's the matter! I've found fifty thousand in that letter.

*O. Rap.* Indeed! [*Opens the letter eagerly.*] Ah! Neddy, have you found out—

*Y. Rap.* I have—that you are worth—how much?

*O. Rap.* Why, since what's past—

*Y. Rap.* Never mind what's past.

*O. Rap.* I've been a fortunate man. My old partner used to say, "Ah! you are lucky, Rapid; your needle always sticks in the right place."

*Y. Rap.* No, not always. [*Shrugging.*] But how much?

*O. Rap.* Why, as it must out, there are fifty thousand lent on mortgage.—Item, fifteen thousand in the consols. —Item—

*Y. Rap.* Never mind the items. The total, my dear dad —the total.

*O. Rap.* What do you think of a plum?

*Y. Rap.* A plum! Oh! sweet, agreeable, little, short word!

*O. Rap.* Besides seven hundred and ninety—

*Y. Rap.* Never mind the odd money—that will do. But how came you so rich, dad? Dam'me, you must have kept moving.

*O. Rap.* Why, my father, forty years ago, left me five thousand pounds; which, at compound interest, if you multiply—

*Y. Rap.* No; you have multiplied it famously. It's my business to reduce it. [*Aside.*] Now, my dear dad, in the first place, never call me Neddy.

*O. Rap.* Why, what must I call you?

*Y. Rap.* Ned—short—Ned.

*O. Rap.* Ned! O Ned!

*Y. Rap.* That will do. And, in the next place, sink the tailor. Whatever you do, sink the tailor.

*O. Rap.* Sink the tailor! What do you mean?

*Y. Rap.* I've news for you. We are going to be introduced to Mr. Vortex, the rich Nabob.

*O. Rap.* You don't say so! Huzza; it will be the making of us.

*Y. Rap.* To be sure! Such fashion! Such style!

*O. Rap.* Ay, and such a quantity of liveries, and—oh, dear me! [*With great dejection.*

*Y. Rap.* What's the matter?

*O. Rap.* [*Sighing.*] I forgot I had left off business.

*Y. Rap.* Business! Confound it! Now, pray keep the tailor under, will you? I'll—I'll send an express to London. [*Runs to the table.*

*O. Rap.* An express! for what?

*Y. Rap.* I don't know.

*Enter* WAITER, R.

*Wai.* The bill of fare, gentlemen.

*Y. Rap.* Bring it here. [*Reads.*] *Turbots—Salmon—Soles—Haddock—Beef—Mutton—Veal—Lamb—Pork*

—*Chickens—Ducks—Turkeys—Puddings—Pies*—Dress it all—that's the short way.

*Wai.* All!

*Y. Rap.* Every bit.

*O. Rap.* No, no, nonsense. The short way, indeed! Come here, sir.—Let me see. [*Reads.*] *Um—Um—Ribs of Beef.*—That's a good thing;—I'll have that.

*Y. Rap.* What?

*Wai.* Ribs of beef, sir.

*Y. Rap.* Are they the short ribs?

*Wai.* Yes, sir.

*Y. Rap.* That's right.

*Wai.* What liquor would your honour like?

*Y. Rap.* [*Jumping up.*] Spruce beer.

*Wai.* Very well, sir.

*Y. Rap.* I must have some clothes.

*O. Rap.* I'm sure that's a very good coat.

*Y. Rap.* Waiter!—I must have a dashing coat for the Nabob. Is there a rascally tailor any where near you?

*Wai.* Yes, sir;—there are two close by.

[*Father and son look at each other.*

*Y. Rap.* Umph! then tell one of them to send me some clothes.

*Wai.* Sir, he must take your measure.

*O. Rap.* To be sure he must.

*Y. Rap.* Oh, true! I remember the fellows do measure you somehow with long bits of—Well—send for the scoundrel. [*Exit Waiter*, R.

*O. Rap.* Oh, for shame of yourself; I've no patience.

*Y. Rap.* Like you the better.—Hate patience as much as you do, ha, ha! Must swagger a little.

*O. Rap.* Ah! I am too fond of you, I am, Ned. Take my fortune; but only remember this—By the faith of a man, I came by it honestly,—and all I ask is, that it may go as it came.

*Y. Rap.* Certainly. But we must keep moving, you know.

*O. Rap.* Well, well, I don't care if I do take a bit of a walk with you.

*Y. R.* Bit of a walk! Dam'me, we'll have a gallop together. Come along, dad—push on, dad. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*A room in Mr. Vortex's house, with two Doors in Flat. Two Chairs.*

*Enter* MR. VORTEX, ELLEN, *and* MISS VORTEX.

*Ellen.* Married to Charles Stanley! You, madam?

*Miss Vor.* Yes, I.

*Ellen.* I'll not believe it.

*Miss Vor.* Well, I vow that's uncommon comic! And why not, my forsaken cousin?

*Ellen.* First, madam, I know Charles Stanley would only form so sacred an alliance where his affections pointed out the object. Secondly, I feel those affections to be mine.

*Vor.* Thirdly, an inconstant swain was a thing never heard of; and, to conclude, pray peruse that letter.

*Ellen.* [*Reads.*] "*Sir Hubert Stanley informs Mr. Vortex that his son embraces with eager joy the proposals for his marriage with Mr. Vortex's daughter.*" [*Drops the letter.*] Then every thing is possible! Oh, love!

*Vor.* Nay, don't you abuse poor Cupid—his conduct has been perfectly parliamentary. Self-interest has made the little gentleman move over to the other side, that's all.

[*Knocking at the door,* R.

*Ellen.* Heavens! should this be—

*Enter* JOHN, R.

*Ser.* Young Mr. Stanley, sir. [*Exit,* R.

*Ellen.* My soul sinks within me.

*Miss Vor.* [*With affected tenderness.*] Upon my honour, my dear, you had better retire. Your agitation—

*Ellen.* I thank you, madam—[*Going*]—hold—No! with your permission, I'll remain. [*Returns.*

*Miss Vor.* Just as you please. What a triumph! Oh, how uncommon delicious!

*Ellen.* Now, heart, be firm. [*Retires up stage.*

*Enter* CHARLES STANLEY, R., *and with eagerness crosses to* C., *and starts.*

*Miss Vor.* (L.) How he's struck!

*Vor.* Exceedingly.

*Cha.* What can this mean? [*Aside.*] Ma—madam—the confusion that—that—that—

*Miss Vor.* I must cheer him with a smile.

[*During this, Ellen advances so as to leave Miss Vortex between her and Stanley.*

*Cha.* [*Seeing Ellen.*] Ah! what heaven of brightness breaks in upon me! Lovely Miss Vortex, can I believe my happiness! Will those arms receive me? [*Miss Vortex, thinking this addressed to her, opens her arms: Stanley rushes past her to Ellen.*] My Ellen!

*Ellen.* (L.] Oh, Charles, the suffering my heart underwent this moment, and the joy it now feels, is such, I cannot speak. [*They retire.*

*Miss Vor.* (R. C.) Nabob! Nabob!

*Vor.* (R.) What's the matter?

*Miss Vor.* The matter! won't you resent this?

*Vor.* Oh dear! not I.

*Miss Vor.* Will you bear an insult?

*Vor.* My physicians order me not to mind being insulted at all; nothing is to provoke me.

*Miss Vor.* Provoke you!—If I were a man, I would—oh!

*Vor.* I don't like his looks: he seems a desperate—

*Miss Vor.* What do you mean to do?

*Vor.* Why, as this is a very extraordinary case—

*Miss Vor.* Certainly—

*Vor.* I think it best to—adjourn.

[*Goes up the stage with Miss Vortex, and off,* L. S. E. *Stanley and Ellen come forward.*

*Cha.* (R.) I perceive the mistake; but my heart confessed but one Miss Vortex.—I thought the name, like the superior virtues you adorn it with, attached alone to Ellen. The embarrassments of my paternal estate demanded a marriage with a woman of fortune—

*Ellen.* What do I hear?

*Cha.* Why this alarm?

*Ellen.* Alarm! Must not those words terrify which separate me from you forever?

*Cha.* What means my Ellen?

*Ellen.* Oh, Stanley, hear me. On my return to England Mr. Vortex, to whom the care of my property was entrusted, was ever pressing on my mind the difficulty of recovering my father's India possessions. Each messenger that arrived from you, confirmed the melancholy tale, that my Stanley was sinking into an early grave. Oh! what then was fortune or the world to me? I sought out solitude, and willingly assigned to Mr. Vortex, what he called my expectations, for five thousand pounds.

*Cha.* Yet you shall be mine.

*Ellen.* No, Charles, I will not bring you poverty. I'll return to solitude, and endeavor to teach this lesson to my heart: That it will be joy enough to know that Stanley is well and happy. [*Going.*

*Cha.* Stay, Ellen—think deeply before you consign the man that loves you, to certain misery.

*Ellen.* True—in a few hours, let me see you again. The opposing agitations my mind has suffered, unfit me for further conversation.

*Cha.* In a few hours, then, you'll allow me to see you?

*Ellen.* Allow you to see me!—Oh! Stanley, farewell! [*Exit,* L.

*Re-enter* MR *and* MISS VORTEX. *They come forward,* R.

*Miss Vor.* Now speak.

*Vor.* We had better pair off.

*Miss Vor.* No—Speak with spirit.

*Vor.* I will.—Sir, I cannot help saying, that every man, that is, every man of honour—

*Miss Vor.* That's right!—Say that again.

*Vor.* That every man of honour— [*Raising his voice.*

*Cha.* Well, sir?

*Vor.* Is—is—the—the—best judge of his own actions.

*Cha.* I perfectly agree with you—and wish you a good morning. [*Crosses and exit,* R.

*Miss Vor.* So, then, I'm to be insulted, despised, and laughed at, and no duel is to take place—nobody is to be killed—my tender heart is to feel no satisfaction. [*Weeps.*]

*Vor.* I fight!—do you consider the preciousness of a legislator's life?

"A county suffers when a member bleeds."

*Enter* BRONZE, R.

*Bro.* (R.) Oh, sir, such news!

*Vor.* What! is parliament convened?

*Bro.* No, sir; but I have found out that the baronet is—

*Vor.* What of him?

*Bro.* Ruined!

*Miss Vor.* [*Drying her eyes.*] Well! that's some satisfaction.

*Bro.* I met at the inn the Mr. Rapids, merchants, I formerly lived with, who have a large mortgage on his estate, and he wants to borrow more—So, sir, I told them I was sure my master would be proud to see them at Bengalore Hall, because I thought, sir—

*Vor.* I know—I have it. I'll shew them every attention; and if I can but get hold of the mortgage, I'll—

*Miss Vor.* Oh! uncommon charming!

*Vor.* [*To Miss Vor.*] Now do you go and write a note, and say we will wait on them. Ah! use policy instead of pistols, and I would fight any man—for, as I say in my speech, " Policy, Mr. Speaker, is—"

*Miss Vor.* Exactly, Nabob—but I must write the letter, you know. Is the young merchant handsome?

*Bro.* Yes, madam.

*Miss Vor.* So much the better. [*Exit,* L.

*Vor.* You see, Bronze, the turn I give it is this—" Policy, Mr. Speaker, says I—"

*Bro.* Very true, sir; but I believe my mistress calls—I attend you, madam. [*Exit,* L.

*Vor.* Confound it! Will nobody hear my speech? Then I'll speak it to myself.—" Policy, Mr. Speaker—"

*Enter* FRANK, R.

*Fra.* How do you do, sur?

*Vor.* What! interrupted again!—Approach, don't be afraid.

*Fra.* (R.) Lord, sur, I bean't afeard: why should I?—I defies the devil and all his works.

*Vor.* If this be what is called rough honesty, give me a little smooth-tongued roguery. I don't know you, fellow!

*Fra.* Ees, sur, you do—I be's Frank Oatland.

*Vor.* Begone!—I know nothing of you.

*Fra.* Ees, sur, you do—I've a bit of a sister, called Jessy.

*Vor.* Eh! ah!

*Fra.* [*Aside.*] Dom un, he knaws me well enough now.

*Vor.* Oh! very true—Frank Oatland, ay! Well, good Frank, how is Jessy?

*Fra.* Charming, sur! charming!

*Vor.* Ay, that she is, lovely and charming, indeed! [*Aside.*] And how are you, Frank?

*Fra.* I be's charming, too, sur.

*Vor.* But why don't Jessy visit my people here? I should be always happy to see her.

*Fra.* Should you, sur! Why, if I may be so bold as to ax, why, sur?

*Vor.* Because—-because—she is—a—farmer Oatland's child.

*Fra.* So be I, sur? How comes it, then, that you never axes I to your balls and ostentations? I can dance twice as long as sister can.

*Vor.* Cunning fellow this!—I must buy him. [*Aside.*] Well, Frank, what are your commands?

*Fra.* Why, sur, feyther do command you to lend him three hundred pounds—no, sur, I mean he supplicates.

*Vor.* Three hundred pounds!

*Fra.* I'll tell you, sur, all about it.—You knaw, sur, feyther have been knuckled out of a most cruel sight of money by you at weagering and cards.

*Vor.* By me, fellow! Do you think I associate with such reptiles?

*Fra.* Ecod, it was either you or t'other gentleman.

*Vor.* T'other gentleman!

*Fra.* I doan't knaw which be which, not I.—There be two of you.

*Vor.* Two of us!

*Fra.* Ees, there be you—that be one; and there be your gentleman—he do make the pair.

*Vor.* The pair!—And have I been buying a hundred thousand pounds worth of respect for this? Have I become a member to pair off with my valet?

*Fra.* Ecod, and a comical pair you be!—T'other gentleman be's a tightish, conceited sort of a chap enough; but you be a little—he! he! [*Smothering a laugh.*

*Vor.* Upon my soul, this is very pleasant—You are quite free and easy.

*Fra.* Quite, sur; quite.—Feyther do tell I it be all the fashion.

*Vor.* He does!—Then you may tell feyther, that if he has lost his money at play, the winners won't give him sixpence to save him from starving, and that that be all the fashion.—By their distress, the pretty Jessy will be more in my power, and then I can reinstate them in a farm upon terms. [*Aside.*] Go, fellow! I shall not send your father sixpence.

*Fra.* The words I told um—the very words I told um—Says I,—"Feyther, he bean't the man will gi' thee a brass farthin. Dong it, he hasn't it *here*, says I."

[*Laying his hand upon his heart.*

*Vor.* You said so, did you?

*Fra.* Ees—so you see, sur, what a desperate cute lad I be.

*Vor.* [*Aside.*] I'll set a trap for you, you dog—I'll have you in my power, however; I'll drop my purse—he'll take it—and then—[*Drops his purse.*] A pair of us! Ill lay you by the heels, desperate cute as you are.

[*Exit at door in flat.*

*Fra.* Poor feyther, poor sister, and poor I! Feyther will go broken-hearted for sartin; and then, sister Jessy's coming to labor! I can't bear the thought on't. Od dom thee! if I could but get hold of some of thy money, I'd take care thee should not get it again. Eh! [*Sees the purse, and walks round it.*] Well, now, I declare that do look for all the world like a purse. How happy it would make poor feyther and sister! I conceats there would be no harm just to touch it; [*Takes it up with caution*]—it be cruel tempting. Nobody do see I. I wonder how it would feel in my pocket. [*Puts it with fear into his pocket.*] Wouns! how hot I be! Cruel warm, to be sure. Who's that? Nobody. Oh! l—l—l-u-d, lud! and I' ha gotten such a desperate ague all of a sudden, and my heart do keep j—jump—jumping. I believe I be going to die. [*Falls into a chair.*] Eh! Eh! Mayhap it be this terrible purse. Dom thee, come out. [*Throws it down.—After a pause.*] Ees, now I is better. Dear me, quite an alteration. My head doan't spin about soa, and my heart do feel as light, and do so keep tipputing, tipputing, I can't help crying.

*Re-enter* VORTEX, *door in flat.*

*Vor.* Now I have him. [*Sees the purse.*] What! he has not stolen it, though his own father's in want! Here's a precious rascal for you!

*Fra.* Mr. Nabob, you have left your purse behind you.

[*Sobbing.*] And you ought to be asheamed of yourself, so you ought, to leave a purse in a poor lad's way, who has a feyther and a sister coming to starving.

*Vor.* My purse! true: reach it me.

*Fra.* Noa, thank you for nothing. I've had it in my hand once. Ecod, if having other people's money do make a man so hot, how desperate warm some folks mun be!

*Vor.* Warm—foolish fellow! [*Wiping his forehead, and fanning himself with his hat.*] Fugh! quite a Bengal day, I declare.

*Fra.* Od dang it, how their wicked heads mun spin round!

*Vor.* Spin round! I never heard such a simpleton.—Spin, indeed! ha, ha!—God bless my soul, I'm quite giddy! O Lord! Oh, dear me! Help! help!

[*Throws himself into a chair.*

*Enter* BRONZE, L.

*Bro.* What's the matter, sir?

*Vor.* Only a little touch of my old complaint. Send that fellow away. [*Bronze goes up to Frank.*

*Fra.* Oh, this be t'other gentleman. Sur, I ha' gotten twenty-six pound that feyther lost to you at gamestering.

*Bro.* Where is it?

*Fra.* In my pocket.

*Bro.* That's lucky—give it me.

*Fra.* Gi' it thee! Ees, dom thee, come out, and I'll gi' it thee! [*Clenching his fist.*]

*Vor.* Begone!

*Fra.* Gentlemen, I wish you both a good morning.

[*Exit,* R.

*Vor.* [*Getting up.*] What a dunderhead that is, to suppose that a little tenderness of conscience would make a man's head turn round! Pugh! 'tis impossible, or how the devil would the lawyers find their way from Westminster Hall? Giddy, indeed! Ha! ha!—Bronze, take care I don't fall. [*Exit, leaning on Bronze,* L.

END OF ACT II.

# ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in an Inn. Table, with green cloth over it, two Chairs, a Stool, and large Arm Chair.*

*Enter* OLD RAPID, R., *with a Letter, and* JOHN *following.*

*O. Rap.* What! a real letter from the real Nabob! dear me! where is Neddy? Make my humble duty to your master: proud to serve him—no—very proud to see him; grateful for the honour of his custom—no—no—for his company. I wish you a pleasant walk home, sir. The Nabob coming here directly! oh, dear me, where's Neddy? Waiter! [*Exit John,* L.

*Enter* WAITER, L.

Do you know where my boy is?

*Wai.* Not a minute ago I saw him fighting in a field behind the house.

*Enter* YOUNG RAPID, L., *his coat torn.*

*O. Rap.* Fighting! oh, dear, where is he?

*Y. Rap.* Here am I, dad.

*O. Rap.* What has been the matter?

*Y. Rap.* Only a small rumpus: went to peep at the castle—pushing home, the road had a bit of a circumbendibus, hate corners, so I jumped the hedge, cut right across—you know my way—kept moving, up came a farmer, wanted to turn me back, would not do, tussled a bit, carried my point, came straight as an arrow.

*O. Rap.* Fy, fy! But read that letter.

*Y. Rap.* What! the Nabob coming here directly, and I in this pickle! Waiter, are my clothes come home?

*Wai.* No, sir.

*Y. Rap.* Why, the fellow gave his word—

*Wai.* Yes, sir; but what can you expect from a tailor? [*Exit,* L.

*Y. Rap.* That's very true.

*O. Rap.* Impudent rascal!

*Y. Rap.* What the devil shall I do? the most important moment of my life.

*O. Rap.* 'Tis unlucky.

*Y. Rap.* Unlucky! 'tis perdition—annihilation—a misfortune, that— [*Crosses,* R.

*O. Rap.* I can mend.

*Y. Rap.* How?

*O. Rap.* By mending the coat.

*Y. Rap.* An excellent thought. Come, help me off—quick, quick!

*O. Rap.* I always have a needle in my pocket.

*Y. Rap.* [*Rubbing his back.*] I know you have.

*O. Rap.* Now give it me.

*Y. Rap.* What! suffer my father to mend my coat? No, no, not so bad as that, neither. As the coat must be mended,—damn it, I'll mend it.

*O. Rap.* Will you, though?—Ecod, I should like to see you. Here's a needle, ready threaded, and a thimble; you can't think how I shall like to see you: now don't hurry, that's a dear boy.

[*Young Rapid sits down, gathering his legs under him; Old Rapid puts his spectacles on, and sits close to him, looking on.*

*Y. Rap.* Now mind, dad, when—[*Pricks his fingers*]—damn the needle!

*O. Rap.* That's because you are in such a hurry.

*Y. Rap.* When the Nabob comes, sink the tailor.

*O. Rap.* I will; but that's a long stitch.

*Y. Rap.* Be sure you sink the tailor. A great deal depends on the first impression: you shall be reading a grave book, with a melancholy air.

*O. Rap.* Then I wish I had brought down my book of bad debts: that would have made me melancholy enough.

*Enter* MR. *and* MISS VORTEX, L.U.E., *who advance slowly, he to the side where Young Rapid is, she to the other side.*

*Y. Rap.* I—ha, ha! I say, dad, if the Nabob was to see us now, ha, ha!

*O. Rap.* Ha, ha! true; but mind what you're about.

*Y. Rap.* I'll be discovered in a situation that will surprise—a striking situation, and in some damned elegant attitude. [*Looks up and sees the Nabob.*

*O. Rap.* Why don't you finish the job? why don't you?

[*Sees the Nabob—both look round the other way, and see Miss Vortex—they both appear ashamed and deject-

*ed, and Young Rapid draws his legs from under him.*

*Vor.* Gentlemen, I and my daughter, Miss Vortex, have done ourselves the honour of waiting upon you, to—

*Miss Vor.* But I beg we may not interrupt your amusement: 'tis uncommon whimsical!

*Y. Rap.* [*Recovering himself.*] Yes, ma'am, very whimsical—I must keep moving. [*Laughs.*] Ha, ha! You see, dad, I've won, I've won—ha, ha!

*Miss V.* He says he has won.

*O. Rap.* [*With amazement.*] Oh! he has won, has he?

*Y. Rap.* Yes, you know, I have won; he! he! why don't you laugh? [*Aside to Old Rapid.*

*O. Rap.* [*With difficulty.*] Ha! he!

*Y. Rap.* You see, ma'am, the fact is,—I had torn my coat; so says I to my father, I'll bet my bays against your opera-box that I mend it; and so—ha! ha! [*To Old Rap.*] Laugh again.

*O. Rap.* I can't.—Indeed I can't.

*Y. Rap.* And so I—I won—upon my soul I was doing it very well.

*O. Rap.* No, you were not,—you were doing it a shame to be seen.

*Y. Rap.* [*Apart.*] Hush!—Ah, father, you don't like to lose.

*Vor.* Well, gentlemen, now this very extraordinary frolic is over——

*Y. Rap.* Yes, sir, it is quite over—[*Aside*]—thank heaven.

*Vor.* Suppose we adjourn to Bengalore Hall.

*Y. Rap.* Sir, I'll go with you directly with all the pleasure in life. [*Running.*

*Miss Vor.* I believe my curricle is the first carriage.

*O. Rap.* Dear me! [*Looking at Miss Vortex.*

*Vor.* My daughter seems to please you, sir.

*O. Rap.* What a shape!

*Miss Vor.* Oh, sir, you're uncommon polite!

*Y. Rap.* He's remarkably gallant, ma'am.

*O. Rap.* What elegance!—what fashion! upon the whole, it's the best made little spencer I've seen for some time. [*Vortex and daughter in amazement.*

*Y. Rap.* Oh, the devil!—The fact is, ma'am, my father 's the most particular man on earth about dress—the beau of his time—Beau Rapid—You know, father, they always called you Beau Rapid. I dare say he's had more suits of clothes in his house than any man in England.

*Miss Vor.* An uncommon expensive whim!

*Y. Rap.* I don't think his fortune has suffered by it.

*Miss Vor.* [*To Old Rapid.*] Shall I have the honour of driving you?

*O. Rap.* Oh, madam, I can't think of giving you so much trouble as to drive me.

*Miss Vor.* My dear sir, I shall be uncommon happy!

*O. Rap.* Oh, madam! [*Simpers and titters to his son, then takes Miss Vortex's hand, and trots off,* L.]

*Vor.* We'll follow.

*Y. Rap.* If you please:—not that I particularly like to follow.

*Vor.* I suppose, sir, now summer approaches, London begins to fill for the winter.

*Y. Rap.* Yes, sir.

*Vor.* Anything new in high life?—what is the present rage with the ladies of fashion?

*Y. Rap.* Why, sir, as to the ladies;—[*Aside.*]—What shall I say?—Oh! the ladies, sir,—why, heaven bless them, sir! they—they keep moving!—but, to confess the truth, sir,—my fashionable education has been very much neglected.

*Vor.* That's a pity.

*Y. Rap.* Very great pity, sir.

*Vor.* Suppose I become your preceptor.

*Y. Rap.* If you would be so kind—I would treasure any little short rule.

*Vor.* Why, there is a short rule necessary for every man of fashion to attend to.

*Y. Rap.* What is it?

*Vor.* Never to reflect.

*Y. Rap.* Never reflect!—what, push on—keep moving? my dear sir—that's my way—suits me exactly.

*Vor.* Then you must be known.

*Y. Rap.* To be sure;—I'll give away thousands in charities.

*Vor.* Charities! You would be forgot in a week—To be known, you must be mischievous;—malice has a much better memory than gratitude; and then you must be gallant.—Are there no pretty girls you should like to be well with, eh?

*Y. Rap.* A very extensive assortment, sir.

*Vor.* And perhaps there may be a married woman you would like to intrigue with.

*Y. Rap.* A very large quantity.—Oh! how I long to begin!—Are you married, sir?

*Vor.* Why, no!

*Enter* JOHN, L.

*John.* The carriage is ready.

*Y. Rap.* So am I; come, sir,—four horses, I hope.

*Vor.* No, sir.

*Y. Rap.* That's a great pity. Pray, sir, will you have the goodness to tell your coachman to drive like the devil?

*Vor.* Sir, to oblige you.

*Y. Rap.* Sir, I'll be very much obliged to you.

*Enter* WAITER, L.

*Wai.* Your clothes are come, sir.

*Y. Rap.* That's lucky.

*Vor.* Then I'll wait for you.

*Y. Rap.* Wait for me!—nobody need wait for me—I'll be with you in a crack—Do you push on—I'll keep moving—I'll take care nobody waits for me. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Nabob's House. Three chairs.*

*Enter* OATLAND, *dejected;* FRANK *and* JESSY *leading him*, R.

*Jes.* (R.) Be comforted, father.

*Oat.* (C.) To see thee brought to service! [*Sighs.*] I've done this:—I that have—

*Fra.* (L.) Never mind—we be young and healthy, and don't heed it—do us, Jessy?

*Oat.* To be ashamed to look my own children in the face! I, who ought to have been the fore-horse of the team, to be pulled along through life by this young, tender thing!

*Jes.* Don't despond, father—Sir Hubert will see your contrition, and restore you to his favour.

*Oat.* When the hen sees the hawk ready to pounce, she gathers her young ones under her wing—when misfortune hovers over my sweet chicken here, I leave her to shift for herself!

*Jes.* Come, no more of this.

*Oat.* Even the savage hawk takes care of its nestlings—what then am I?—Children, do you hate me?

*Fra.* Hate thee! pugh, feyther, don't thee talk so—good bye to thee—cheer up——thee has long been a feyther to me, now it is my turn, and I'll be a feyther to thee.

*Oat.* I cannot speak—[*Crosses*, R.] take care of my girl, Frank. [*Exit*, R.

*Fra.* Care of her?—though she be a sarvant, let me catch anybody striking her, that's all.—Well, Jessy, we mun not be sheamed—I know poverty be no sin, because parson said so last Sunday.—Talk of that, I do hear that your sweetheart, Mr. Rapid, be worth such a desperate sight of money as never was!

*Jes.* [*Sighs.*] If his fortunes are so prosperous, brother, he is exalted above my hopes,—if his heart be mercenary, he is sunk below my wishes.—Heigho! yet he might have sent to know if I were well, he might—no matter!

*Fra.* He be coming to Neabob's here, on a visitation.

*Jes.* Ha! coming here!

*Fra.* Ees—and Mr. Bronze do say while he be here, I am to be his sarving-man.

*Jes.* You *his* servant! [*Weeps.*

*Fra.* Doan't thee cry, Jessy!

*Jes.* [*Recovering herself.*] I won't; it was weak, it was wrong.—Frank, be sure you conceal from Mr. Rapid who you are—I have reasons for it.—Edward here!—when we meet, it will be a hard trial. Yet why should I dread it? let perfidy and pride shrink abashed, virtuous integrity will support me.

*Fra.* That's right, Jessy, show a proper spirit.—Ecod, if he were to pull out his purse and to offer to make thee a present of five guineas, doan't thee take it. [*Jessy smiles dejectedly.*] Here be thy new mistress.

*Jes.* Leave me.

*Fra.* Do'st thou hear? Dom it, doan't thee take it. [*Exit*, L.

*Enter* MISS VORTEX, R.

*Miss Vor.* (R.) Oh! my new attendant, I suppose!—What's your name, child?

*Jes.* (L.) Jessy Oatland, madam.

*Miss Vor.* Well, Oatland, [*Taking out her glass.*] look at me.—Umph—not at all contemptible—that's a charming nosegay—[*Jessy presents it.*] all exotics, I declare.

*Jes.* No, madam, neglected wild flowers; I took them from their bed of weeds, bestowed care on their culture, and by transplanting them to a more genial soil, they have flourished with luxuriant strength and beauty.

*Miss Vor.* A pretty amusement.

*Jes.* And it seemed, madam, to convey this lesson—Not to despise the lowly mind, but rather, with fostering hand, to draw it from its chill obscurity, that, like these humble flowers, it might grow rich in worth and native energy.

*Miss Vor.* Oh! [*Aside.*]—mind—energy!—What's the matter with the poor girl, I wonder! uncommon odd!—I hear, Oatland, you are reduced in your circumstances.

*Jes.* Yes, madam.

*Miss Vor.* That's very lucky, because it will make you humble, child!—Well, what are your qualifications?

*Jes.* Cheerful industry, madam. I can read to you, write for you, or converse—

*Miss Vor.* Converse with me! I dare say you can.—No thank you, child—instead of my listening to your voice, you will be polite enough to be as silent as convenient, and do me the honour of listening to mine.—Oh! here comes Mr. Rapid.

*Jes.* Ah! [*In great agitation.*] May I retire, madam?

*Miss Vor.* Yes; I shall follow to dress.—No, stay—Yes, you may go.

*Jes.* Oh, thank you! thank you, dear madam!

[*Exit with rapidity,* L.

*Miss Vor.* That poor girl appears to me rather crazy.

*Enter Old and Young* RAPID, *and* VORTEX, R.

Welcome to Bengalore Hall, gentlemen.

*Y. Rap.* Charming house! plenty of room.

[*Runs about and looks at every thing.*

*O. Rap.* A very spacious apartment, indeed.

*Vor.* Yes, sir; but I declare I forget the dimensions of this room.

*O. Rap.* Sir, if you please, I'll measure it—my cane is exactly a yard, good honest measure—and that mark is the half-yard, and—

*Y. Rap.* [*Overhears and snatches the cane from him.*] Confound it!—The pictures, father—look at the pictures; [*Pointing with the cane.*] did you ever see such charming—

*Miss Vor.* Do you like pictures?

*Y. Rap.* Exceedingly, ma'am; but I should like them a great deal better if they just moved a little.

*Miss Vor.* Ha! ha! I must retire to dress—till dinner, gentlemen, adieu. [*Exit,* R.

*Y. Rap.* [*To his father.*] Zounds! you'll ruin everything! can't you keep the tailor under?

*Vor.* Your son seems rather impatient.

*O. Rap.* Very, sir; always was. I remember a certain duke—

*Y. Rap.* That's right, lay the scene high—push the duke—push him as far as he'll go.

*O. Rap.* I will, I will. I remember a certain duke used to say, Mr. Rapid, your son is as sharp as a needle.

*Y. Rap.* At it again!

*O. Rap.* As a needle—

*Y. Rap.* [*Interrupting him.*] Is true to the pole. As a needle is true to the pole, says the duke; so will your son, says the duke, be to everything spirited and fashionable, says the duke. Am I always to be tortured with your infernal needles? [*Aside to Old Rapid.*

*Vor.* Now to sound them. I hear, gentlemen, your business in this part of the country is with Sir Hubert Stanley, respecting some money transactions.

*O. Rap.* 'Tis a secret.

*Vor.* Oh! no—the baronet avows his wish to sell his estate.

*O. Rap.* Oh! that alters the case.

*Vor.* I think it would be a desirable purchase for you—I should be happy in such a neighbor—and if you should want forty or fifty thousand, ready money, I'll supply it with pleasure.

*O. Rap.* Oh, sir, how kind! If my son wishes to purchase, I would rather leave it entirely to him.

*Y. Rap.* And I would rather leave it entirely to you.

*Vor.* Very well, I'll propose for it. [*Aside.*] This will cut Sir Hubert to the soul. There is a very desirable borough interest—then you could sit in parliament.

*Y. Rap.* I in parliament? ha! ha!

*O. Rap.* No; that would be a botch.

*Y. Rap.* No, no; I was once in the gallery—crammed in—no moving—expected to hear the great guns—got up a little fellow, nobody knew who, gave us a three hours' speech—I got dev'lish fidgetty—the house called for the question, I joined the cry—"The question, the question," says I. A member spied me; cleared the gallery; got hustled by my brother spectators—obliged to scud. Oh! it would never do for me.

*Vor.* But you must learn patience.

*Y. Rap.* Then make me Speaker; if that wouldn't teach me patience, nothing would.

*Vor.* Do you dislike, sir, parliamentary eloquence?

*O. Rap.* Sir, I never heard one of your real downright parliamentary speeches in my life, never. [*Yawns.*

*Y. Rap.* By your yawning, I should think you had heard a great many.

*Vor.* Oh, how lucky! At last, I shall get my dear speech spoken. Sir, I am a member, and I mean to—

*Y. Rap.* Keep moving.

*Vor.* Why, I mean to speak, I assure you; and—

*Y. Rap.* Push on, then.

*Vor.* What, speak my speech? That I will; I'll speak it.

*Y. Rap.* Oh, the devil! Don't yawn so. [*To Old Rap.*

*O. Rap.* I never get a comfortable nap, never!

*Y. Rap.* You have a dev'lish good chance now. Confound all speeches. Oh!

*Vor.* Pray be seated. [*They sit on each side of Vortex.*] Now, we'll suppose that the chair— [*Pointing to a chair.*

*O. Rap.* Suppose it the chair! why, it is a chair, an't it?

*Vor.* Pshaw! I mean—

*Y. Rap.* He knows what you mean—'tis his humour.

*Vor.* Oh, he's witty!

*Y. Rap.* Oh, remarkably brilliant, indeed!

[*Significantly to his father.*

*Vor.* What, are you a wit, sir?

*O. Rap.* A what? Yes, I am; I am a wit.

*Vor.* Well, now I'll begin. Oh, what a delicious moment! The house when they approve, cry "Hear him! hear him!" I only give you a hint in case anything should strike.

*Y. Rap.* Push on. I can never stand it. [*Aside.*

*Vor.* Now I shall charm them. [*Addresses the chair.*] "Sir, had I met your eye at an earlier hour, I should not have blinked the present question; but having caught what has fallen from the other side, I shall scout the idea of going over the usual ground." What, no applause yet? [*Aside. During this, Old Rapid has fallen asleep, and Y. Rapid, after shewing great fretfulness and impatience, runs to the back scene, throws up the window, and looks out.*] "But I shall proceed, and, I trust, without interruption." [*Turns round and sees Old Rap. asleep.*] Upon my soul, this is—What do you mean, sir? . [*Old Rap. awakes.*

*O. Rap.* What's the matter?—Hear him! hear him!

*Vor.* Pray, sir, don't you blush? [*Sees Young Rapid at the window.*] What the devil!

*Y. Rap.* [*Looking round.*] Hear him! hear him!

*Vor.* By the soul of Cicero, 'tis too much.

*O. Rap.* Oh, Neddy, for shame of yourself to fall asleep! I mean, to look out of the window. I am very sorry, sir, anything should go across the grain. I say, Ned, smooth him down!

*Y. Rap.* I will. What the devil shall I say. The fact is, sir, I heard the cry of fire—upon—the—the—the water, and—

*Vor.* Well, well. But do you wish to hear the end of my speech?

*Y. Rap.* Upon my honour, I do.

*Vor.* Then we'll only suppose this little interruption a message from the lords, or something of that sort.

[*They sit, Young Rapid fretful.*

*Vor.* Where did I leave off?

*Y. Rap.* Oh! I recollect; at—"I therefore briefly conclude with moving—an adjournment." [*Rising.*

*Vor.* Nonsense! no such thing. [*Putting him down in a chair.*] Oh! I remember! "I shall therefore proceed; and, I trust without interruption."—

*Enter* JOHN, R.

*John.* Dinner's on the table, sir.

*Vor.* Get out of the room, you villain!—"Without interruption"—

*John.* I say, sir—

*Y. Rap.* Hear him! hear him!

*John.* Dinner is waiting.

*Y. Rap.* [*Jumps up.*] Dinner waiting! Come along, sir.

*Vor.* Never mind the dinner.

*Y. Rap.* But I like it smoking.

*O. Rap.* So do I. Be it ever so little let me have it hot.

*Vor.* Won't you hear my speech?

*Y. Rap.* To be sure we will—but now to dinner. Come, we'll move together. Capital speech! Push on, sir. Come along, dad. Push him on, dad.

[*Exeunt, forcing Vortex out,* R.

### SCENE III.—*An Ancient Hall.*

*Enter* SIR HUBERT, *leaning on* CHARLES STANLEY, R.

*Cha.* (L.) Take comfort, sir.

*Sir Hub.* (R.) Where shall I find it, boy? To live on my estate, is ruin: to part with it, death! My heart is twined around it. I've been a patriarch of my tribe—the scourge of the aggressor—the protector of the injured!—Can I forego these dignities? My old, grey-headed servants, too, whose only remaining hope is to lay their bones near their loved master, how shall I part with them? I prate, boy; 'tis the privilege of these white hairs.

*Enter* JAMES, R. *delivers a letter to Sir Hubert, who reads it with great agitation. Exit James,* R.

*Cha.* Ah! what is it shakes you, sir? That letter?

*Sir Hub.* Nothing, my dear boy!—'tis infirmity!—I shall soon be better.

*Cha.* Excuse me, dear sir. [*Takes the letter, and reads.*] "*Mr. Vortex, at the request of Mr. Rapid, informs Sir Hu-*" *bert Stanley it is inconvenient for him to advance more mo-*" *ney on mortgage. Mr. Vortex laments Sir Hubert's pecu-*" *niary embarrassments,*"—damnation—"*to relieve which,*" *he will purchase the castle and estate.*" Sooner shall its massy ruins crumble me to dust. Don't despond, my father! bear up!

*Enter* FRANK, *running,* L., *his face bloody.*

*Fra.* Oh, sur!—at Nabob's table they've been so abusing your father!

*Cha.* Ah!

*Fra.* And I've been fighting—

*Cha.* Hush!

*Sir Hub.* What's his business?

*Cha.* Oh, sir! [*Concealing his agitation.*] My friend Frank consults me on a love affair; and I must not betray his confidence. In his hurry, he fell. Wasn't it so?

[*Significantly.*

*Fra.* Ees, sur, ees.

*Sir Hub.* You are not hurt, young man?

*Fra.* No. sir.—Thank heaven! my head be a pure hard one.

*Sir Hub.* My boy, don't stay from me long. [*Exit,* R.

*Cha.* Now, good Frank, ease my tortured mind.—What of my father?

*Fra.* Why, your honour, Mr. Bronze came laughing out of dining room, and says, "Dom'me, how the old baronet "has been roasted!" So, sur, I not knowing what they could mean by roasting a Christian, axed. "Why," says he, grinning, "they voted, that it was a pity the dignity of the bloody hand interfered, or the old beggar might set up a shop."

*Cha.* What!

*Fra.* The old beggar might set up a shop.

*Cha.* Unmannered, cowardly babblers!

*Fra.* And that you, sur, would make a dapper 'prentice.

*Cha.* I heed not that. But, when I forgive a father's wrongs—

*Fra.* So, says I, Dom'me, if young 'squire had been among them, he would have knocked all their heads together. Now, wouldn't you, sur, have knocked their heads together? Then they all laughed at me; which somehow made all the blood in my body come into my knuckles. So says I, "Mr. Bronze, suppose a case—suppose me young 'Squire Stanley; now, say that again about his honoured father." So he did; and I lent him such a drive o' the face; and I was knocking all their heads together pretty tightish, till the cook laid me flat wi' the poker: then they all fell upon me; and when I could fight no longer, I fell a-crying, and ran to tell your honour.

*Cha.* Thanks, my affectionate lad! Return to the Nabob's to-day.

*Fra.* I be sartain, I shall never do any good there.

*Cha.* To-morrow, you shall live with me. I shall dismiss all my servants; my circumstances require it.

*Fra.* What! all but me? What! I do all the work? —Lord, lord, how glad I be, sur, you can't afford to keep anybody but I.

*Cha.* Good Frank, farewell!—Hold—here.

[*Presenting a purse.*

*Fra.* [*Refusing.*] Nay, pray'ee, sur, doan't you beheave unkind to me. I be a poor lad, that do worship and love you; not a spy for the lucre of gain. Pray use me kindly, and doan't gi' me a farding. [*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT III.

# ACT IV.

## Scene I.—*An Apartment in Vortex's House. Table and two chairs.*

*Enter* Vortex, *in great terror, reading a letter*, L.

*Vor.* Dear me! here's a terrible affair! [*Reads.*] "*Give me up the author of the slander on my father*,"—that was myself; I never can find in my heart to give myself up— "*or personally answer the consequences.*—Charles Stanley." Oh, dear! since I find my words are taken down, I must be more parliamentary in my language. What shall I do? I can't fight; my poor head won't bear it; it might be the death of me.

*Y. Rap.* [*Without*, R.] Huzza, my fine fellows! bravo!

*Vor.* Eh! egad, a fine thought. Young Rapid is loaded muzzle high with champaigne. I'll tell him he said the words, and make him own them. I've persuaded him into a marriage with my daughter; after that, the devil's in't if I can't persuade him into a duel.

*Enter* Young Rapid, *tipsy*, R.

*Y. Rap.* (R.) Here I am, in tip-top spirits—ripe for any thing.

*Vor*. (L.) How did you like my champaigne ?

*Y. Rap*. Oh ! suits me exactly ; a man is such a damned long while getting tipsy with other wine.—Champaigne settles the business directly ; it has made me—

*Vor*. Lively, I see.

*Y. Rap*. Lively ? it has made me like a sky-rocket. Well, how did I behave ? Quite easy, wasn't I ? Pushed on—at every thing—barred prosing. Jolly dogs within—the fat parson's a fine fellow—kept the bottle moving —said a nice, short grace.

*Vor*. Well, and did you lose at play the five hundred pounds I lent you ?

*Y. Rap*. As easy as could be.

*Vor*. That was lucky.

*Y. Rap*. Very ; particularly for those who won it.

*Vor*. Well, now you'll do.

*Y. Rap*. Huzza ! I'm a finished man.

[*Crosses*, L., *staggering and strutting about.*

*Vor*. You only want a quarrel to make you—

*Y. Rap*. A what ? A quarrel ! Dam'me, I'll settle that in two minutes. [*Running off.*

*Vor*. Stop. You need not go out of the room for that.

*Y. Rap*. What ! will you quarrel with me, eh ? With all my heart.

*Vor*. Me ! Oh, no ! I say I could get you such fame.

*Y. Rap*. How, my dear fellow ? Dash on.

*Vor*. Why, at dinner, you reflected on the baronet.

*Y. Rap*. No, it was you.

*Vor*. No, not I.

*Y. Rap*. Yes, it was you.

*Vor*. Well, it might be I ; but I don't say it was.

*Y. Rap*. I do. Push on.

*Vor*. Young Stanley has demanded the author.—Now, if you were to own the words—how the newspapers would teem with—"The elegant Charles Stanley was called out by the dashing Young Rapid about some trifle."

*Y. Rap*. Bravo !

*Vor*. Anything does for a duel now a-days.

*Y. Rap*. Say no more. I'll do it. By heavens, no man of fashion shall be more infamous—I mean more famous. I'll go write to him directly.

*Vor.* First take another bottle of champaigne. You can't think what a free dashing style it will give you.

*Y. Rap.* I will. [*Going—returns.*] No, I can't take up this quarrel.

*Vor.* Oh, dear! why not? [*Alarmed.*

*Y. Rap.* Because I'm sure I'm depriving you of a pleasure.

*Vor.* Oh, don't mind me! I give it you, to show my regard for you. Indeed, I've had so much fighting in my time, that with me, it really ceases to be a pleasure—the sweetest things will cloy—so the quarrel's yours; I wash my hands of it.

*Y. Rap.* You're a damned good-hearted, generous fellow!

*Vor.* Then you'll return triumphant, and marry my daughter.

*Y. Rap.* To be sure—keep moving. [*Going.*] I hope he'll fight directly. Like a sailor, I hate a calm, particularly when an enemy's in sight. Hold! what must we fight with? I can fence.

*Vor.* You have no objection to pistols and bullets?

*Y. Rap.* I like bullets—they come so quick. But I must push on; the other bottle, and then—I'm a first-rate fellow. Champaigne for ever! [*Exit*, R.

*Vor.* You shall have my pistols; they've never been used.

*Enter* MISS VORTEX, L.

Here's policy! "Crown me, shadow me with laurels." Oh, my dear, I've achieved two such difficult points!

*Miss Vor.* (L.) How, my dear Nabob?

*Vor.* (R.) In the first place, I've persuaded Young Rapid to marry you.

*Miss Vor.* Was that so difficult?

*Vor.* No, no, certainly. But the next will delight you. Rapid is going to have an affair of honour with young Stanley.

*Miss Vor.* A duel! and about me?

*Vor.* Yes. [*Aside.*] I may as well tell her so.

*Miss Vor.* Charming!

*Vor.* Now, an't I a kind father to set two young men fighting about you?

*Miss Vor.* Ah! that is, indeed, acting like a parent!

*Vor.* Egad, I must look after Rapid, though.

*Miss Vor.* But how did you manage it?

*Vor.* By policy, to be sure; for, as I observe in my speech—"Policy is—"

*Miss Vor.* And a very good observation it is.

*Vor.* How do you know till you hear it?—"Policy—"

*Miss Vor.* But pray go to Mr. Rapid.

[*Pushing him off*, R.

*Vor.* "Policy—"

*Miss Vor.* Nay, I must insist—[*Exit Vortex*, R.] Oh, delightful!—Oatland!

*Enter* JESSY, R.

I'm in such uncommon spirits, Oatland!

*Jes.* (L.) May I inquire the cause, madam?

*Miss Vor.* (R.) Certainly. A duel is going to be fought about me.

*Jes.* A duel!—horrible thought!

*Miss Vor.* Sensibility, I vow!—Too comic, a vast deal! Ha! ha! Cottage pathos must proceed from a source unknown to me, I'm sure!

*Jes.* It proceeds, madam, from the heart.

*Miss Vor.* Umph! Let me have no more of it.

[*Sharply.*

*Jes.* I beg your pardon—I forgot the extent of a servant's duty. I forgot that servants have no right to feel pleasure or pain, but as their employers please; and that suppressing the sensibilities of nature is considered in their wages.

[*Sarcastically.*

*Miss Vor.* No doubt of it. That's so very sensibly observed, that I'll forgive you, Oatland. The pride of young Stanley will be so humbled—

*Jes.* Is the safety of that noble youth implicated?

*Miss Vor.* What! a lover, I suppose—came to the farm, I warrant—attended Miss Jessy in the dairy—ruffled the cream with his sighs—talked of Arcadia, and sipped buttermilk. Ha! ha! I should not wonder, after what I have seen of his taste. Yes, he is implicated—I dare say Mr. Rapid will— [*Going.*

*Jes.* Heavens! Is Edward—

[*Catching hold of a chair for support.*

*Miss Vor.* Edward!

*Jes.* I mean, madam, [*Trembling and curtseying.*] is Mr. Rapid's life involved?

*Miss Vor.* Upon my honour, you seem to have an uncommon sensibility for all mankind! Do you mean to sit down in my presence? [*Exit Miss Vortex,* R.

*Jes.* No, madam! [*Sinks down in the chair.*] Oh, Edward! unkind as thou art, how gladly would I resign my life, to save thee! [*Weeps.*

*Enter* ELLEN, L.

*Ellen.* (L.) In tears, Jessy?—Sweet girl, tell me—

*Jes.* (R.) Oh, madam! the most dreadful event is about to take place. Mr. Stanley is engaged in a duel with—

*Ellen.* Forbid it, heaven! Let us fly to his father:—he may prevent it.

*Jes.* Alas, madam! I fear he regards not his father's injunctions.

*Ellen.* Not regard his father!—Who, child?

*Jes.* Mr. Rapid, madam.

*Ellen.* Mr. Rapid!

*Jes.* Oh! [*Hiding her face.*

*Ellen.* Is it so, sweet Jessy? But has he deserved thy love? Is he not unkind?

*Jes.* Oh! true, madam!—But is not his life in danger?

*Ellen.* We will not lose a moment.—Let us seek Sir Hubert.

*Jes.* I'm very faint.

*Ellen.* I'll support thee. Come, rest on my arm.

*Jes.* Oh, such kindness!—I cannot speak—but indeed my heart feels it. [*Exeunt, Ellen supporting Jessy,* L.

*Enter* YOUNG RAPID, *followed by* FRANK, *who carries pistols, a sword, and champaigne,* R.

*Y. Rap.* (L.) Got the pistols, eh?

*Fra.* (R.) Here they be. [*Lays them down.*] Your feyther were axing for you, sir.

*Y. Rap.* My father!—Should anything happen—when I reflect—Reflect—Zounds, that won't do. Some champaigne! [*Sings.*] "If a man can then die much bolder with brandy."—[*Drinks.*] I'll write to him, however;—a few words on a scrap of paper may cheer him. [*Takes a letter* *out of his pocket, and is about to tear a piece of it off.*] What! [*Reads.*] "*Dear Edward, your faithful Jessy Oatland.*" [*Strikes his head.*] Jessy Oatland! What a scoundrel I am! [*Kisses the letter.*] Oh, Jessy, what an infernal pain at my heart!—More champaigne!

*Enter* JOHN, L.

*John.* (L.) A letter, sir, from young Mr. Stanley.

*Y. Rap.* (C.) Then the die is cast. [*Reads.*] "*You are a scoundrel—meet me immediately, or—*" Um, um, a short, decisive letter enough. Damn this pain.—Quick! my pistols! Take them to Stanley park: there wait for me.—Oh, Jessy!

*Enter* OLD RAPID, *at the back*, L. U. E.

*Fra.* Ecod, he'll kill thee. I'll lay half-a-crown 'Squire Stanley hits thee the first shot.

[*Crosses and exit with the pistols*, L.

*O. Rap.* [*Coming forward.*] Pistols—-kill—Stanley!—Ned, tell me—

*Y. Rap.* [*Aside.*] My father here.—Oh, sir, nothing—Come, drink.

*O. Rap.* Look at me.—Ah! that agitation!—Tell me the cause!—A parent commands you.—Your old doating father entreats it.

*Y. Rap.* [*Aside.*] I must deceive him.—Sir, I've received an insult, that no gentleman of fashion can submit to.

*O. Rap.* Gentleman of fashion! Need a man resent it?

*Y. Rap.* Read that letter and judge.

*O. Rap.* Lack-a-day!—consider, you're only a tailor's son. [*Reads.*] "*You're a scoundrel.*"—That's a hard word—

*Y. Rap.* Would you have me submit to be called a scoundrel?

*O. Rap.* No, I wouldn't. [*With tears.*] Yes, I would.

*Y. Rap.* Sir, you don't feel like a man.

*O. Rap.* I'm sure I feel like a father.

*Y. Rap.* Read on, sir.

*O. Rap.* [*Reads.*] "*And unless*" [*Wipes the tears away.*] "*unless*"—I can't—

*Y. Rap.* [*Takes the letter and reads.*] "*And unless you immediately give me the satisfaction of a gentleman, expect the chastisement due to a coward.*"

*O. Rap.* Chastisement!—-Chastisement!—-Coward!—[*With irritation.*] We are flesh and blood, Ned.

*Y. Rap.* Would you see me spurned?

*O. Rap.* [*Emphatically, and running into his son's arms.*] No!

*Y. Rap.* Pray leave me, sir.

*O. Rap.* Where shall I go?—What shall I do?—What will become of me? Oh, boy, try to avoid it.—Remember your old father—remember, his life hangs on yours. But, Ned—don't forget you're a man!

*Y. Rap.* Pray leave me, sir.

*O. Rap.* I will. Farewell, my dear boy: 'twill break my old heart. But remember you're a man, Ned. [*Exit*, L.

*Y. Rap.* [*Alone.*] So, I'm proceeding full tilt to murder; have planted a dagger in a kind father's heart. Oh, this infernal pain! Could I with honour avoid?—but—[*Looking at the letter.*]—-Chastisement! Coward!—Damnation! I must push on. Fool! dolt! villain that I am!
[*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*A retired place in Stanley Park.*

*Enter* SIR HUBERT STANLEY, L. U. E.

*Sir Hub.* Surely, through that laurel grove, I see two female figures glide along; my eyes are not of the best, and the sorrow I have felt for my dear boy has not strengthened them—they approach—

*Enter* ELLEN *and* JESSY, L.

*Ellen.* (C.) Pardon, Sir Hubert, this intrusion!—My name, sir, is Ellen Vortex.

*Sir Hub.* (R.) Madam, I welcome you as my daughter.

*Ellen.* Oh, sir!—the urgency of the moment will not allow me to thank such goodness as I ought;—your son, sir—

*Sir Hub.* Ah! what of him?

*Ellen.* I saw him pass along: he fled from my outstretched arms,—he was deaf to my cries;—e'en now he's engaged in a duel.

*Sir Hub.* Ha! [*Draws his sword, and is running out, staggers, drops his sword. Ellen and Jessy support him.*] Who is the villain that has caused it?

*Jes.* Ah, my poor Edward!

*Sir Hub.* Oh, that I could rush before my child, and receive the fatal ball in this old broken heart!—Perhaps—dreadful thought!—e'en now the deadly tube is levelled at his manly breast. [*The report of a pistol is heard*, L. *Ellen sinks into his arms.*] Bear up, I cannot support thee. [*Another pistol is discharged*, L.] Horrible suspense!—what a death-like silence!

*Ellen.* Death; oh, my adored Charles!

*Jes.* Ah, my poor Edward!

*Fra.* [*Without.*] Huzza! huzza! [*Enters*, L.] Huzza!—e's safe—he's safe!

*All.* Who?

*Fra.* 'Squire Charles,—'Squire Charles. [*Crosses*, R.] Huzza! [*Exit*, R. *Sir Hubert folds his hands on his breast in silent gratitude.*

*Jes.* Ah, my poor Edward!

*Ellen.* Your son is safe;—heard you the words?

*Sir Hub.* They have shot life through me.

*Ellen.* Jessy! rejoice with me. [*Seeing her dejected.*] Wretch that I am, to forget thy sorrows!—Take comfort, sweet girl!—perhaps—

*Enter* OLD RAPID, *capering*, L.

*O. Rap.* Tol de rol lol—Safe and sound—safe and sound—tol de rol lol.

*Jes.* Who?

*O. Rap.* My boy Neddy,—my darling Neddy—safe and sound,—tol de rol lol. [*Sees Sir Hubert, and bows respectfully. Jessy and Ellen talk apart.*

*Sir Hub.* So, Mr. Rapid! How happened this, sir?

*O. Rap.* Really, Sir Hubert, I don't understand the cut of it; all I can say is, your son's behaviour was—oh—superfine; when they had fired their pistols—they drew out their swords, and your son disarmed Neddy; and then he generously gave him his sword again, which was extremely genteel, for it was a brand new silver-hilted sword, and, I suppose, by the laws of honour, he might have kept it.

*Sir Hub.* Mr. Rapid, why did you break your appointment?

*O. Rap.* Mr. Vortex, sir—

*Sir Hub.* Mr. Vortex!—I fear your son has selected an inprudent preceptor.

*O. Rap.* Chose a bad pattern, you think, sir?—I am afraid he has—

*Sir Hub.* Will you, sir, favour me with a few minutes' conversation?

*O. Rap.* You know, Sir Hubert, I'm your faithful servant to command.

*Sir Hub.* [*To Ellen.*] Come, let us to our hero. Will you, fair creature, condescend to be a crutch to an old man? [*Takes Ellen's arm.*] I shall expect you, sir.

*Ellen.* Jessy!

*Jes.* I follow, madam. [*Exeunt Sir Hubert and Ellen,* R.] Do I address the father of Mr. Rapid?

*O. Rap.* You do, pretty one!

*Jes.* [*Taking his hand and kissing it.*] I beg your pardon; but are you sure your son's life is safe—quite safe?

*O. Rap.* Yes.—A very charming girl, I declare!—I'm very much obliged to you for taking notice of my Neddy!—Poor fellow! nobody seemed to care what became of him. I'm very much obliged. A sweet pretty-spoken creature as ever I saw! But I must away to the Nabob's, or I shall be too late for the wedding.

*Jes.* Wedding! Whose, sir?

*O. Rap.* Whose? why, my boy Neddy's, with Miss Vortex, to be sure!

*Jes.* Married! Edward married! 'Tis too much—

[*Leans on Old Rapid for support.*

*O. Rap.* Eh! what? speak—tell me!

*Jes.* Oh, Edward! is this the return for my love? Have I merited this cruel desertion?

*O. Rap.* Desertion!—What!—has the rascal!—I shall choke myself—Has he behaved ill to so sweet a creature? Your tears tell me so. I'll kill him. He's my own son, and I have a right to do it. Your name, your name! pretty soul!

*Jes.* Jessy Oatland. The indiscretion of my father has made me a servant—

*O. Rap.* And the discretion of his father has made him a gentleman. But I'll make the rascal know you are not humbled by your father's conduct, nor is he exalted by his: a villain! Can he hope to be called a man of honour for opposing his head to a pistol, while himself levels the shaft of anguish at an innocent woman's heart? But I'll kill him, that's one comfort. Come with me, sweet one!

*Jes.* Sir, I must attend my mistress—I am servant to his bride. [*Weeps.*

*O. Rap.* I shall go mad!—Don't cry—If he by marriage won't make you my daughter—I, by adoption will.—Good bye, Jessy!—Oh, the rascal!—Cheer up!—The scoundrel!—Pretty creature!—The dog!—What a shape!—I 'll kill him. [*Exeunt severally; Rapid,* R. *Jessy,* L.

END OF ACT IV.

◆

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—YOUNG RAPID *and Hair-dresser, discovered. Two Tables; on one, Pens, Ink, Paper, and Sealing Wax; on the other, a large Looking Glass, on castors. Two Chairs.*

*Y. Rap.* Dispatch! Why don't you dispatch?

*Hair.* Done in a moment, sir,—pray keep your head still.

*Y. Rap.* [*Jumping up.*] Oh, Jessy Oatland!—S'death—have not you done?

*Hair.* Sit down, sir—done in a moment.

*Y. Rap.* Well, well; I'm as patient as— [*Sits.*

*Enter* FRANK *at door,* R. *Rapid jumps up and runs to him*

Well!—Speak—quick!

*Fra.* Sur—I—that is—she—no, I—went—

*Y. Rap.* You tedious blackguard—is she gone?—is Jessy gone?

*Fra.* Ees, sur.

*Y. Rap.* What! left her father's? Where is she?

*Fra.* I doan't know—that is, I won't tell. [*Aside.*

*Y. Rap.* What must she think of me? what I am—a rascal.

*Hair.* Sit down, sir;—done in a moment.

*Y. Rap.* Yes, yes; I am as calm as— [*Sits.*

*Enter* JOHN, L.

What do you want? [*Jumps up again*

*John.* Sir, my master and Miss Vortex wait for you.

[*Exit*, L. *Hair-Dresser also goes out*, L.

*Y. Rap.* Ay, to fulfil that infernal marriage promise. Oh, Jessy! [*To Frank.*] What are you at?

*Fra.* Sur, I were only twiddling about my thumbs.

*Y. Rap.* You are always twiddling about your thumbs. What shall I do?—Go to them?—No, I'll write: I want to write.

*Fra.* Oh, you do?

*Y. Rap.* I tell you, I want to write.

*Fra.* I'm sure I don't hinder you.

*Y. Rap.* S'death! then don't stand there.

*Fra.* It be all the same to I where I stands.

[*Moving to another place*

*Y. Rap.* Thickhead, bring pen and ink.

*Fra.* Why did not you tell I so?

[*Brings, from side table, pens and ink.*

*Y. Rap.* Oh, this infernal pain!—A candle—to seal a letter. [*Exit Frank, and returns with a candle*, R.] Zounds, it is not lighted!

*Fra.* You didn't tell I to light it.

*Y. Rap.* Was ever man plagued with such a hollow-headed ninnyhammer.

*Fra.* [*Aside.*] Maybe, that be better than a hollow-hearted one!

*Enter* JOHN, L.

*Y. Rap.* [*Jumps up.*] Well!

*John.* My master has sent you those parchments to peruse.

*Y. Rap.* [*Throwing them down.*] I wouldn't read them for his estate.

*John.* He will wait on you, sir, directly.

*Y. Rap.* Begone! all of you!—Stop! [*To Frank.*] Give me my coat! [*Frank helps him on with one arm.*] Bring the glass! [*Frank leaves him so, and brings down a dressing-glass.*] Leave me, dunderhead. [*Exit Frank*, R.

*Enter* VORTEX, L.

*Vor.* Bravo, my fine fellow! You fought nobly;—I say, who fired first?

*Y. Rap.* Never mind; that's past!

*Vor.* Well, now I must intrust you with a little secret. [*They sit.*

*Y. Rap.* I have no objection to a *little* secret.

*Vor.* In the first place, then, I'll read this paper.

*Y. Rap.* No; I'll read it—I shall read it much quicker. [*Reads.*] "*Received of Mr. Vortex, the sum of five thousand pounds, in consideration of which, I assign over all my right and title to—hum—um, um—Signed,* ELLEN VORTEX."—I understand.

*Vor.* Now, you must know, the father of my niece—

*Y. Rap.* Jessy Oatland!— [*In reverie.*

*Vor.* No, her name is Ellen.

*Y. Rap.* I know it, I know it—I know it. [*Fretfully.*

*Vor.* Her father died in India.

*Y. Rap.* With all my heart.

*Vor.* With all your heart!

*Y. Rap.* Zounds! keep moving, will you?

*Vor.* Died in India, and left her to my care. All was in—

*Y. Rap.* Confusion.

*Vor.* You are right; all was in confusion. So I prevailed on—

*Y. Rap.* Jessy Oatland!

*Vor.* No, no, Ellen—to sign that paper; since which, indeed, her affairs have turned out pretty lucky. I purchased this estate with her fortune, which will be yours, my boy! It was a very snug bargain.

*Y. Rap.* What a horrible thing is the gift of speech!

*Vor.* Speech! Did you say anything about a speech? Ah! had you heard mine out.—Do you remember how it began?—"*Had I met your eye at an earlier hour, I should*"—

[*During Vortex's narration, Rapid, influenced by the most fretful impatience, has unconsciously bit and torn to pieces, the paper given him by Vortex.*

*Y. Rap.* [*Jumping up.*] S'death and fire! Is this a time for speeches! Is not your daughter waiting?—Is not?—Oh, Jessy!

*Vor.* True, another opportunity! But, oh! 'tis a pretty speech.—Well, now give me back the paper.

*Y. Rap.* The paper!

*Vor.* Yes, now you have thoroughly digested the contents of the paper, give it me again.

*Y. Rap.* Oh! the—the—the paper. [*Sees it torn on the ground.*

*Vor.* Yes; that precious scrap, that secures us a hundred thousand pounds, you dog!—Come, give it me.

*Y. Rap.* My dear fellow! you gave me no paper.

*Vor.* But I did, though.

*Y. Rap.* Yes, you certainly did; but then you—you—did not—

*Vor.* But I'll take my oath I did!—Come, give it me directly!—You—[*Sees the fragments on the ground.*] Eh!—what!—no—yes.—I'm undone, I'm ruined.—Oh, my head! I'm going, I'm going!

*Y. Rap.* Upon my soul, I'm very sorry, but—

*Vor.* But what?

*Y. Rap.* That infernal speech!

*Vor.* Oh! [*Looking at the scraps of paper.*]—Eh, but hold!—When he marries my daughter, he'll keep the secret for his own sake. Oh, dear! I must lose no time.

*Y. Rap.* I'm very sorry!—I'm sure, if hearing your speech will be any compensation— [*Sits down.*

*Vor.* No, no, not now—come with me—all the lawyers are waiting.—Oh, pray come.

*Y. Rap.* I'm coming, but you're always in such a hurry!

*Vor.* I'll send my daughter to him—I must push him. Pray, come directly. [*Exit, in a hurry,* L.

*Y. Rap.* Upon my soul, you'll break your neck if you hurry so. Am I always to have this infernal pain? [*Goes up to the glass.*] Behold a high-finished rascal, at full length! Curse me, if I can look myself in the face.

*Enter* JESSY, L.

*Jes.* [*Apart.*] There he stands! Now, heart, be firm! Virtuous indignation support me!—Sir, my mistress waits for you.

*Y. Rap.* Don't plague me about your mistress. I'll come by and by.—[*Turns round.*] Heaven and hell! Jessy Oatland!

*Jes.* My mistress, sir, waits for you.

*Y. Rap.* Your mistress!—A servant! Jessy Oatland a servant!—A servant to—And I—Jessy! my life!—my soul!—will you forgive——

*Jes.* Wretch! [*Crosses*, R.

*Y. Rap.* I am—I despise myself. On my knees—only listen to me. [*Kneels.*

*Enter* MISS VORTEX, L.

*Miss Vor.* Mr. Rapid!

*Y. Rap.* [*Jumping up.*] What's the matter?

*Miss Vor.* How can you debase yourself—to——

*Jes.* How dare he debase me, madam, by offering to an honest heart the affections of a villain?

*Miss Vor.* Sir!

*Y. Rap.* Madam!

*Miss Vor.* [*To Jessy.*] Leave the room!

*Jes.* [*Apart.*] Now, poor heart! having passed thy pride's probation, retire to a corner and break with weeping. [*Exit*, R.

*Miss Vor.* Sir, what am I to understand?

*Y. Rap.* That I'm crazy.

*Miss Vor.* Have I deserved insult?

*Y. Rap.* Upon my soul, I don't mean to insult you—I ask your pardon—upon my knees— [*Kneels.*

*Enter* FRANK, R.

*Fra.* You, sur!

*Y. Rap.* [*Jumping up.*] What's the matter?

*Miss Vor.* Well, I'll forgive you, if you'll come directly. [*Rapid nods, and she exits*, L.

*Y. Rap.* What do you want?

*Fra.* You be's a desperate villain! [*Rapid going to strike.*] Come, doan't you do that—it won't do.—Poor sister! If you had drawn an harrow across her heart, you could not have hurt her so.

*Y. Rap.* Damn it—I know nothing of your sister! who the devil is your sister? you—

*Fra.* Why, Jessy Oatland!

*Y. Rap.* What! your sister—the brother of Jessy my servant?—Damnation! why did not you tell me so? To raise my hand against the brother of Jessy!—I shall go mad!—Frank, will you forgive me? I love Jessy—by my soul I do!—And may heaven desert me, if— [*Kneels.*

*Enter* VORTEX, L.

*Vor.* Heyday!

*Y. Rap.* [*Jumping up.*] What's the matter ?

*Vor.* [*To Frank.*] Leave the room ! [*Exit Frank*, R.] Insult upon insult !—What satisfaction——

*Y. Rap.* I know what you want. Come along; I'll fight you directly.

*Vor.* Fight ! Nonsense.

*Y. Rap.* Then I'll ask your pardon.

*Vor.* But what the devil's the meaning of all this ?

*Y. Rap.* Why, don't you see I'm mad ?—Stark, staring mad !

*Enter* CHARLES STANLEY, R.

*Cha.* Mr. Rapid !

*Y. Rap.* [*Jumping round.*] What do you want ?

*Vor.* Oh, Lord ! He here ! [*Exit, running*, L.

*Y. Rap.* That little fellow will break his neck, to a certainty.

*Cha.* I have just seen a lovely girl that you have wronged.

*Y. Rap.* I know I have, and I'll fight you again if you like it.

*Cha.* Could the result benefit Jessy Oatland, I would accept your invitation.

*Y. Rap.* The fact is, I'm the most unhappy—the—What do you charge for shooting a man ? I'll give you a thousand, to blow my brains out. I'm the most miserable dog. —Pray, sir, will you tell me one thing !—Are you a man of fashion ?

*Cha.* I trust I'm a gentleman.

*Y. Rap.* That's pretty much the same thing : an't it, sir ?

*Cha.* It ought to be.

*Y. Rap.* Pray, sir, how did you become a gentleman ?

*Cha.* Simply, by never committing an action that would not bear reflection.

*Y. Rap.* Can I be a gentleman, and an honest man ?

*Cha.* Can you be a gentleman, and not an honest man ?

*Y. Rap.* Pray, sir, have you always an infernal pain at your heart ?

*Cha.* No, sir.

*Y. Rap.* No ! huzza ! thank you !—By heaven, I'll—Now don't hurry yourself.—If I don't, may I——

[*Walks about.*

*Cha.* Ah! Mr. Rapid, how different are our situations! You, possessing the love of a most charming and fascinating girl, dash the cup of happiness away.

*Y. Rap.* May be not, my dear fellow—push on!

*Cha.* I, possessing the heart of my dear Ellen, am miserable; because, on account of the narrowness of her fortune, she compels me to abandon her.

*Y. Rap.* What! the narrowness of her fortune compels——

*Cha.* Yes, I say—

*Y. Rap.* No! don't say it again. Don't despair, that's all. [*Nodding.*

*Cha.* She has given a fatal paper.

*Y. Rap.* A paper! yes, I know, I know.

*Cha.* And I'm come to take leave of her.

*Y. Rap.* No, you are not—I'll show you such a scene—nay, don't ask me any questions; follow me, that's all. Wait at the door; and when I cry, hem! come in. But don't be in such a hurry. By heavens, the pain in my side is better already; huzza! come along. [*Going, returns, and runs to the glass and nods.*] How do you do? how do you do? What! you rascal! you can grin again, can you?—Come along; but don't hurry; because, my dear fellow, 'tis impossible to do anything well in a hurry. Come along; but, zounds! never hurry.

[*Exeunt, Rapid speaking very quick,* L.

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in Vortex's House. Two chairs.*

*Enter* JESSY *and* FRANK, R.

*Fra.* How bee'st thee now, Jessy?

*Jes.* Better. Quite recovered. What passed between you and Edward?

*Fra.* Why, at first he were in a desperate passion; but when I told him I were thy brother, he were so humbled, and did ax I so to forgive un, that I could say no more to un. Dom it, I could not hit him when he were down; and I've a notion his conscience was pegging him about pretty tightish. He sweared he did love thee!

*Jes.* Did he, Frank? did he say he loved me?

*Enter* MR. *and* MISS VORTEX, L.

*Miss Vor.* What! torn the paper! A hot-headed—only wait till he's my husband—

*Vor.* Egad, I wish he would come, though—

*Miss Vor.* Oh! here he is.

*Jes.* How my poor frame trembles!

*Miss Vor.* I vow I feel uncommon discomposed. Oatland! your arm, child! [*Leans on Jessy.*

*Enter* YOUNG RAPID, R.

*Y. Rap.* Heavens, how interesting! the langour of those lovely eyes—

*Miss Vor.* Flattering creature!

*Y. Rap.* My senses are restored. Oh, will you pardon? will you again receive a heart full of love and adoration?

*Miss Vor.* What shall I do?—I must pardon him.

[*She is preparing to speak.*

*Jes.* Edward! what shall I say?—your love has been too long my joy, my pride, to be torn from my heart without many a bitter wound—[*Miss Vortex, with surprise and chagrin, withdraws her arm from Jessy*]—but your late conduct has been—

*Y. Rap.* Detestable!—But I'm pardoned: your eyes tell me so. Thanks, my angel! [*Running to her and kneeling.*] I'm so oppressed with joy.—Ma'am, will you have the goodness to help me up?

*Miss Vor.* Help you up!—

*Fra.* He! he! he! Gi' me a buss, Jessy! He! he! thee be's a domned honest fellow! [*Shaking Rapid's hand.*] I'll run and tell poor feyther.—Now I shall have a farm of my own! [*Capering and snapping his fingers.*]—Dong it, how I will work.—He! he! he! [*Exit*, L.

*Miss Vor.* To be used so twice in one day! It is not to be borne.—Nabob, won't you fight him?

*Vor.* No, not I.

*Miss Vor.* Coward!

*Vor.* You'd better be quiet, or I'll convince you I'm none, however. [*Goes up the stage and comes down*, R.

*Miss Vor.* He! he! I declare, it is so uncommon ridiculous! so comic! He! he! I'm quite faint with laughing.

*Y. Rap.* Shall I assist you?

*Miss Vor.* No! [*Resentfully.*] I must retire, or I shall expire with laughing!—He! he! Oh! [*Exit, crying*, L.

*Enter* ELLEN, L.

*Ellen.* Heavens! what's the matter?

*Y. Rap.* Allow me to introduce Mrs. Rapid, madam.

*Ellen.* Sweet Jessy! Sir, I thank you for giving my heart a pleasurable sensation, which I thought it had for ever taken leave of.

*Y. Rap.* Bless your heart! perhaps I may tickle it up a little more. [*To Vortex.*] Now, stand out of the way, will you?

*Vor.* You're quite free and easy.

*Y. Rap.* My way.

*Vor.* You forget 'tis my house.

*Y. Rap.* No, I don't! you bought it with her money, you know.

*Vor.* Umph!

*Y. Rap.* Mum!—Now for Young Stanley's cue. [*To Ellen.*] 'Pon my honour, ma'am, any man might be proud to—Hem—He doesn't hear me. Such beauty! Such a shape!—Such a—Hem—

*Enter* CHARLES STANLEY, R.

*Vor.* Zounds! he's here again. [*Getting behind Young Rapid.*] What does he want?

*Y. Rap.* Shall I ask him?

*Vor.* Do. I'll be very much obliged to you.

*Y. Rap.* I will. I'll manage.

[*Winking and nodding to Vortex.*

*Vor.* Oh, thank you.

*Y. Rap.* [*To Charles.*] What may be your business here, sir?

*Cha.* I came to take leave—

*Y. Rap.* Hush! [*Apart.*] To inquire respecting that lady's fortune. We'll soon answer all that, won't we?

[*Nodding to Vortex.*

*Cha.* I say, sir—

*Y. Rap.* [*Stopping him.*] We grant it—we grant Mr. Vortex has recovered property to a considerable amount. But what signifies that? She assigned it for five thousand pounds—You see how I'm going on? [*To Vortex.*

*Vor.* Oh, thank you, my dear friend.

*Y. Rap.* I've seen the paper, haven't I? [*To Vortex.*

*Cha.* And I should be satisfied—

*Y. Rap.* You would be satisfied if you saw it.—Certainly—very proper—nothing in nature can be more reasonable; so, Nabob, show him the paper, and settle the business at once. [*Walks about, Vortex following him.*] Show him the paper! don't keep the gentleman waiting all day. Show him the paper—my dear fellow, what's the use of walking after me? Show him the paper.

*Vor.* [*Taking advantage of the pauses in the foregoing speech.*] I say, my dear friend—hush! be quiet—I want to speak to you; you forget you destroyed it.

*Y. Rap.* I destroyed it!

*Vor.* Hush!

*Y. Rap.* He says I destroyed it!

*Vor.* I did not—I'll take my oath I did not.

*Y. Rap.* And it is true.

*Charles and Ellen.* What?

*Y. Rap.* True, upon my honour! he has no more hold on your estates, madam, than I have.

" *Cha.* [*Kneeling to Ellen.*] Will you now allow the " humble Stanley to destroy the hopes of wealthy Ellen? " will you permit me to repay *your* love with penury and " sorrow?

" *Ellen.* Oh, chide on! [*Raising him.*] Dear Stanley, my " happiness is now complete.

" *Y. Rap.*" This is your house, ma'am. I give you joy! sir, I give you joy!—Nabob, I give you joy!

*Vor.* Oh, my head!—you villain!

*Y. Rap.* Don't talk about villainy: it will make you worse. Sit down, my dear fellow.

*Cha.* He's justly punished for the falsehood of the story he told—

*Y. Rap.* I say, he's justly punished for the length of the story he told.

*Cha.* Mr. Rapid, in expressing my obligations, allow me to be—

*Y. Rap.* Not more than a minute, I entreat.

OLD RAPID *and* SIR HUBERT, *without*, R.

*O. Rap.* Where is he?

*Sir Hub.* Be patient.

*O. Rap.* I won't.—Let me come at him.

*Enter* OLD RAPID *and* SIR HUBERT, R.

*Jes.* [*Young Rapid and Jessy kneel.*] Your blessing, sir!

*O. Rap.* What?—Oh!

[*Falls on his knees and embraces them both.*

*Sir Hub.* [*After talking apart with his son.*] Mr. Rapid, by asserting your character as a man of honour, in rewarding the affections of this amiable woman, you command my praise; for bestowing happiness on my dear Charles, receive an old man's blessing.

*Y. Rap.* Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.

*O. Rap.* Dam'me, there's the son of a tailor for you!

*Vor.* What, a tailor?

*O. Rap.* Yes!—And let me tell you, that one guinea honestly gotten by blood drawn from the finger, is sweeter than a million obtained by blood drawn from the heart!—So, take that.

*Y. Rap.* Well, Nabob, how do you feel?

*Vor.* Egad, 'tis very odd;—but I declare I feel light and comfortable since Ellen has got her estate, and I somehow breathe more free. I've a notion the last line of my speech is true.

*Y. Rap.* Come, I'll hear the last line.

*Vor.* Why, "that the first step towards securing the esteem of others, is to secure your own."

*Y. Rap.* Stick to the last line.

*Ellen.* And, dear uncle, take Sir Hubert Stanley for your physician. Follow his prescription of justice and benevolence, and my life on it, you will soon thank me for my recommendation.

*Vor.* Well, to show the sincerity of my intentions, allow me, Ellen, to present you these parchments, the title-deeds of this estate. [*Presents parchments, and returns to his place.*

*O. Rap.* I say, Ned, what nice measures they would make!

*Ellen.* And, sir, allow me to show you the true value of riches.—[*Giving the parchments to Stanley.*] Convert them into happiness.

*O. Rap.* Well, I've only one observation to make.

*Y. Rap.* I hope it is a short one.
*Ellen.* What, impatient again?
*Y. Rap.* I am; and, if I err,
'Tis you, my generous patrons, are the cause:—
My heart's impatient for your kind applause.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Vor. O. Rap. Jessy. Y. Rap. Ellen. Cha. Sir. Hub
R.] [L

THE END.

*Y. Sage.* I hope it is a [illegible]

*Elder.* What [illegible]

*Y. Sage.* I [illegible]

"The young [illegible] the [illegible]

My [illegible]

## [illegible] OF THE [illegible] THE FALL OF [illegible]

*Yes.* O [illegible] *Y. Sage.* [illegible] *Elder.* [illegible]

[illegible]

THE END.

No. XV.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

# THE HUNCHBACK.

## A Play

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LATEST CORRECTIONS.

ALL THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

AS PERFORMED BY MR. KNOWLES, MR. AND MISS KEMBLE, MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN.

THE ONLY UNMUTILATED EDITION.

With the Stage Omissions carefully marked with inverted commas.

NEW YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR, No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.
BALTIMORE: TAYLOR, WILDE, & CO., JARVIS BUILDINGS.
1846.

PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

# AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This comedy owes its existence to the failure of "The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green," which was produced under the most unfavourable circumstances, and in the unavoidable absence of the author. I did not like to be baffled, especially, as I thought, without good reason; and cheered by the generous, enthusiastic advocacy of the Atlas (a perfect stranger to me), I set to work upon "The Hunchback."

My friend, Mr. Macready, who was very angry with me for again attempting a walk in which I had failed,—and who came to Glasgow, solely, as I believe, for the object of expostulating with me,—was the first to encourage me to proceed. I had completed my first act. I read it to him, and he told me to go on. This I thought the happiest of omens, for many a proof had he given me of his admirable judgment in such things. This happened about two years ago.

It was not, however, until the latter end of the summer of 1831, that I had leisure to proceed with my work. I recommenced it in the pleasant walks about Birmingham, and completed it on the sands of Newhaven—my roomy study; where, at the same time, I remodelled "Alfred." I brought both plays up to town with me in April last.

"The Hunchback" was read to Mr. Lee, and instantly accepted by that gentleman, who, without hesitation, granted me terms even more advantageous than those which I required for it from Covent Garden; and to whose polite and liberal deportment towards me, during his brief, divided reign of management, I joyfully take this opportunity of bearing testimony. The play, however, was defective in the under plot, which was perfectly distinct from the main one. This error, Mr, Macready pointed out to me,—as did subsequently Mr. Morton, in an elaborate critique as full of kindness as of discrimination. My avocations, however, did not leave me at liberty to revise my work, till about two months ago, when I constructed my under plot anew; and, having done my best to obviate objections, presented "The Hunchback" to Drury Lane, from which establishment I subsequently withdrew it, because it was not treated with the attention which I thought it merited.

Let me take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Farren, for the extremely handsome terms in which he spoke of this comedy previously to its representation, and to express my sincere regret, that the character of "The Hunchback" should have suffered from the loss of his masterly personation of the part,—for masterly it assuredly would have been.

I took my play to Covent Garden—and from that moment found myself at home indeed, and among friends! In little more than a fortnight "The Hunchback" was ready,—every way improved by the superintending care of Mr. Bartly; strengthened in effect by curtailment and condensation,—deliberately, and modestly recommended by him, and thankfully adopted by me. It was produced on Thursday, the 5th of April. It succeeded. Thanks to the actors who so warmly interested themselves in its success—and to the kind audience who rejoiced with them and me.

And now for brief, but heart-warm acknowledgments. And first to Miss Fanny Kemble: I owe her such a personation of my heroine, as —proud though I was of my offspring—I did not think that heroine afforded scope for. Her Julia has outstripped my most sanguine hopes! Can I say more? Yes, the soul of Siddons breathes its inspiration upon us again. The "Do it!" of Julia, in the elocution of the actress, stands besides the "Hereafter!" of Lady Macbeth—that instance of transcending histrionic display which I never hoped to hear equalled. I could say a great deal more, but I leave it to those who can say it a great deal better, and who are worthier witnesses, because less interested ones.

Miss Taylor has laid me under deep obligations. With all her heart, and soul, and talent, she advocated my disputed pretensions to the favor of Thalia, and—may I be permitted to say?—established them.

To Mr. Kemble I am deeply indebted for accepting a part, which, I have reason to believe, no other performer of his rank would have accepted as he did, and yet which none could have performed so well. Will the rest of my brother performers be content with my general but cordial acknowledgments?

London, April 14, 1832.

# EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE appearance of "The Hunchback" marked an era in the history of English dramatic literature. It did much to restore a taste for theatrical entertainments of an elevated character both in England and the United States, and to silence the cry of those critical croakers, the continual burthen of whose lament was "the decline of the drama." A freshness and frankness in the spirit, a heartiness in the tone, and a manly, muscular energy in the language of this admirable play, called to mind the dramatists of the day of Elizabeth. And yet Knowles is no imitator. His style is singularly original. Indeed it is sometimes a little too liberally garnished with absolute *Knowles-isms*; as where he attains conciseness of expression at the price of obscurity, or, by the convolution of his sentences, conceals without invigorating the sentiment.

"The Hunchback" was first produced the 5th of April, 1832, at the Covent Garden Theatre. It had been offered to the managers of the rival house of Drury Lane; but they had been either so obtuse or so impolitic as to slight its claims to their attention. The penalty for their neglect was, that they were obliged to close their doors a month before the usual period, simply because no attraction they could offer could compete with that of the new play.

Its success was instant and imposing. In the part of *Julia*, Miss Fanny Kemble surpassed all her former efforts. "It was," says a contemporary critic, who also writes like a candid one, "a noble and at the same time a most touching performance; noble in the sustained energy of its passion in some of the scenes, and touching in the pure depths of its pathos in others. Her exclamation (in the scene with Master Walter) of '*Do it!*' with reference to the breaking off the hated match with the Earl, was the most remarkable instance of the first; and her cry—half fond, half froward and impatient—of 'Clifford, is it you?' was an exquisite example of the other.

"But the great novelty of the night was the acting of Mr. Knowles himself, in the character of *Master Walter*; and we can agree with all the praise, and but little, if any, of the censure, which have been bestowed upon his performance. It was in many parts the most *natural* that we remember to have seen on the English stage: it was in some parts vigorous, and even dignified, and it was intellectual and original in all. We speak of the mellowed performance, not that of the first night, in which the actor commenced under an erroneous impression as to the effect and capability of his physical powers, with reference to the locality on which they were to be employed.

"Finally, Mr. Kemble's *Clifford* was a delightful specimen of graceful and gentlemanly propriety; and Miss Taylor's *Helen*, though greatly overdone, was full of sterling comic humor and vivacity."

Most of the London critics were less complimentary in their comments upon the acting of Mr. Knowles. One of them remarked: "His voice is without modulation, always in one loud key, pumping out the words: which are, moreover, enriched with a genuine and classic brogue."

Soon after "The Hunchback" had been made familiar to English play-goers, those of this country had an opportunity of witnessing the excellent performances of Mr. Charles Kemble and his daughter in this piece. Subsequently, Mr. Knowles himself made us a visit, and impersonated *Master Walter* in our principal cities. We knew and loved the man; but must turn informer to posterity so far as to confess that his brogue, even in acting, *was* rich and ripe. How could it be otherwise, when he was so thoroughly national as to be well content with the familiar prefix of *Paddy* to his name? He did not attract large audiences at our theatres; although respect for the dramatist and affection for the man secured him some substantial returns. It was often a subject of regret with us, that our laws for the protection of literary property were not such, that he could derive some benefit from the frequent performance o those sterling productions of his genius, "The Hunchback," and "The Wife." Here were foreign managers and actors making their thousands in this country out of the fruits of his dramatic toil; while he was debarred from exacting a penny from these persons for the use of his popular plays! When shall we have legislators with souls to rectify such rank injustice?

The character of *Julia* has been a sort of test-part for the display of the abilities of nearly all the accomplished actresses, who have appeared upon our boards since the production of "The Hunchback." Miss Vincent, Miss Wheatley, Miss Phillips, Miss Jarman, and Mrs. Charles Kean, have been deservedly praised for their exquisite embodyings of Master Walter's wayward daughter. Recently Mrs. Mowatt, who is the peer of any one of her predecessors in the respect of talent if not of stage experience, has added this part to her *role*, and won new laurels by her spirited personation of it in the Southern theatres.

The scene of "The Hunchback" is laid about the time of Charles I. The story is that of a father, who, in consequence of his personal deformity, imagines that his daughter will be wanting in filial affection, and so brings her up in ignorance of their true relationship. She knows him only as Master Walter, her kind friend and guardian. He proves in the end to be the rightful possessor of the peerage of Rochdale; but before this is discovered, he has found in the person of Sir Thomas Clifford a suitor for his daughter. Julia, while yet a simple country maiden, accepts this suitor; but on being tried by the gayeties of a city life, she enters into them so heartily as to make her lover question the sincerity of her attachment to himself. She takes offence at his monitions, and, while her pride is stung and her resentment aroused, consents—"only to show him she can wed above him"—to receive the addresses of the supposed Earl of Rochdale. But no sooner is her word passed than she bitterly repents of her precipitancy. When she learns that adversity has overtaken Clifford, the generosity of her nature is beautifully betrayed; and the scenes in which she thenceforward appears are wrought up to an intensity of interest.

Such are some of the principal incidents, upon which the plot turns. It is not very luminously developed. There are crudities and obscurities in the construction; of which, indeed, no one can be more aware than the author himself. It does not clearly appear, for example, whether Clifford and Master Walter are not, after the third act, in collusion with each other; and the precise position of Lord Rochdale is not very intelligibly defined. An audience, however, will be generally too much interested in Julia to pay regard to these subordinate questions of the play. This charming creation presents throughout one of the most consummate feminine portraits ever depicted by any dramatist.

Much cannot be said in praise of the underplot. Some of the characters are quite unworthy of the good company, in which they find themselves. *Modus* is a conception of but little genuine humor; and, little as that is, it is partially borrowed from *Gradus* in "Who's the Dupe?" The scenes between the sheepish student of Ovid and his cousin *Helen*, (why need she have been a cousin?) always seemed to us forced and inharmonious. No young woman of any refinement, natural or acquired, could have played the wooer as she does; and no man of sense, whether a recluse or a man of the world, could have been entrapped by the exercise of such unfeminine arts as she stoops to employ. We always pity the actress, who is cast in the part of *Helen*.

But, after enumerating all imaginable flaws and defects, there is a large balance of beauties in this play, sufficient to excite our gratitude and admiration, and to justify the unparalleled popularity which it has attained. It will be read, acted and admired, while a vestige of the English drama remains.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | *Covent Garden*, 1832. | *Park*, 1845. | *Chesnut St.* 1833. |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Master Walter* ...... | Mr. J. S. Knowles. | Mr. Bass. | Mr. Maywood. |
| *Sir Thomas Clifford* . | " C. Kemble. | " Chas. Kean. | " Chas. Kemble. |
| *Lord Tinsel* ........ | " Wrench. | " De Walden. | " Murdock. |
| *Modus*.............. | " Abbott. | " G. Barrett | " Rowbotham. |
| *Fathom* ............. | " Meadows. | " Fisher. | " Watson. |
| *Master Wilford*...... | " J. Mason. | " Crocker. | " J. G. Porter. |
| *Master Heartwell*.... | " Evans. | " Anderson. | " Walstein. |
| *Gaylove* ............ | " Henry. | " Pearson. | " Darley. |
| *Thomas* ............. | " Barnes. | " Povey. | " Kent. |
| *Stephen* ............ | " Payne. | " M'Douall. | " Jervis. |
| *Simpson* ............ | " Brady. | " Bulard. | " Broad. |
| *Williams* ........... | " Irwin. | " Gourlay. | " Eberle. |
| *Holdwell* ........... | " Bender. | " Gallott. | " Craddock. |
| *Servant*............. | " Cooper. | " King. | " Brittingham. |
| *Julia* ............... | Miss F. Kemble. | Mrs. Chas. Kean | Miss Fanny Kemble. |
| *Pelen*................ | Miss Taylor. | Mrs. Abbott. | Mrs. Rowbotham. |

## COSTUMES.

MASTER WALTER.—Black Old-English doublet, puffed with red silk or black satin, black mantle, black cap and plume, sword and cane.

SIR THOMAS CLIFFORD.—Dark coloured doublet richly slashed with crimson, dark mantle, trunks trimmed with lace, russet boots, buff hat and white feathers, ruff, and sword with handsome scabbard.

LORD TINSEL.—Blue and silver jacket and pantaloons, trimmed with silk cord, plated buttons, fancy coloured vest, hat and feathers, silk stockings with gold clocks.

MODUS.—Brown Old-English dress trimmed with blue, hat and feathers.

FATHOM.—Old-English livery.

MASTER WILFORD.—First dress: Old-English doublet and mantle, slightly ornamented.—Second dress: Rich nobleman's suit,—fancy coloured jacket and pantaloons trimmed with lace,—trunks, belt, and mantle trimmed,—russet boots, and rich cap and feathers.

JULIA.—First dress: White muslin, trimmed with lace.—Second dress: White satin gown, with silk spencer or boddice according to taste, hat and ostrich feathers.—Third dress: White satin robe and demi-train, trimmed with lace, white satin shoes.

HELEN.—First dress: White muslin trimmed with pink or blue silk, and girdle of the same.—second dress of satin.

### EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left:* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

*N.B. Passages marked with* Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

# THE HUNCHBACK.

◆

## ACT I.

Scene I.—*A Tavern. On one side,* Sir Thomas Clifford *at a table with wine before him; on the other,* Master Wilford, Gaylove, Holdwell, *and* Simpson, *likewise taking wine.*

*Wilf.* Your wine, Sirs; your wine; you do not justice to mine host of the Three Tuns, nor credit to yourselves. I swear the beverage is good! It is as palatable poison as you will purchase within a mile round Ludgate! Drink, gentlemen; make free. You know I am a man of expectations; and hold my money as light as the purse in which I carry it.

*Gay.* We drink, Master Wilford; not a man of us has been chased as yet.

*Wilf.* But you fill not fairly, Sirs! Look at my measure! Wherefore a large glass, if not for a large draught? Fill, I pray you, else let us drink out of thimbles. This will never do for the friends of the nearest of kin to the wealthiest peer in Britain.

*Gay.* We give you joy, Master Wilford, of the prospect of advancement which has so unexpectedly opened to you.

*Wilf.* Unexpectedly indeed! But yesterday arrived the news that the Earl's only son and heir had died; and to-day has the earl himself been seized with a mortal illness. His dissolution is looked for hourly: and I, his cousin in only the third degree, known to him but to be unnoticed by him—a decayed gentleman's son—glad of the title and revenues of a scrivener's clerk,—am the undoubted successor to his estates and coronet.

*Gay.* Have you been sent for?

*Wilf.* No; but I have certified to his agent, Master Walter, the Hunchback, my existence and peculiar propinquity; and momentarily expect him here.

" *Gay.* Lives there any one that may dispute your claim, "—I mean vexatiously?

" *Wilf.* Not a man, Master Gaylove. I am the sole re-" maining branch of the family tree."

*Gay.* Doubtless you look for much happiness from this change of fortune?

*Wilf.* A world! Three things have I an especial passion for: the finest hound, the finest horse, and the finest wife in the kingdom, Master Gaylove.

*Gay.* The finest wife!

*Wilf.* Yes, Sir; I marry. Once the Earldom comes into my line, I shall take measures to perpetuate its remaining there. I marry, Sir! I do not say that I shall love. My heart has changed mistresses too often to settle down in one servitude now, Sir. But fill, I pray you, friends. This, if I mistake not, is the day whence I shall date my new fortunes; " and, for that reason, hither have " I invited you, that having been so long my boon compa-" nions, you should be the first to congratulate me."

*Enter* Waiter, L.

*Wait.* You are wanted, Master Wilford.

*Wilf.* By whom?

*Wait.* One Master Walter.

*Wilf.* His Lordship's agent! News, Sirs! Show him in.
[*Rises. Exit Waiter,* L.
My heart's a prophet, Sirs.—The Earl is dead.

*Enter* Master Walter, L.

Well, Master Walter; how accost you me?
[*All come forward,* R.

*Walt.* As your impatience shows me you would have [me:
My lord, the Earl of Rochdale!

*Gay.* Give you joy!

*Hold.* All happiness, my lord!

*Simp.* Long life and health unto your lordship!

" *Gay.* Come!
" We'll drink to his lordship's health! 'Tis two o'clock,
" We'll e'en carouse till midnight! Health, my lord!"

*Hold.* My lord, much joy to you! Huzza!
[*All go to the table, fill and drink.*

"*Simp.* Huzza!"

*Walt.* Give something to the dead!

*Gay.* Give what?

*Walt.* Respect!
He has made the living! First to him that's gone,
Say "Peace,"—and then with decency to revels.

*Gay.* What means the knave by revels?
[*Advances towards Walter.*

*Walt.* Knave!

*Gay.* Ay, Knave!

*Walt.* Go to! Thou'rt flushed with wine.

*Gay.* Thou sayest false!
Tho' didst thou need a proof thou speakest true,
I'd give thee one. Thou seest but one lord here,
And I see two!

*Walt.* Reflect'st thou on my shape?
Thou art a villain!

*Gay.* Ha!

*Walt.* A coward, too! [*Walks from him,* L.
Draw! [*Drawing his sword.*]

*Gay.* Only mark him, how he struts about!
How laughs his straight sword at his noble back.

*Walt.* Does it? It cuffs thee for a liar, then!
[*Strikes him with his sword.*

*Gay.* A blow!

*Walt.* Another, lest you doubt the first!

*Gay.* His blood on his own head! I'm for you, Sir!
[*Draws.*

*Clif.* Hold, Sir! This quarrel's mine!
[*Coming forward* R. *of Walter, and drawing.*

*Walt.* No man shall fight for me, Sir!

*Clif.* By your leave!—
Your patience, pray! My lord—for so I learn
Behoves me to accost you—for your own sake
Draw off your friend!

*Walt.* Not till we have a bout, Sir!

"*Clif.* My lord, your happy fortune ill you greet—
"Ill greet it those who love you—greeting thus
"The herald of it!

"*Walt.* Sir, what's that to you?
"Let go my sleeve!

" *Clif.* My lord, if blood be shed
" On the fair dawn of your prosperity,
" Look not to see the brightness of its day.
" 'Twill be o'ercast throughout!"
*Gay.* My lord, I'm struck!
*Clif.* You gave the first blow, and the hardest one!
Look, Sir: if swords you needs must measure, I'm
Your mate, not he.
*Walt.* I'm mate for any man.
" *Clif.* Draw off your friend, my lord, for your own sake!"
*Wilf.* Come, Gaylove! let us have another room.
*Gay.* With all my heart, since 'tis your lordship's will.
*Wilf.* That's right! Put up! Come, friends!
[*Exeunt Wilford and friends,* R.
*Walt.* I'll follow him!
Why do you hold me? 'Tis not courteous of you!
" Think'st thou I fear them? Fear! I rate them but
" As dust! dross! offals! Let me at them!—Nay,
" Call you this kind? then kindness know I not;"
Nor do I thank you for't! Let go, I say!
*Clif.* Nay, Master Walter, they're not worth your wrath.
*Walt.* How know you me for Master Walter? By
My hunchback, Eh?—" my stilts of legs and arms,
" The fashion more of ape's, than man's? Aha!
" So you have heard them, too—their savage gibes
" As I pass on,—' There goes my lord!' aha!"
God made me, Sir, as well as them and you.
'Sdeath! I demand of you, unhand me, sir.
[*Disengaging himself.*
*Clif.* There, Sir, you're free to follow them! Go forth,
And I'll go, too: so on your wilfulness
Shall fall whate'er of evil may ensue.
Is't fit to waste your choler on a burr?
" The nothings of the town? whose sport it is
" To break their villain jests on worthy men,
" The graver, still the fitter! Fie, for shame!"
Regard what such would say? So would not I,
No more than heed a cur.
*Walt.* You're right, Sir; right,
For twenty crowns! So there's my rapier up!
You've done me a good turn against my will;

Which, like a wayward child, whose pet is off,
That made him restive under wholesome check,
I now right humbly own, and thank you for.
*Clif.* No thanks, good Master Walter, owe you me!
I'm glad to know you, Sir.
*Walt.* I pray you, now,
How did you learn my name? Guessed I not right?
Was't not my comely hunch that taught it you?
*Clif.* I own it.
*Walt.* Right, I know it; you tell truth.
I like you for't.
*Clif.* But when I heard it said
That Master Walter was a worthy man,
Whose word would pass on 'change, soon as his bond;
A liberal man—for schemes of public good
That sets down tens, where others units write;
A charitable man—the good he does,
That's told of, not the half—I never more
Could see the hunch on Master Walter's back.
*Walt.* You would not flatter a poor citizen?
*Clif.* Indeed, I flatter not!
*Walt.* I like your face:
A frank and honest one! Your frame's well knit,
Proportioned, shaped!
*Clif.* Good, Sir!
*Walt.* Your name is Clifford—
Sir Thomas Clifford. Humph! You're not the heir
Direct, to the fair baronetcy? He
That was, was drowned abroad. Am I not right?
Your cousin, was't not? So succeeded you
To rank and wealth, your birth ne'er promised you.
*Clif.* I see you know my history.
*Walt.* I do.
You're lucky who conjoin the benefits
Of penury and abundance; for I know
Your father was a man of slender means.
You do not blush, I see. That's right! Why should
you?
What merit to be dropped on fortune's hill?
The honour is to mount it. You'd have done it;
For, you were trained to knowledge, industry,
Frugality, and honesty,—the sinews

That surest help the climber to the top,
And keep him there. I have a clerk, Sir Thomas,
Once served your father, there's the riddle for you.
Humph! I may thank you for my life to-day.
*Clif.* I pray you, say not so!
*Walt.* But I will say so!
Because I think so, know so, feel so, Sir!
Your fortune, I have heard, I think, is ample;
And doubtless you live up to't?
*Clif.* 'Twas my rule,
And is so still, to keep my outlay, Sir,
A span within my means.
" *Walt.* A prudent rule.
" The turf is a seductive pastime!
" *Clif.* Yes.
" *Walt.* You keep a racing stud? You bet?
" *Clif.* No, neither.
" 'Twas still my father's precept—'Better owe
" A yard of land to labour, than to chance
" Be debtor for a rood!'
*Walt.* " 'Twas a wise precept."
You've a fair house—you'll get a mistress for it?
*Clif.* In time.
*Walt.* In time! 'Tis time thy choice were made.
Is't not so yet? Or is thy lady-love,
The newest still thou see'st?
*Clif.* Nay, not so.
I'd marry, Master Walter, but old use—
For, since the age of thirteen, I have lived
In the world,—has made me jealous of the thing
That flattered me with hope of profit. Bargains
Another would snap up, might lie for me
Till I had turned, and turned them! Speculations,
That promised twenty, thirty, forty, fifty,
Ay, cent. per cent. returns, I would not launch in
When others were afloat, and out at sea!
Whereby I made small gains, but missed great losses!
As ever then I looked before I leaped,
So do I now.
*Wal.* Thou'rt all the better for't!
Let's see! Hand free—heart whole—well favoured—so!
Rich,—titled! Let that pass!—kind, valiant, prudent—

Sir Thomas, I can help thee to a wife,
Hast thou the luck to win her!
*Clif.* Master Walter!
You jest!
*Wal.* I do not jest.—I like you! mark—
I like you, and I like not every one!
I say a wife, Sir, can I help you to,
The pearly texture of whose dainty skin
Alone were worth thy baronetcy! Form
And feature has she, wherein move and glow
The charms, that in the marble cold and still
Culled by the sculptor's jealous skill, and joined there,
Inspire us! Sir, a maid, before whose feet
A duke—a duke might lay his coronet,
To lift her to his state and partner her!
A fresh heart, too! A young fresh heart, Sir, one
That Cupid has not toyed with, and a warm one.
Fresh, young, and warm! mark that! a mind to boot.
Wit, Sir: sense, taste; a garden strictly tended—
Where naught but what is costly flourishes.
A consort for a king, Sir! Thou shalt see her.
*Clif.* I thank you, Master Walter! As you speak,
Methinks I see me at the altar foot,
"Her hand fast locked in mine—the ring put on."
My wedding bell rings merry in my ear;
And round me throng glad tongues that give me joy
To be the bridegroom of so fair a bride!
*Wal.* What! sparks so thick? We'll have a blaze anon!

*Enter* SERVANT, L.

*Serv.* The chariot's at the door.
*Wal.* It waits in time!
Sir Thomas, it shall bear thee to the bower
Where dwells this fair, for she's no city belle,
But e'en a Sylvan Goddess.
*Clif.* Have with you.
*Wal.* You 'll bless the day you served the Hunchback,
Sir. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Garden before a Country House.*

*Enter* JULIA *and* HELEN, R. U. E.

*Hel.* (R.) I like not, Julia, this, your country life.
I'm weary on't.

*Jul.* (L.) Indeed? So am not I!
I know no other; would no other know.
*Hel.* You would no other know! Would you not know
Another relative?—another friend—
Another house—another anything,
Because the ones you have already please you?
That's poor content! "Would you not be more rich,
"More wise, more fair?" The song that last you learned
You fancy well; and therefore shall you learn
No other song? Your virginal, 'tis true,
Hath a sweet tone; but does it follow thence,
You shall not have another virginal?
You *may*, love, and a sweeter one; and so
A sweeter life may find, than this you lead!
*Jul.* I seek it not. Helen, I'm constancy!
*Hel.* So is a cat, a dog, a silly hen,
An owl, a bat,—where they are wont to lodge
That still sojourn, nor care to shift their quarters.
Thou'rt constancy? I'm glad I know thy name!
The spider comes of the same family,
That in his meshy fortress spends his life,
Unless you pull it down, and scare him from it.
"And so, thou'rt constancy? Art proud of that?
"I'll warrant thee I'll match thee with a snail,
"From year to year that never leaves his house!
"Such constancy, forsooth!—A constant grub
"That houses ever in the self-same nut
"Where he was born, 'till hunger drives him out,
"Or plunder breaketh thro' his castle wall!"
And so, in very deed, thou'rt constancy!
*Jul.* Helen, you know the adage of the tree;—
I've ta'en the bend. This rural life of mine,
Enjoined me by an unknown father's will,
I've led from infancy. Debarred from hope
Of change, I ne'er have sighed for change. The town
To me was like the moon, for any thought
I e'er should visit it—nor was I schooled
To think it half so fair!
*Hel.* Not half so fair!
The town's the sun, and thou hast dwelt in night
E'er since thy birth, not to have seen the town!
Their women there are queens, and kings their men;
Their houses palaces! [*Crosses*, L.

*Jul.* And what of that?
Have your town palaces a hall like this?
Couches so fragrant? walls so high adorned?
Casements with such festoons, such prospects, Helen,
As these fair vistas have? Your kings and queens!
See me a May-day queen, and talk of them!
*Hel.* Extremes are ever neighbors. 'Tis a step
From one to the other! Were thy constancy
A reasonable thing—a little less
Of constancy—a woman's constancy—
I should not wonder wert thou ten years hence
The maid I know thee now; but, as it is,
The odds are ten to one, that this day year
Will see our May-day queen a city one.
*Jul.* Never! I'm wedded to a country life:
O, did you hear what Master Walter says!
Nine times in ten, the town's a hollow thing,
Where what things are, is naught to what they show;
Where merit's name laughs merit's self to scorn!
Where friendship and esteem, that ought to be
The tenants of men's hearts, lodge in their looks
And tongues alone. Where little virtue, with
A costly keeper, passes for a heap;
A heap for none, that has a homely one!
Where fashion makes the law—your umpire which
You bow to, whether it has brains or not.
Where Folly taketh off his cap and bells,
To clap on Wisdom, which must bear the jest!
Where, to pass current, you must seem the thing,
The passive thing that others think, and not
Your simple, honest, independent self! [*Crosses*, L.
*Hel.* Ay: so says Master Walter. See I not
What you can find in Master Walter, Julia,
To be so fond of him!
*Jul.* He's fond of me.
I've known him since I was a child. E'en then
The week I thought a weary, heavy one,
That brought not Master Walter. I had those
About me then that made a fool of me,
As children oft are fooled; but more I loved
Good Master Walter's lesson, than the play
With which they'd surfeit me. As I grew up,

More frequent Master Walter came, and more
I loved to see him. I had tutors then,
Men of great skill and learning—but not one
That taught like Master Walter. What they'd show me,
And I, dull as I was, but doubtful saw,—
A word from Master Walter made as clear
As day-light! When my schooling days were o'er—
That's now good three years past—three years—I vow
I'm twenty, Helen!—well, as I was saying,
When I had done with school, and all were gone,
Still Master Walter came; and still he comes,
Summer or winter—frost or rain. I've seen
The snow upon a level with the hedge,
Yet there was Master Walter!
*Hel.* Who comes here? [*Crosses,* L.
A carriage, and a gay one,—who alights?
Pshaw! Only Master Walter! What see you,
Which thus repairs the arch of the fair brow,
A frown was like to spoil?—A gentleman!
One of our town kings! Mark—how say you now?
Would'st be a town queen, Julia? Which of us,
I wonder, comes he for?
*Jul.* For neither of us;
He's Master Walter's clerk, most like.
*Hel.* Most like!
Mark him as he comes up the avenue;
So looks a clerk! A clerk has such a gait!
So does a clerk dress, Julia,—mind his hose—
They're very like a clerk's! a diamond loop
And button, note you, for his clerkship's hat—
O, certainly a clerk! "A velvet cloak,
"Jerkin of silk, and doublet of the same,—"
For all the world a clerk! See, Julia, see,
How Master Walter bows, and yields him place,
That he may first go in,—a very clerk!
I'll learn of thee, love, when I'd know a clerk!
*Jul.* I wonder who he is.
*Hel.* Would'st like to know?
Would'st, for a fancy, ride to town with him?
I prophesy he comes to take thee thither.
*Jul.* He ne'er takes me to town. No, Helen, no,
To town who will—a country life for me!
*Hel.* We'll see.

*Enter* FATHOM, L.

*Fath.* You're wanted, Madam.
*Jul.* [*Embarrassed.*] Which of us?
*Fath.* You, madam. [*Goes up,* L.
*Hel.* Julia! what's the matter? Nay,
Mount not the rose so soon. He must not see it
A month hence. 'Tis love's flower, which, once she wears,
The maid is all his own.
*Jul.* Go to!
*Hel.* Be sure [*Crosses,* L.
He comes to woo thee! He will bear thee hence;
He'll make thee change the country for the town.
*Jul.* I'm constancy. Name he the town to me,
I'll tell him what I think on't! [*Crosses,* L.
*Hel.* Then you guess
He comes a wooing?
*Jul.* I guess naught.
*Hel.* You do!
At your grave words, your lips, more honest, smile,
And show them to be traitors. Hie to him.
*Jul.* Hie thee to soberness. [*Exit,* L.
*Hel.* Ay, will I, when
Thy bridemaid, I shall hie to church with thee.
Well, Fathom, who is come? [*Comes down,* L.
*Fath.* I know not.
*Hel.* What!
Did'st thou not hear his name?
*Fath.* I did.
*Hel.* What is't?
*Fath.* I noted not.
*Hel.* What hast thou ears for, then?
*Fath.* What good were it for me to mind his name?
I do but what I must do. To do that
Is labor quite enough!
*Wal.* [*Without,* L.] What, Fathom!
*Fath.* Here.
*Wal.* [*Entering,* L.] Here, sirrah! Wherefore did'st not come to me?
*Fath.* You did not bid me come.
*Wal.* I called thee.
*Fath.* Yes,

And I said, "Here;" and waited then to know
Your worship's will with me.
*Wal.* We go to town—
Thy mistress, thou, and all the house.
*Fath.* Well, sir?
*Wal.* (C.) Mak'st thou not ready, then, to go to town?
*Fath.* You didn't bid me to make ready, Sir.
*Wal.* Hence, knave, despatch! [*Exit Fathom.*
*Hel.* Go we to town?
*Wal.* We do;
'Tis now her father's will she sees the town.
*Hel.* I'm glad on't. Goes she to her father?
*Wal.* No;
With the consent of thine, she for a term
Shares roof with thee.
*Hel.* I'm very glad on't.
*Wal.* What!
You like her, then? I thought you would. 'Tis time
She sees the town.
*Hel.* It has been time for that,
These six years.
*Wal.* By thy wisdom's count. No doubt
You've told her what a precious place it is.
*Hel.* I have.
*Wal.* I even guessed as much. For that
I told thee of her; brought thee here to see her;
And prayed thee to sojourn a space with her;
That its fair face, from thy too fair report,
Might strike a novice less,—so less deceive her.
I did not put thee under check.
*Hel.* 'Twas right—
Else I had broken loose and run the wilder!
So knows she not her father yet: that's strange.
I prithee how does mine?
*Wal.* Well—very well.
News for thee.
*Hel.* What?
*Wal.* Thy cousin is in town.
*Hel.* My cousin Modus?
*Wal.* Much do I suspect
That cousin's nearer to thy heart than blood.
*Hel.* Pshaw! Wed me to a musty library!

Love him who nothing loves but Greek and Latin!
But, Master Walter, you forget the main
Surpassing point of all. Who's come with you?
*Wal.* Ay, that's the question!
*Hel.* Is he soldier or
Civilian? lord or gentleman? He's rich,
If that's his chariot! Where is his estate?
What brings it in? Six thousand pounds a year?
Twelve thousand, may be? Is he bachelor,
Or husband? Bachelor, I'm sure he is!
Comes he not hither wooing, Master Walter?
Nay, prithee, answer me!
*Wal.* Who says thy sex
Are curious? That they're patient, I'll be sworn;
And reasonable—very reasonable—
To look for twenty answers in a breath!
Come, thou shalt be enlightened—but propound
Thy questions one by one! Thou'rt far too apt
A scholar! My ability to teach
Will ne'er keep pace, I fear, with thine to learn.
[*Exeunt*, L.

## SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the House.*

*Enter* JULIA, *followed by* CLIFFORD, R.

*Jul.* No more! I pray you, Sir, no more!
*Clif.* I love you.
*Jul.* You mock me, Sir!
*Clif.* Then is there no such thing
On earth as reverence. Honour filial, the fear
Of kings, the awe of supreme Heaven itself,
Are only shows and sounds that stand for nothing.
I love you!
*Jul.* You have known me scarce a minute.
*Clif.* Say but a moment, still I say I love you.
Love's not a flower that grows on the dull earth;
Springs by the calendar; must wait for sun—
For rain; matures by parts,—must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed!
You look for it, and see it not; and lo!
E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,
Consummate in the birth!

*Jul.* "Is't fear I feel?
"Why else should beat my heart? It can't be fear!
"Something I needs must say." You're from the town;
How comes it, Sir, you seek a country wife?
"Methinks 'twill tax his wit to answer that."
*Clif.* In joining contrasts lieth love's delight.
Complexion, stature, nature mateth it,
Not with their kinds, but with their opposites.
Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie;
The form of Hercules affects the sylph's;
And breasts that case the lion's fear-proof heart,
Find their loved lodge in arms where tremors dwell!
"Haply for this, on Afric's swarthy neck,
"Hath Europe's priceless pearl been seen to hang,
"That makes the orient poor! So with degrees—
"Rank passes by the circlet-gracéd brow,
"Upon the forehead bare of notelessness,
"To print the nuptial kiss! As with degrees,
"So is't with habits;" therefore I, indeed,
A gallant of the town, the town forsake,
To win a country bride.
*Jul.* "His prompt reply,
"My backward challenge shames! Must I give o'er?
"I'll try his wit again." Who marries me,
Must lead a country life.
*Clif.* The life I love!
But fools would fly from it; for Oh! 'tis sweet!
It finds the heart out, be there one to find;
And corners in't where stores of pleasures lodge,
We never dreamed were there! It is to dwell
'Mid smiles that are not neighbors to deceit;
Music, whose melody is of the heart,
"And gifts that are not made for interest,—
"Abundantly bestowed, by nature's cheek,
"And voice, and hand!" It is to live on life,
And husband it! It is to constant scan
The handywork of heaven! It is to con
Its mercy, bounty, wisdom, power! It is
To nearer see our God!
*Jul.* How like he talks
To Master Walter! "Shall I give it o'er?
"Not yet." Thou would'st not live one half a year!

A quarter might'st thou for the novelty
Of fields and trees; but then it needs must be
In summer time, when they go dressed.
*Clif.* "Not it!"
In any time—say winter! Fields and trees
Have charms for me in very winter time.
*Jul.* But snow may clothe them then.
*Clif.* I like them full
As well in snow!
*Jul.* You do?
*Clif.* I do!
*Jul.* But night
Will hide both snow and them; and that sets in
Ere afternoon is out. A heavy thing,
A country fireside in a winter's night,
To one bred in the town,—"where winter's said,
"For sun of gayety and sportiveness,
"To beggar shining summer."
*Clif.* I should like
A country winter's night especially!
*Jul.* You'd sleep by the fire.
*Clif.* Not I; I'd talk to thee.
*Jul.* You'd tire of that!
*Clif.* I'd read to thee.
*Jul.* And that!
*Clif.* I'd talk to thee again.
*Jul.* And sooner tire
Than first you did, and fall asleep at last.
"You'd never do to lead a country life."
*Clif.* "You deal too hardly with me!" Matchless maid,
"As loved instructor brightens dullest wit,"
Fear not to undertake the charge of me! [*Kneels.*
A willing pupil kneels to thee, and lays
His title and his fortune at your feet.
"*Jul.* His title and his fortune!"

*Enter* MASTER WALTER *and* HELEN, R.—JULIA, *disconcerted, retires with the latter,* L.—CLIFFORD *rises.*

*Wal.* So, Sir Thomas!
Aha! you husband time! well, was I right?
Is't not the jewel that I told you 'twas?
Would'st thou not give thine eyes to wear it? Eh?

It has an owner, tho',—nay, start not,—one
That may be brought to part with't, and with whom
I'll stand thy friend—I will—I say, I will!
A strange man, sir, and unaccountable;
But I can humour him—will humour him
For thy sake, good Sir Thomas, for I like thee.
Well, is't a bargain? Come, thy hand upon it.
A word or two with thee.
[*They retire,* R. *Julia and Helen come forward,* L.

*Jul.* (L.) Go up to town!
*Hel.* (R.) Have I not said it ten times o'er to thee?
But if thou lik'st it not, protest against it.
*Jul.* Not if 'tis Master Walter's will.
*Hel.* What then?
Thou would'st not break thy heart for Master Walter?
*Jul.* That follows not!
*Hel.* What follows not?
*Jul.* That I
Should break my heart that I go up to town.
*Hel.* Indeed! Oh, that's another matter. Well,
I'd e'en advise thee, then, to do his will;
And ever after, when I prophesy,
Believe me, Julia!
[*They retire. Master Walter comes forward.*

*Enter* Fathom, L., *crosses to Walter.*

*Fath.* So please you, sir, a letter,—a post haste letter! The bearer on horseback, the horse in a foam—smoking like a boiler at the heat—be sure a post-haste letter!

*Wal.* Look to the horse and rider.
[*Exit Fathom,* L. *Opens the letter and reads.*
"What's this? A testament addressed to me,
"Found in his Lordship's escrutoire, and thence
"Directed to be taken by no hand
"But mine. My presence instantly required."
[*Sir Thomas, Julia, and Helen come forward.*
Come, my mistresses,
You dine in town to-day. [*Crosses,* L.] Your father's will
It is, my Julia, that you see the world;
And thou shalt see it in its best attire.—
Its gayest looks—its richest finery
It shall put on for thee, that thou may'st judge

Betwixt it, and the rural life you've lived.
Business of moment I'm but just advised of,
Touching the will of my late noble master,
The Earl of Rochdale, recently deceased,
Commands me for a time to leave thee there.
Sir Thomas, hand her to the chariot. [*Sir Thomas crosses to her and hands Julia out*, L.: *they pass Walter, who then leads Helen out*, L.] Nay,
I tell thee true. We go indeed to town! [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* MASTER HEARTWELL'S *House.*

*Enter* THOMAS *and* FATHOM, R.

*Thom.* Well, Fathom, is thy mistress up?

*Fath.* She is, Master Thomas, and breakfasted.

*Thom.* She stands it well! 'Twas five, you say, when she came home; and wants it now three quarters of an hour of ten! Wait till her stock of country health is out.

*Fath.* 'Twill come to that, Master Thomas, before she lives another month in town! Three, four, five, six o'clock, are now the hours she keeps. 'Twas otherwise with her in the country. There my mistress used to rise what time she now lies down.

*Thom.* Why, yes; she's changed since she came hither.

*Fath.* Changed, do you say, Master Thomas? Changed forsooth! I know not the thing in which she is not changed, saving that she is still a woman. I tell thee there is no keeping pace with her moods. In the country, she had none of them. When I brought what she asked for, it was "thank you, Fathom," and no more to do; but now, nothing contents her. Hark ye! were you a gentleman, Master Thomas,—for then you know you would be a different kind of man,—how many times would you have your coat altered?

*Thom.* Why, Master Fathom, as many times as it would take to make it fit me.

*Fath.* Good! But supposing it fitted thee at first?

*Thom.* Then would I have it altered not at all.

*Fath.* Good! Thou would'st be a reasonable gentleman. Thou would'st have a conscience. Now hark to a tale about my lady's last gown. How many times, think you, took I it back to the sempstress?

*Thom.* Thrice, may be.

*Fath.* Thrice, may be! Twenty times, may be; and not a turn too many for the truth on't. Twenty times, on the oath of the sempstress. Now mark me—can you count?

*Thom.* After a fashion.

*Fath.* You have much to be thankful for, Master Thomas; you London serving-men know a world of things, which we in the country never dream of. Now mark:—four times took I it back for the flounce; twice for the sleeves; thrice for the tucker. How many times in all is that?

*Thom.* Eight times to a fraction, Master Fathom.

*Fath.* What a master of figures you are! Eight times —now recollect that! And then found she fault with the trimmings. Now, tell me how many times took I back the gown for the trimmings?

*Thom.* Eight times more, perhaps!

*Fath.* Ten times to a certainty. How many times makes that?

*Thom.* Eighteen, Master Fathom, by the rule of addition.

*Fath.* And how many times more will make twenty?

*Thom.* Twice, by the same rule.

*Fath.* Thou hast worked with thy pencil and slate, Master Thomas! Well, ten times, as I said, took I back the gown for the trimmings: and was she content after all? I warrant you, no, or my ears did not pay for it. She wished, she said, that the slattern sempstress had not touched the gown; for naught had she done, but botched it. Now, what, think you, had the sempstress done to the gown?

*Thom.* To surmise that, I must be learned in the sempstress's art.

*Fath.* The sempstress's art! Thou has hit it! Oh, the sweet sempstress! The excellent sempstress! Mistress of her scissors and needles, which are pointless and edgeless to her art! The sempstress had done nothing to the gown, yet raves and storms my mistress at her for having botched it in the making and mending; and orders her straight to make another one, which home the sempstress brings on Tuesday last.

*Thom.* And found thy fair mistress as many faults with that?

*Fath.* Not one! She finds it a very pattern of a gown! A well sitting flounce! The sleeves a fit—the tucker a fit—the trimmings her fancy to a T—ha! ha! ha! and she praised the sempstress—ha! ha! ha! and she smiles at me, and I smile—ha! ha! ha! and the sempstress smiles—ha! ha! ha! Now why did the sempstress smile?

*Thom.* That she had succeeded so well in her art.

*Fath.* Thou hast hit it again. The jade must have been born a sempstress. If ever I marry, she shall work for my wife. The gown was the same gown, and there was my mistress's twentieth mood!

*Thom.* What, think you, will Master Walter say when he comes back? I fear he'll hardly know his country maid again. Has she yet fixed her wedding day?

*Fath.* She has, Master Thomas. I coaxed it from her maid. She marries Monday week.

*Thom.* Comes not Master Walter back to-day?

*Fath.* Your master expects him. [*Bell ringing*, L.] Perhaps that's he. I prithee go and open the door; do, Master Thomas, do; for proves it my master, he'll surely question me.

*Thom.* And what should I do?

*Fath.* Answer him, Master Thomas, and make him none the wiser. He'll go mad, when he learns how my lady flaunts it! Go! open the door, I prithee. Fifty things, Master Thomas, know you, for one thing that I know; you can turn and twist a matter into any other kind of matter, and then twist and turn it back again, if needs be; so much you servants of the town beat us of the country, Master Thomas. Open the door, now; do, Master Thomas, do! [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Garden with two Arbors*, R. *and* L.

*Enter* MASTER HEARTWELL, R., *and* MASTER WALTER, L., *meeting.*

*Heart.* Good Master Walter, welcome back again!

*Wal.* I'm glad to see you, Master Heartwell.
*Heart.* How,
I pray you, sped the weighty bus'ness which
So sudden called you hence?
*Wal.* Weighty, indeed!
What thou would'st ne'er expect—wilt scarce believe!
Long hidden wrong, wondrously come to light,
And great right done! But more of this, anon.
Now of my ward discourse! Likes she the town?
How does she? Is she well? Can'st match me her
Amongst your city maids?
*Heart.* Nor court ones neither!
She far outstrips them all!
*Wal.* I knew she would.
What else could follow in a maid so bred?
A pure mind, Master Heartwell!—not a taint
From intercourse with the distempered town;
With which all contact was walled out; until,
Matured in soundness, I could trust her to it,
And sleep amidst infection. [*Crosses*, R.
*Heart.* Master Walter!
*Wal.* Well?
*Heart.* Tell me, prithee, which is likelier
To plough a sea in safety?—he that's wont
To *sail* in it,—or he that by the *chart*
Is master of its soundings, bearings,—knows
Its headlands, havens, currents,—where 'tis bold,
And where behoves to keep a good look out?—
The one will swim where sinks the other one!
*Wal.* The drift of this?
*Heart.* Do you not guess it?
*Wal.* Humph!
*Heart.* If you would train a maid to live in town,
Breed her not in the country!
*Wal.* Say you so?
And stands she not the test?
*Heart.* As snow stands fire!
Your country maid has melted all away,
And plays the city lady to the height:—
Her mornings gives to mercers, milliners,
Shoemakers, jewellers, and haberdashers;
Her noons, to calls; her afternoons, to dressing;

Evenings, to plays or cards; and nights, to routs,
Balls, masquerades! Sleep only ends the riot,
Which waking still begins!
*Wal.* I'm all amaze!
How bears Sir Thomas this?
*Heart.* Why, patiently;
Though, one can see, with pain.
*Wal.* She loves him? Ha!
That shrug is doubt! She'd ne'er consent to wed him,
Unless she loved him!—never! Her young fancy,
The pleasures of the town—new things—have caught.
Anon their hold will slacken: she'll become
Her former self again: to its old train
Of sober feelings will her heart return;
And then she'll give it wholly to the man,
Her virgin wishes chose! [*Crosses*, L.
*Heart.* Here comes Sir Thomas;
And with him Master Modus.
*Wal.* Let them pass:
I would not see him till I speak with her.
[*They retire into the arbor*, L.

*Enter* CLIFFORD *and* MODUS, R.

*Clif.* A dreadful question is it, when we love,
To ask if love's returned! I did believe
Fair Julia's heart was mine—I doubt it now.
But once last night she danced with me, her hand
To this gallant and that engaged, as soon
As asked for! "Maid that loved would scarce do this!
"Nor visit we together as we used,
"When first she came to town." She loves me less
Than once she did—or loves me not at all. [*Crosses*, R.
*Mod.* I'm little skilled, Sir Thomas, in the world;
What mean you now to do?
*Clif.* Remonstrate with her!
"Come to an understanding, and, at once—"
If she repents her promise to be mine,
Absolve her from it—and say farewell to her. [*Crosses*, L.
*Mod.* Lo, then, your opportunity—she comes,—
My cousin with her—her will I engage,
Whilst you converse together.
*Clif.* Nay, not yet!

My heart turns coward at the sight of her.
Stay till it finds new courage! Let them pass.
[*They retire up*, C.

*Enter* JULIA *and* HELEN, R.

*Hel.* So, Monday week will say good morn to thee
A maid, and bid good night a sober wife!
*Jul.* That Monday week, I trust, will never come,
That brags to make a sober wife of me!
*Hel.* How changed you are, my Julia!
*Jul.* Change makes change.
*Hel.* Why wedd'st thou, then?
*Jul.* Because I promised him.
*Hel.* Thou lov'st him?
*Jul.* Do I?
*Hel.* He's a man to love:
A right well-favoured man!
*Jul.* Your point's well favoured.
Where did you purchase it? "In Gracechurch street?"
*Hel.* Pshaw! never mind my point, but talk of him.
*Jul.* I'd rather talk with thee about the lace.
Where bought you it? In Gracechurch street, Cheapside,
Whitechapel, Little Britain? Can't you say
Where 'twas you bought the lace?
*Hel.* In Cheapside, then,
And now, then, to Sir Thomas! He is just
The height I like a man.
*Jul.* Thy feather's just
The height I like a feather! Mine's too long!
What shall I give thee in exchange for it?
*Hel.* What shall I give thee for a minute's talk
About Sir Thomas?
*Jul.* Why, thy feather.
*Hel.* Take it!
" *Clif.* [*Aside to Modus.*] What! likes she not to speak of me!"
*Hel.* And now
Let's talk about Sir Thomas—" much, I'm sure,
" He loves you.
" *Jul.* Much, I'm sure, he has a right!
" Those know I who would give their eyes to be
" Sir Thomas, for my sake!

'" *Hel.* Such, too, know I.
" But 'mong them, none that can compare with him,
' Not one so graceful.
" *Jul.* What a graceful set
' Your feather has!
" *Hel.* Nay, give it back to me,
' Unless you pay me for't.
" *Jul.* What was't to get?
" *Hel.* A minute's talk with thee about Sir Thomas."
*Jul.* Talk of his title and his fortune, then.
"*Clif.* [*Aside.*] Indeed! I would not listen, yet I must!
" *Jul.*" An ample fortune, Helen! I shall be
A happy wife! What routs, what balls, what masques,
What gala days!
" *Clif.* [*Aside.*] For these she marries me!
" She'll talk of these!
" *Jul.*" Think not, when I am wed,
I'll keep the house as owlet does her tower,
Alone,—when every other bird's on wing.
I'll use my palfrey, Helen; and my coach;
My barge, too, for excursions on the Thames;
" What drives to Barnet, Hackney, Islington!"
What rides to Epping, Hounslow, and Blackheath!
What sails to Greenwich, Woolwich, Fulham, Kew!
I'll set a pattern to your lady wives!
*Clif.* [*Aside,* R. C.] Ay, lady? Trust me, not at my expense.
*Jul.* And what a wardrobe! I'll have change of suits
For every day in the year! and sets for days!
My morning dress, my noon dress, dinner dress,
And evening dress! Then will I shew you lace
A foot deep, can I purchase it; if not,
I'll specially bespeak it. Diamonds, too!
Not buckles, rings, and ear-rings, only—but
Whole necklaces and stomachers of gems!
I'll shine! be sure I will.
" *Clif.* [*Aside.*] Then shine away;
" Who covets thee may wear thee: I'm not he!
" *Jul.* And then my title! Soon as I put on
" The ring, I'm Lady Clifford. So I take
" Precedence of plain mistress, were she e'en
" The richest heiress in the land! At town

"Or country ball, you'll see me take the lead,
"While wives that carry on their backs the wealth
"To dower a princess, shall give place to me;—
"Will I not profit, think you, by my right?
"Be sure I will! Marriage shall prove to me
"A never-ending pageant. Every day
"Shall show how I am spoused!" I will be known
For Lady Clifford all the city through,
And fifty miles the country round about.
Wife of Sir Thomas Clifford, baronet—
Not perishable knight; who, when he makes
A lady of me, doubtless must expect
To see me play the part of one. [*Crosses*, R.

*Clif.* [*Comes forward*, R. C.] Most true.
But not the part which you design to play.

*Jul.* A list'ner, sir!

*Clif.* By chance, and not intent.
Your speech was forced upon mine ear, that ne'er
More thankless duty to my heart discharged!
Would for that heart it ne'er had known the sense
Which tells it 'tis a bankrupt there, where most
It coveted to be rich, and thought it was so!
Oh, Julia! is it you? Could I have set
A coronet upon that stately brow,
Where partial nature hath already bound
A brighter circlet—radiant beauty's own—
I had been proud to see thee proud of it,—
So for the donor thou hadst ta'en the gift,
Not for the gift ta'en him. Could I have poured
The wealth of richest Crœsus in thy lap,
I had been blest to see thee scatter it,
So I were still thy riches paramount!

*Jul.* Know you me, Sir?

*Clif.* I do! On Monday week,
We were to wed; and are, so you're content
The day that weds, wives you to be widowed. Take
The privilege of my wife; be Lady Clifford!
Outshine thy title in the wearing on't!
My coffers, lands, are all at thy command;
Wear all! but, for myself, she wears not me,
"Although the coveted of every eye,"
Who would not wear me for myself alone. [*Crosses*, R

*Jul.* And do you carry it so proudly, Sir?

*Clif.* Proudly, but still more sorrowfully, Lady!
I'll lead thee to the church on Monday week.
Till then, farewell! and then,—farewell forever!
[*Takes off his hat.*
Oh, Julia, I have ventured for thy love,
As the bold merchant, who, for only hope
Of some rich gain, all former gains will risk!
Before I asked a portion of thy heart,
I periled all my own; and now, all's lost!
[*Exit,* R. *Modus follows him.*

*Jul.* Helen!

*Hel.* What ails you, sweet?

*Jul.* I cannot breathe—quick, loose my girdle, oh!
[*Faints.*

MASTER WALTER, R., *and* MASTER HEARTWELL, L., *come forward.*

*Wal.* Good Master Heartwell, help to take her in,
Whilst I make after him!—and look to her!
Unlucky chance that took me out of town!
[*Exit Walter,* R.—*Heartwell bears off Julia,* L. *Helen following.*

### SCENE III.—*The Street.*

*Enter* CLIFFORD, R., *and* STEPHEN, L., *meeting.*

*Ste.* Letters, Sir Thomas.

*Clif.* Take them home again;
I shall not read them now.

*Ste.* Your pardon, Sir,
But here is one directed strangely.

*Clif.* How?

*Ste.* 'To Master Clifford, gentleman; now styled
Sir Thomas Clifford, baronet.'

*Clif.* Indeed!
Whence comes that letter?

*Ste.* From abroad.

*Clif.* Which is it?

*Ste.* So please you, this, Sir Thomas.

*Clif.* Give it me. [*Crosses,* L. *reading letter*

*Ste.* That letter brings not news, to wish him joy upon

If he was disturbed before, which I guessed by his looks he was, he is not more at ease now. His hand to his head! A most unwelcome letter! If it brings him news of disaster, fortune does not give him his deserts; for never waited servant upon a kinder master.

*Clif.* Stephen!

*Ste.* Sir Thomas!

*Clif.* From my door remove
The plate that bears my name.

*Ste.* The plate, Sir Thomas?

*Clif.* The plate. Collect my servants and instruct them
All to make out their claims unto the end
Of their respective terms, and give them in
To my steward. Him and them apprise, good fellow,
That I keep house no more. " As you go home,
" Call at my coachmaker's, and bid him stop
" The carriage I bespoke. The one I have,
" Send with my horses to the mart whereat
" Such things are sold by auction—they're for sale.
" Pack up my wardrobe—have my trunks conveyed
" To the Inn in the next street"—and when that's done,
Go to my tradesmen, and collect their bills,
And bring them to me at the Inn.

*Ste.* The Inn!

*Clif.* Yes; I go home no more. Why, what's the matter?
What has fallen out to make your eyes fill up?
You'll get another place. I'll certify
You're honest and industrious, and all
That a servant ought to be.

*Ste.* I see, Sir Thomas,
Some great misfortune has befallen you.

*Clif.* No!
I've health; I've strength; my reason, Stephen, and
A heart that's clear in truth, with trust in God.
No great disaster can befall the man,
Who's still possessed of these! Good fellow, leave me.
" What you would learn, and have a right to know,
" I would not tell you now. Good Stephen, hence!"
Mischance has fallen on me—but what of that?
Mischance has fallen on many a better man.
' I prithee leave me. I grow sadder while

"I see the eye with which you view my grief.
"'Sdeath, they will out! I would have been a man,
"Had you been less a kind and gentle one."
Now, as you love me, leave me.
*Ste.* Never master
So well deserved the love of him that served him.
[*Exit Stephen*, R.
*Clif.* Misfortune liketh company: it seldom
Visits its friends alone. Ha, Master Walter,
And ruffled, too! I'm in no mood for him.

*Enter* MASTER WALTER, L.

*Wal.* So, Sir!—Sir Thomas Clifford!—what with speed
And choler—I do gasp for want of breath!
*Clif.* Well, Master Walter?
*Wal.* You're a rash young man, Sir!
Strong-headed and wrong-headed—and I fear, Sir!
Not over delicate in that fine sense
Which men of honour pride themselves upon, Sir!
*Clif.* Well, Master Walter!
*Wal.* A young woman's heart, Sir,
Is not a stone to carve a posy on!
Which knows not what is writ on't—which you may buy,
Exchange, or sell, Sir—keep or give away, Sir;
It is a richer, yet a poorer thing!
Priceless to him that owns and prizes it;
Worthless when owned, not prized; which makes the man
That covets it, obtains it, and discards it,—
A fool, if not a villain, Sir!
*Clif.* Well, Sir!
*Wal.* You never loved my ward, Sir!
*Clif.* The bright Heavens
Bear witness that I did!
*Wal.* The bright Heavens, Sir,
Bear not false witness. That you loved her not,
Is clear,—for had you loved her, you'd have plucked
Your heart from out your breast, 'ere cast her from your heart!
Old as I am, I know what passion is.
"It is the summer's heat, Sir, which in vain
"We look for frost in! Ice, like you, Sir, knows
"But little of such heat!" We're wronged, Sir, wronged!

" You wear a sword, and so do I !
" *Clif.* Well, Sir !
" *Wal.* You know the use, Sir, of a sword ?
*Clif.* "I do.
" To whip a knave, Sir, or an honest man—
" A wise man or a fool—atone for wrong,
" Or double the amount on't." Master Walter,*
Touching your ward, if wrong is done, I think
On my side lies the grievance. " I would not say so,
" Did I not think so." As for love—look, Sir,
That hand's a widower's, to its first mate sworn
To clasp no second one. As for amends, Sir,
You're free to get them from a man in whom
You've been forestalled by fortune, " in the spite
" Which she has vented on him, if you still
" Esteem him worth your anger." Please you read
That letter. Now, Sir, judge if life is dear,
To one so much a loser.
*Wal.* What, all gone !
Thy cousin living they reported dead !
*Clif.* Title and land, Sir, unto which, add love ;
All gone, save life—and honour!—which, ere I'll lose,
I'll let the other go !
*Wal.* We're public here,
And may be interrupted. Let us seek
Some spot of privacy. Your letter, Sir ! [*Gives it back.*
Tho' fortune slights you, I'll not slight you ! Not
Your title or the lack of it I heed.
Whether upon the score of love or hate,
With you, and you alone, I settle, Sir.
We've gone too far. 'Twere folly now to part
Without a reckoning.
*Clif.* Just as you please.
*Wal.* You've done a noble lady wrong.
*Clif.* That lady
Has done me wrong.
*Wal.* Go to ! Thou art a boy
Fit to be trusted with a plaything, not
A woman's heart. Thou know'st not what it is !

---

* Clifford's reply commences here in the representation—his cue being, *Wronged, Sir, wronged !*

Which I will prove to thee, soon as we find
Convenient place. Come on, Sir! you shall get
A lesson that shall serve you for the rest
O' your life. I'll make you own her, Sir, a piece
Of Nature's handiwork, as costly, free
From bias, flaw, and fair as ever yet
Her cunning hand turned out. Come on, Sir!—come!
[*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Drawing Room.*

*Enter* LORD TINSEL *and the* EARL OF ROCHDALE.

*Tin.* Refuse a lord! A saucy lady, this!
I scarce can credit it.
*Roch.* She'll change her mind.
My agent, Master Walter, is her guardian.
*Tin.* How can you keep that Hunchback in his office?
He mocks you.
*Roch.* He is useful. Never heed him.
My offer now do I present through him.
He has the title-deeds of my estates.
She'll listen to their wooing. I must have her.
Not that I love her, but that all allow
She's fairest of the fair.
*Tin.* Distinguished well:
'Twere most unseemly for a lord to love!
Leave that to commoners. 'Tis vulgar. She's
Betrothed, you tell me, to Sir Thomas Clifford?
*Roch.* Yes.
*Tin.* That a commoner should thwart a Lord!
Yet not a commoner. A Baronet
Is fish and flesh. Nine parts plebeian, and
Patrician in the tenth. Sir Thomas Clifford!
A man, they say, of brains. I abhor brains
As I do tools! They're things mechanical.
So far are we above our forefathers:—

They to their brains did owe their titles, as
Do lawyers, doctors. We to nothing owe them,
Which makes us far the nobler.
*Roch.* Is it so?
*Tin.* Believe me. You shall profit by my training:
You grow a Lord apace. I saw you meet
A bevy of your former friends, who fain
Had shaken hands with you. You gave them fingers!
You're now another man. Your house is changed,—
Your table changed—your retinue—your horse—
Where once you rode a hack, you now back blood;—
Befits it then you also change your friends!

*Enter* Williams, l.

*Wil.* A gentleman would see your lordship.
*Tin.* Sir?
What's that? [*Crosses to Williams.*
*Wil.* A gentleman would see his lordship.
*Tin.* How know you, Sir, his lordship is at home?
Is he at home because he goes not out?
He's not at home, though there you see him, Sir,
Unless he certify that he's at home!
Bring up the name of the gentleman, and then
Your lord will know if he's at home or not.
[*Exit Williams,* l.
Your man was porter to some merchant's door,
Who never taught him better breeding than
To speak the vulgar truth! Well, Sir?

Williams *having re-entered,* l.

*Wil.* His name,
So please your lordship, Markham.
*Tin.* Do you know
The thing?
*Roch.* Right well! I'faith, a hearty fellow,
Son to a worthy tradesman, "who would do
"Great things with little means; so entered him
"In the Temple. A good fellow, on my life,
"Naught smacking of his stock!"
*Tin.* You've said enough!
His lordship's not at home. [*Exit Williams,* l.] "We do not go

"By hearts, but orders!" Had he family—
Blood—tho' it only were a drop—his heart
Would pass for something; lacking such desert,
Were it ten times the heart it is, 'tis naught!

*Enter* WILLIAMS, L.

*Wil.* One Master Jones hath asked to see your lordship.
*Tin.* And what was your reply to Master Jones?
*Wil.* I knew not if his lordship was at home.
*Tin.* You'll do. Who's Master Jones?
*Roch.* A curate's son.
*Tin.* A curate's? Better be a yeoman's son!
"Were it the rector's son, he might be known,
"Because the rector is a rising man,
"And may become a bishop. He goes light.
"The curate ever hath a loaded back.
"He may be called the yeoman of the church
"That sweating does his work, and drudges on
"While lives the hopeful rector at his ease."
How made you his acquaintance, pray?
*Roch.* We read
Latin and Greek together.
*Tin.* Dropping them—
As, now that you're a lord, of course you've done—
Drop him.—You'll say his lordships not at home.
*Wil.* So please your lordship, I forgot to say,
One Richard Cricket likewise is below.
*Tin.* Who? Richard Cricket! You must see him, Rochdale!
A noble little fellow! A great man, Sir!
Not knowing whom, you would be nobody!
I won five thousand pounds by him!
*Roch.* Who is he?
I never heard of him.
*Tin.* What! never heard
Of Richard Cricket! never heard of him!
Why, he's the jockey of Newmarket; you
May win a cup by him, or else a sweepstakes.
I bade him call upon you. You must see him.
His lordship is at home to Richard Cricket.
*Roch.* Bid him wait in the ante-room. [*Williams goes* L.
*Tin.* The ante-room?

The best room in your house! You do not know
The use of Richard Cricket! Show him, Sir,
Into the drawing-room. [*Exit Williams*, L.] Your lordship needs
Must keep a racing stud, and you'll do well
To make a friend of Richard Cricket. "Well, Sir,
"What's that?

" *Enter* Williams.

" *Wil.* So please your lordship, a petition.
" *Tin.* Had'st not a service 'mongst the Hottentots
"Ere thou cam'st hither, friend? Present thy lord
"With a petition! At mechanics' doors,
"At tradesmens', shopkeepers', and merchants' only,
"Have such things leave to knock! Make thy lord's gate
"A wicket to a workhouse! Let us see it—
"Subscriptions to a book of poetry!
"Who heads the list? Cornelius Tense, A.M.
"Which means he construes Greek and Latin, works
"Problems in mathematics, can chop logic,
"And is a conjurer in philosophy,
"Both natural and moral.—Pshaw! a man
"Whom nobody, that is, anybody, knows.
"Who, think you, follows him? Why, an M.D.
"An F.R.S., and F.A.S., and then
"A D.D., Doctor of Divinity,
"Ushering in an L.L.D., which means
"Doctor of Laws—their harmony, no doubt,
"The difference of their trades! There's nothing here
"But languages, and sciences, and arts,
"Not an iota of nobility!
"We cannot give our names. Take back the paper,
"And tell the bearer there's no answer for him:—
"That is the lordly way of saying 'No.'
"But, talking of subscriptions, here is one
"To which your lordship may affix your name.
" *Roch.* Pray, who's the object?
" *Tin.* A most worthy man!
"A man of singular deserts; a man,
"In serving whom, your lordship will serve me,—
"Signor Cantata.
" *Roch.* He's a friend of yours?

" *Tin.* Oh, no, I know him not! I've not that pleasure.
" But Lady Dangle knows him; she's his friend.
" He will oblige us with a set of concerts,
" Six concerts to the set.—The set, three guineas.
" Your lordship will subscribe?
" *Roch.* Oh, by all means!
" *Tin.* How many sets of tickets? Two at least.
" You'll like to take a friend? I'll set you down
" Six guineas to Signor Cantata's concerts."
And now, my lord, we'll to him,—then we'll walk.
*Roch.* Nay, I would wait the lady's answer.
*Tin.* Wait!
Take an excursion to the country; let
Her answer wait for you.
*Roch.* Indeed!
*Tin.* Indeed.
Befits a lord naught like indifference.
Say an estate should fall to you, you'd take it,
As it concernéd more a stander-by
Than you. As you're a lord, be sure you ever
Of that make little, other men make much of;
Nor do the thing they do, but right contrary.
Where the distinction else, 'twixt them and you?
[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Master Heartwell's House. Table and two chairs, placed a little out of the centre towards* L.

MASTER WALTER *discovered, seated* L. *of table, looking through title-deeds and papers.*

*Wal.* So falls out every thing as I would have it,
Exact in place and time. This lord's advances
Receives she,—as, I augur, in the spleen
Of wounded pride she will,—my course is clear.
She comes—all's well—the tempest rages still.

JULIA *enters*, L., *and paces the room in a state of high excitement.*

*Jul.* What have my eyes to do with water? Fire
Becomes them better! [*Crosses*, R.
*Wal.* True.

*Jul.* Yet, must I weep
To be so monitor'd, and by a man!
A man that was my slave! whom I have seen
Kneel at my feet from morn till noon, content
With leave to only gaze upon my face, [*Crosses*, L.
"And tell me what he read there,—till the page
"I knew by heart, I 'gan to doubt I knew,
"Emblazoned by the comment of his tongue!"
And he to lesson me! Let him come here
On Monday week! He ne'er leads me to church!
"I would not profit by his rank or wealth,
"Tho' kings might call him cousin, for their sake!"
I'll show him I have pride! [*Crosses*, R.
*Wal.* You're very right!
*Jul.* He would have had to-day our wedding day!
I fixed a month from this. He prayed and prayed:—
I dropped a week. He prayed and prayed the more:—
I dropped a second one. Still more he prayed!
And I took off another week,—and now
I have his leave to wed or not to wed!
He'll see that I have pride!
*Wal.* And so he ought.
*Jul.* Oh! for some way to bring him to my feet!
But he should lie there! Why, 'twill go abroad,
That he has cast me off. That there should live
The man could say so! Or that I should live
To be the leavings of a man! [*Crosses*, R.
*Wal.* Thy case
I own a hard one.
*Jul.* Hard! 'Twill drive me mad!
His wealth and title! I refused a lord—
I did! that privily implored my hand—
And never cared to tell him on't! So much
I hate him now, that lord should not in vain
Implore my hand again!
*Wal.* You'd give it him? [*Up from chair.*
*Jul.* I would.
*Wal.* You'd wed that lord? [*Advances*, L.
*Jul.* (R.) That lord I'd wed;—or any other lord,—
Only to show him, I could wed above him!
*Wal.* Give me your hand and word to that.
*Jul.* There! Take
My hand and word!

*Wal.* That lord hath offered you
His hand again.
*Jul.* He has?
*Wal.* Your father knows it: he approves of him.
There are the title-deeds of the estates, [*Points to table*
Sent for my jealous scrutiny. All sound,—
No flaw, or speck, that e'en the lynx-eyed law
Itself could find. A lord of many lands!
In Berkshire half a county; and the same
In Wiltshire, and in Lancashire! Across
The Irish Sea, a principality!
And not a rood with bond or lien on it!
Wilt give that lord a wife? Wilt make thyself
A countess? Here's the proffer of his hand.
[*Shows her a letter.*
Write thou content, and wear a coronet!
*Jul.* [*Eagerly.*] Give me the paper.
*Wal.* There! Here's pen and ink.
[*Goes up* L. *of table and lays the letter down for her to sign.*
Sit down. [*Points to chair* R. *of table.*] Why do you pause?
A flourish of
The pen, and you're a countess.
*Jul.* "My poor brain
"Whirls round and round!" I would not wed him now
Were he more lowly at my feet to sue
Than e'er he did!
*Wal.* Wed whom?
*Jul.* Sir Thomas Clifford.
*Wal.* You're right.
*Jul.* "His rank and wealth are roots to doubt;
"And while they lasted, still the weed would grow,
"Howe'er you plucked it. No! That's o'er—That's done!"
Was never lady wronged so foul as I! [*Weeps.*
*Wal.* Thou'rt to be pitied.
*Jul.* [*Aroused.*] Pitied! Not so bad
As that.
*Wal.* Indeed thou art, to love the man
That spurns thee!
*Jul.* Love him! Love! If hate could find
A word more harsh than its own name, I'd take it,
To speak the love I bear him! [*Weeps.*

*Wal.* Write thy own name,
And show how near akin thy hate's to hate.
*Jul.* [*Writes.*] 'Tis done!
*Wal.* 'Tis well! I'll come to you anon.
[*Takes the paper hastily, and exit,* R.
*Jul.* [*Alone.*] I'm glad 'tis done! I'm very glad 'tis done!
I've done the thing I should. From my disgrace
This lord shall lift me 'bove the reach of scorn—
" That idly wags its tongue, where wealth and state
" Need only beckon to have crowds to laud!"
Then how the tables change! The hand he spurned,
His betters take! Let me remember that!
I'll grace my rank! I will! I'll carry it
As I were born to it! I warrant none
Shall say it fits me not:—but one and all
Confess I wear it bravely, as I ought!
And he shall hear it! ay! and he shall see it!
I will roll by him in an equipage
Would mortgage his estate—but he shall own
His slight of me was my advancement! Love me?
He never loved me! if he had, he ne'er
Had given me up! Love's not a spider's web,
But fit to mesh a fly—that you can break
By only blowing on't! He never loved me!
He knows not what love is—or, if he does,
He has not been o'er chary of his peace!
And that he'll find when I'm another's wife,
Lost!—lost to him for ever! Tears again!
Why should I weep for him? Who make their woes,
Deserve them! What have I to do with tears?

*Enter* HELEN, L.

*Hel.* News! Julia, news!
*Jul.* What! Is't about Sir Thomas?
*Hel.* Sir Thomas, say you? He's no more Sir Thomas!
That cousin lives, as heir to whom, his wealth
And title came to him.
*Jul.* Was he not dead?
*Hel.* No more than I am dead.
*Jul.* I would 'twere not so. [*Crosses,* L.
*Hel.* What say you, Julia?

*Jul.* Nothing!
*Hel.* I could kiss
That cousin! could'nt you, Julia?
*Jul.* Wherefore?
*Hel.* Why,
For coming back to life again, as 'twere
Upon his cousin to revenge you.
*Jul.* Helen!
*Hel.* Indeed, 'tis true. With what a sorry grace
The gentleman will bear himself without
His title! Master Clifford! Have you not
Some token to return him? Some love-letter?
Some brooch? Some pin? Some anything? I'll be
Your messenger, for nothing but the pleasure
Of calling him plain 'Master Clifford.'
*Jul.* Helen!
*Hel.* Or has he aught of thine? Write to him, Julia,
Demanding it! Do, Julia, if you love me;
And I'll direct it in a schoolboy's hand,
As round as I can write, 'To Master Clifford.'
*Jul.* Helen!
*Hel.* I'll think of fifty thousand ways
To mortify him! I've a twentieth cousin,
A care-for-naught at mischief. Him I'll set
With twenty other madcaps like himself,
To walk the streets the traitor most frequents,
And give him salutation as he passes—
How do you, Master Clifford!'
*Jul.* [*Highly incensed.*] Helen!
*Hel.* Bless me!
*Jul.* I hate you, Helen! [*Crosses to* R.

*Enter* MODUS, L.

*Modus.* Joy for you, fair lady!
Our baronet is now plain gentleman,
And hardly that—not master of the means
To bear himself as such! The kinsman lives
Whose only rumored death gave wealth to him,
And title. A hard creditor he proves,
Who keeps strict reckoning—will have interest,
As well as principal. A ruined man
Is now Sir Thomas Clifford.

*Hel.* I'm glad on't.
*Modus.* And so am I. A scurvy trick it was
He served you, Madam. Use a lady so!
I merely bore with him. I never liked him.
*Hel.* No more did I. No, never could I think
He looked his title.
*Modus.* No, nor acted it,
If rightly they report. "He ne'er disbursed
"To entertain his friends, 'tis broadly said,
"A hundred pounds in the year." He was most poor,
In the appointments of a man of rank,
Possessing wealth like his. "His horses, hacks!
"His gentleman, a footman! and his footman,
"A groom! The sports that men of quality
"And spirit countenance, he kept aloof from,
"From scruple of economy, not taste,—
"As racing and the like." In brief, he lacked
Those shining points, that, more than name, denote
High breeding; and, moreover, was a man
Of very shallow learning.
*Jul.* Silence, Sir!
For shame!
*Hel.* Why, Julia!
*Jul.* Speak not to me! Poor!
Most poor! I tell you, Sir, he was the making
Of fifty gentlemen—each one of whom
Were more than peer for thee! His title, Sir, [*Crosses,* C.
Lent him no grace he did not pay it back!
Tho' it had been the highest of the high,
He would have looked it, felt it, acted it,
As thou could'st ne'er have done! When found you out
You liked him not? It was not e'er to-day!
"Or that base spirit I must reckon yours,
"Which smiles were it would scowl—can stoop to hate,
"And fear to show it!" He was your better, Sir,
And is!—Ay, is! though stripped of rank and wealth,
His nature's 'bove or fortune's love or spite,
To blazon or to blur it! [*Retires up* C. *crosses to* R.
*Modus.* [*Crosses to Helen.*] I was told
Much to disparage him—I know not wherefore.
*Hel.* And so was I, and know as much the cause.
[*Modus and Helen go up,* C.—*Julia comes down,* R.

*Enter* Master Walter, *with parchments*, L.

*Wal.* Joy, my Julia! [*Crosses to her*
Impatient love has foresight! Lo you here,
The marriage deeds filled up, except a blank
To write your jointure! What you will, my girl!
Is this a lover? Look! Three thousand pounds
Per annum for your private charges! Ha!
" There's pin money! Is this a lover? Mark
" What acres, forests, tenements, are taxed
" For your revenue; and so set apart,
" That finger cannot touch them, save thine own."
Is this a lover? What good fortune's thine!
Thou dost not speak; but, 'tis the way with joy!
With richest heart, it has the poorest tongue!
[*Modus comes down* R. *of Julia—Helen remains up*, C.
*Modus.* What great good fortune's this you speak of, Sir?
*Wal.* A coronet, Master Modus! You behold
The wife elect, Sir, of no less a man,
Than the new Earl of Rochdale—heir of him
That's recently deceased.
" *Hel.* My dearest Julia,
" Much joy to you!
" *Modus.* All good attend you, Madam!"
*Wal.* This letter brings excuses from his lordship,
Whose absence it accounts for. He repairs
To his estate in Lancashire, and thither
We follow.
*Jul.* When, Sir?
*Wal.* Now. This very hour!
*Jul.* This very hour! Oh, cruel, fatal haste!
*Wal.* Oh, cruel, fatal haste! What meanest thou?
Have I done wrong to do thy bidding, then?
I've done no more. Thou wast an off-cast bride,
And would'st be an affianced one—thou art so!
Thou'dst have the slight that marked thee out for scorn
Converted to a means of gracing thee—
It is so! " If our wishes come too soon,
" What can make sure of welcome? In my zeal
" To win thee thine, thou know'st, at any time
" I'd play the steed, whose will to serve his lord,
" With his last breath gives his last bound for him!

"Since only noon have I despatched what well
"Had kept a brace of clerks, and more, on foot,—
"And then, perhaps, had been to do again!—
"Not finished, sure, complete—the compact firm,
"As fate itself had sealed it!
"*Jul.* Give you thanks!
"Tho' 'twere my death! my death!
"*Wal.* Thy death! Indeed,
"For happiness like this, one well might die!"
Take thy lord's letter!

*Enter* THOMAS *with a letter*, L.

Well?
*Tho.* This letter, Sir,
The gentleman that served Sir Thomas Clifford—
Or him that was Sir Thomas—gave to me
For Mistress Julia.
*Jul.* Give it me! [*Throwing away the one she holds.*
*Wal.* [*Snatching it.*] For what? [*Exit Thomas*, L.
Would'st read it? He's a bankrupt! stripped of title,
House, chattels, lands and all! A naked bankrupt,
With neither purse nor trust! Would'st read his letter?
A beggar! Yea, a beggar! fasts, unless
He dines on alms! How durst he send thee a letter?
"A fellow cut on this hand, and on that,
"Bows, and is cut again, and bows again!
"Who pays you fifty smiles for half a one—
"And that given grudgingly!" To send you a letter!
I burst with choler! Thus I treat his letter!
[*Tears and throws it on the ground.*
So! I was wrong to let him ruffle me;
He is not worth the spending anger on!
I prithee, Master Modus, use despatch,
And presently make ready for our ride.
You, Helen, to my Julia look—a change
Of dresses will suffice. She must have new ones,
Matches for her new state! Haste, friends. [*Exeunt Modus and Helen*, R.] My Julia!
Why stand you poring there upon the ground?
Time flies. Your rise astounds you? Never heed—
You'll play my lady countess like a queen! [*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT III.

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—*A Room in the Earl of Rochdale's.*

*Enter* HELEN, C. D.

*Hel.* I'm weary wandering from room to room;
A castle after all is but a house—
The dullest one when lacking company!
Were I at home I could be company
Unto myself. "I see not Master Walter.
"He's ever with his ward. I see not her.
"By Master Walter will she bide, alone.
"My father stops in town. I can't see him.
"My cousin makes his books his company."
I'll go to bed and sleep. No—I'll stay up
And plague my cousin into making love!
For, that he loves me, shrewdly I suspect.
How dull he is that hath not sense to see
What lies before him, and he'd like to find!
I'll change my treatment of him—cross him, where
Before I used to humour him. He comes,
Poring upon a book.

*Enter* MODUS, L.

What's that you read?
*Modus.* Latin, sweet cousin.
*Hel.* 'Tis a naughty tongue
I fear, and teaches men to lie.
*Modus.* To lie!
*Hel.* You study it. You call your cousin sweet,
And treat her as you would a crab. "As sour
"'Twould seem you think her, so you covet her!
"Why, how the monster stares, and looks about!"
You construe Latin, and can't construe that?
*Modus.* I never studied women.
*Hel.* No; nor men.
Else would you better know their ways: nor read
In presence of a lady. [*Strikes the book from his hand.*
*Modus.* Right, you say,
And well you served me, cousin, so to strike
The volume from my hand. I own my fault.

So please you,—may I pick it up again ?
I'll put it in my pocket!
*Hel.* Pick it up.
He fears me as I were his grandmother!
What is the book ?
*Modus.* 'Tis Ovid's Art of Love.
*Hel.* That Ovid was a fool!
*Modus.* In what ?
*Hel.* In that :
To call that thing an art, which art is none.
*Modus.* And is not love an art ?
*Hel.* Are you a fool,
As well as Ovid ? Love an art! No art
But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes
With neither. Is't to hoard such grain as that,
You went to College ? Better stay at home,
And study homely English.
*Modus.* Nay, you know not
The argument.
*Hel.* I don't ? I know it better
Than ever Ovid did! " The face,—the form,—
" The heart,—the mind we fancy, cousin ; that's
" The argument! Why, cousin, you know nothing."
Suppose a lady were in love with thee,
Could'st thou, by Ovid, cousin, find it out ?—
Could'st find it out, was't thou in love thyself ?
Could Ovid, cousin, teach thee to make love ?
I could, that never read him. You begin
With melancholy; then to sadness ; then
To sickness; then to dying—but not die!
She would not let thee, were she of my mind;
She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope;
From hope to confidence ; from confidence
To boldness ;—then you'd speak; at first entreat;
Then urge; then flout; then argue ; then enforce;
Make prisoner of her hand ; besiege her waist ;
Threaten her lips with storming ; keep thy word
And carry her! My sampler 'gainst thy Ovid ! [*Crosses,* L.
Why, cousin, are you frightened, that you stand
As you were stricken dumb ? The case is clear,
You are no soldier. You'll ne'er win a battle.
You care too much for blows!

*Modus.* You wrong me there.
At School I was the champion of my form.
And since I went to College—
*Hel.* That for College! [*Crosses*, R., *& fillips with her fingers.*
*Modus.* Nay, hear me!
*Hel.* Well? What, since you went to College?
"You know what men are set down for, who boast
"Of their own bravery. Go on, brave cousin!"
What, since you went to College? Was there not
One Quentin Halworth there? You know there was,
And that he was your master!
*Modus.* He my master!
Thrice was he worsted by me.
*Hel.* Still was he
Your master.
*Modus.* He allowed I had the best!
Allowed it, mark me! Nor to me alone,
But twenty I could name.
*Hel.* And mastered you
At last! Confess it, cousin, 'tis the truth.
A proctor's daughter you did both affect—
Look at me and deny it! Of the twain
She more affected you;—I've caught you now,
"Bold cousin! Mark you! Opportunity"
An opportunity she gave you, Sir,—
Deny it if you can!—but though to others,
When you discoursed of her you were a flame,
To her you were a wick that would not light,
Though held in the very fire! And so he won her—
Won her, because he wooed her like a man,
For all your cuffings, cuffing you again
With most usurious interest. Now, Sir,
Protest that you are valiant!
*Modus.* Cousin Helen!
*Hel.* Well, Sir?
*Modus.* The tale is all a forgery!
*Hel.* A forgery!
*Modus.* From first to last: ne'er spoke I
To a proctor's daughter while I was at College.
*Hel.* It was a scrivener's, then—or somebody's.
But what concerns it whose? Enough, you loved her,
And, shame upon you, let another take her!

*Modus.* Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me,
I loved no woman while I was at College—
Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.
*Hel.* Indeed! Now I'll retreat, if he's advancing.
"Comes he not on! Oh, what a stock's the man!"
Well, cousin?
*Modus.* Well? What more would'st have me say?
I think I've said enough.
*Hel.* And so think I.
I did but jest with you. You are not angry?
Shake hands! Why, cousin, do you squeeze me so?
*Modus.* [*Letting her go.*] I swear I squeezed you not!
*Hel.* You did not?
*Modus.* No,
I'll die if I did!
*Hel.* Why, then you did not, cousin:
So let's shake hands again—[*He takes her hand as before.*]
Oh, go, and now
Read Ovid! Cousin, will you tell me one thing:
Wore lovers ruffs in Master Ovid's time?
Behoved him teach them, then, to put them on:—
And that you have to learn. Hold up your head!
Why, cousin, how you blush. Plague on the ruff!
I cannot give't a set. You're blushing still!
"Why do you blush, dear cousin? So, 'twill beat me!
"I'll give it up.
"*Modus.* Nay, prithee don't—try on!
"*Hel.* And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold.
"*Modus.* For what?
"*Hel.* To trust my face so near to thine.
"*Modus.* I know not what you mean.
"*Hel.* I'm glad you don't!"
Cousin, I own right well behaved you are,
Most marvellously well behaved! They've bred
You well at College. With another man
My lips would be in danger! Hang the ruff!
*Modus.* Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear cousin.
*Hel.* Dear fool! [*Throws the ruff on the ground.*
I swear the ruff is good for just
As little as its master! There!—'Tis spoiled—
You'll have to get another. Hie for it,
And wear it in the fashion of a wisp,

Ere I adjust it for thee! Farewell, cousin!
You've need to study Ovid's Art of Love. [*Exit*, R.
*Modus*. Went she in anger? I will follow her,—
No, I will not! Heigho! I love my cousin!
Oh, would that she loved me! Why did she taunt me
With backwardness in love? What could she mean?
Sees she I love her, and so laughs at me,
Because I lack the front to woo her? Nay,
I'll woo her, then! Her lips shall be in danger,
When next she trusts them near me! Looked she at me
To-day, as never did she look before!
" A bold heart, Master Modus! 'Tis a saying,
" A faint one never won fair lady yet.
" I'll woo my cousin, come what will on't! Yes!"
[*Begins to read, pauses, and thrusts book into his bosom.*
Hang Ovid's Art of Love! I'll woo my cousin! [*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*The Banqueting Room in the Earl of Rochdale's Mansion.*

*Enter* MASTER WALTER *and* JULIA, L. U. E. *He walks across to a chair, brings it forward and sits*, R. C., *she stands*, L.

*Wal*. This is the banqueting-room. Thou see'st as far
It leaves the last behind, as that excels
The former ones. All is proportion here
And harmony! Observe! The massy pillars
May well look proud to bear the lofty dome.
" You mark those full-length portraits? They're the heads,
" The stately heads, of his ancestral line.
" Here o'er the feast they aptly still preside!
" Mark those medallions! Stand they forth or not
" In bold and fair relief?" Is not this brave?
*Jul*. [*Abstractedly*.] It is.
*Wal*. It should be so. To cheer the blood
That flows in noble veins, is made the feast
That gladdens here! " You see this drapery?
" 'Tis richest velvet! Fringe and tassels, gold!
" Is not this costly?
" *Jul*. Yes.
" *Wal*. And chaste, the while?
" Both chaste and costly?

"*Jul.* Yes."

*Wal.* [*Gets up and crosses to* L., *points off*, L. *for mirror.*]
Come hither! There's a mirror for you. See!
One sheet from floor to ceiling! Look into it.
Salute its mistress! Dost not know her?

*Jul.* [*Sighing deeply.*] Yes!

"*Wal.* And sighest thou to know her? Wait until
" To-morrow, when the banquet shall be spread
" In the fair hall; the guests, already bid,
" Around it; here, her lord; and there, herself;
" Presiding o'er the cheer that hails him bridegroom,
" And her the happy bride! Dost hear me?

"*Jul.* [*Sighing still more deeply.*] Yes."

*Wal.* These are the day-rooms only, we have seen,
For public and domestic uses kept.
I'll show you now the lodging rooms. [*Goes, then turns and observes Julia standing perfectly abstracted.*
You're tired.
Let it be till after dinner, then. Yet one
I'd like thee much to see—the bridal chamber.
[*Julia starts, crosses her hands upon her breast, and looks upwards.*
I see you're tired; yet is it worth the viewing,
If only for the tapestry which shows
The needle like the pencil glow with life. [*She sits on the chair Master Walter has risen from*, R. C. *He* L.
The story's of a page who loved the dame
He served—a princess!—" Love's a heedless thing!
" That never takes account of obstacles;
" Makes plains of mountains, rivulets of seas,
" That part it from its wish. So proved the page,
" Who from a state so lowly looked so high,—
" But love's a greater lackwit still than this.
" Say it aspires—that's gain! Love stoops—that's loss!
" You know what comes." The princess loved the page.
Shall I go on, or here leave off?

*Jul.* Go on.

*Wal.* Each side of the chamber shows a different stage
Of this fond youth and fonder lady's love.*

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* In representation the passages following this are curtailed—and the scene runs as follows:—Master Walter continues—

" First—no, it is not that.
" *Jul.* Oh, recollect!
" *Wal.* And yet it is!
" *Jul.* No doubt it is. What is't?
" *Wal.* He holds to her a salver, with a cup:
" His cheek more mantling with his passion, than
" The cup with the ruby wine. She heeds him not,
" For too great heed of him;—but seems to hold
" Debate betwixt her passion and her pride,
" That's like to lose the day. You read it in
" Her vacant eye, knit brow, and parted lips,
" Which speak a heart too busy all within
" To note what's done without. Like you the tale?
" *Jul.* I list to every word.
" *Wal.* The next side paints
" The page upon his knee. He has told his tale;
" And found that, when he lost his heart, he played
" No losing game; but won a richer one!
" There may you read in him, how love would seem
" Most humble when most bold,—you question which
" Appears to kiss her hand—his breath or lips!
" In her you read how wholly lost is she
" Who trusts her heart to love. Shall I give o'er?
" *Jul.* Nay, tell it to the end. Is't melancholy?
" *Wal.* To answer that would mar the story.
" *Jul.* Right.
" *Wal.* The third side now we come to.
" *Jul.* What shows that?
" *Wal.* The page and princess still. But stands her sire
" Between them. Stern he grasps his daughter's arm,
" Whose eyes like fountains play; while through her tears

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*Wal.* The first side paints their passion in the dawn—
In the next side 'tis shining open day—
In the third there's clouding,—I but touch on these
To make a long tale brief, and bring thee to
The last side.
*Jul.* What shows that?
*Wal.* The fate of love
That will not be advised.—The scene's a dungeon;
It's tenant is the page—he lies in fetters.
*Jul.* Hard!
Hard as the steel, the hands that put them on!

" Her passion shines, as, through the fountain drops,
" The sun! His minions crowd around the page!
" They drag him to a dungeon.
" *Jul.* Hapless youth!
" *Wal.* Hapless, indeed, that's twice a captive! heart
" And body both in bonds. But that's the chain,
" Which balance cannot weigh, rule measure, touch
" Define the texture of, or eye detect,
" That's forgéd by the subtle craft of love!
" No need to tell you that he wears it. Such
" The cunning of the hand that plied the loom,
" You've but to mark the straining of his eye
" To feel the coil yourself!
" *Jul.* I feel't without!
" You've finished with the third side; now the fourth!
" *Wal.* It brings us to a dungeon, then.
" *Jul.* The page,
" The thrall of love, more than the dungeon's thrall,
" Is there?
" *Wal.* He is. He lies in fetters."
*Jul.* Hard!—
Hard as the steel, the hands that put them on!
*Wal.* Some one unrivets them.
*Jul.* The princess? 'Tis!
*Wal.* It is another page.
*Jul.* It is herself!
*Wal.* Her skin is fair; and his is berry-brown.
His locks are raven black; and hers are gold.
*Jul.* Love's cunning at disguises! spite of locks,
Skin, vesture,—it is she, and only she!
What will not constant woman do for love,
That's loved with constancy! Set her the task,
Virtue approving, that will baffle her!
O'ertax her stooping, patience, courage, wit!
My life upon it, 'tis the princess self,
Transformed into a page!
*Wal.* The dungeon door
Stands open, and you see beyond—
*Jul.* Her father!
*Wal.* No; a steed.
*Jul.* [*Starting up.*] Oh, welcome steed,
My heart bounds at the thought of thee! Thou com'st

To bear the page from bonds to liberty.
What else ?
*Wal.* [*Rising.*] The story's told.
*Jul.* Too briefly told !
Oh, happy princess, that had wealth and state
To lay them down for love ! " Whose constant love
" Appearances approved, not falsified !
" A winner in thy loss as well as gain."
*Wal.* Weighs love so much ?
*Jul.* What would you weigh 'gainst love
That's true ? Tell me with what you'd turn the scale ?
Yea, make the index waver ? Wealth ? A feather !
Rank ? Tinsel against bullion in the balance !
The love of kindred ? That to set 'gainst love !
Friendship comes nearest to 't ; but put it in,
And friendship kicks the beam !—weigh nothing 'gainst it !
Weigh love against the world !
" Yet are they happy that have naught to say to it.
" *Wal.* And such a one art thou. Who wisely wed,
" Wed happily. The love thou speak'st of,
" A flower is only, that its season has,
" Which they must look to see the withering of,
" Who pleasure in its budding and its bloom !
" But wisdom is the constant evergreen
" Which lives the whole year through ! Be that your flower !

*Enter a* SERVANT, L.

Well ?
*Ser.* My Lord's secretary is without.
He brings a letter for her ladyship,
And craves admittance to her.
*Wal.* Show him in.
*Jul.* No !
*Wal.* Thou must see him. To show slight to him,
Were slighting him that sent him. Show him in !
[*Exit Servant*, L.
Some errand proper for thy private ear,
Besides the letter. What's the matter ? Why
This paleness and this trembling ? Mark me, Julia !
If, from these nuptials which thyself invited—
Which, at thy seeking, came—thou would'st be freed,

Thou hast gone too far! Receding were disgrace,
Sooner than see thee suffer which, the hearts
That love thee most, would wish thee dead! Reflect!
Take thought! Collect thyself! With dignity
Receive thy bridegroom's messenger! for sure
As dawns to-morrow's sun, to-morrow night
Sees thee a wedded bride! [*Exit*, L.

*Jul.* [*Alone.*] A wedded bride?
Is it a dream? "Is it a phantasm? 'Tis
"Too horrible for reality! for aught else
"Too palpable!" Oh, would it were a dream!
How would I bless the sun that waked me from it!
"I perish! Like some desperate mariner
"Impatient of a strange and hostile land,
"Who rashly hoists his sail, and puts to sea,
"And being fast on reefs and quicksands borne,
"Essays in vain once more to make the land,
"Whence wind and current drive him"—I am wrecked
By mine own act! What! no escape? no hope?
None! I must e'en abide these hated nuptials!
Hated!—Ay! own it, and then curse thyself!
That mad'st the bane thou loathest—for the love
Thou bear'st to one, who never can be thine!
Yes—love! Deceive thyself no longer. False
To say 'tis pity for his fall,—" respect,
"Engendered by a hollow world's disdain,
"Which hoots whom fickle fortune cheers no more!
"'Tis none of these:" 'tis love—and if not love,
Why, then, idolatry! Ay, that's the name
To speak the broadest, deepest, strongest passion,
That ever woman's heart was borne away by!
He comes! Thou'dst play the lady,—play it now!

*Enter* Servant, L., *conducting* Clifford, *plainly attired, as* Earl of Rochdale's *Secretary.*

*Ser.* His lordship's secretary. [*Exit*, R.

*Jul.* Speaks he not?
Or does he wait for orders to unfold
His business? Stopped his business till I spoke,
I'd hold my peace forever!
[*Clifford kneels, presenting a letter.*
Does he kneel?

A lady am I to my heart's content!
Could he unmake me that which claims his knee,
I'd kneel to him,—I would! I would!—Your will?
*Clif.* This letter from my lord.
*Jul.* Oh, fate! who speaks?
*Clif.* The secretary of my lord. [*Rises.*
*Jul.* I breathe!
I could have sworn 'twas he!
[*Makes an effort to look at him, but is unable.*
So like the voice—
I dare not look, lest there the form should stand!
How came he by that voice? 'Tis Clifford's voice,
If ever Clifford spoke! "My fears come back"—
Clifford the secretary of my lord!
Fortune hath freaks, but none so mad as that!
It cannot be!—it should not be!—a look,
And all were set at rest.
[*Tries to look at him again, but cannot.*
So strong my fears,
Dread to confirm them takes away the power
To try and end them! Come the worst, I'll look.
[*She tries again, and is again unequal to the task.*
I'd sink before him, if I met his eye!
*Clif.* Wilt please your ladyship to take the letter?
*Jul.* There Clifford speaks again! Not Clifford's breath
Could more make Clifford's voice! Not Clifford's tongue
And lips more frame it into Clifford's speech!
A question, and 'tis over! Know I you?
*Clif.* Reverse of fortune, lady, changes friends:
It turns them into strangers. What I am,
I have not always been!
*Jul.* Could I not name you?
*Clif.* If your disdain for one, perhaps too bold
When hollow fortune called him favourite,—
"Now by her fickleness perforce reduced
"To take an humble tone," would suffer you—
*Jul.* I might?
*Clif.* You might!
*Jul.* Oh, Clifford! is it you?
*Clif.* Your answer to my lord. [*Gives the letter.*
*Jul.* Your lord!
*Clif.* Wilt write it?

Or, will it please you send a verbal one?
I'll bear it faithfully.
*Jul.* You'll bear it?
*Clif.* Madam,
Your pardon, but my haste is somewhat urgent.
My lord's impatient, and to use despatch
Were his repeated orders.
*Jul.* Orders? Well, [*Takes letter.*
I'll read the letter, Sir. 'Tis right you mind
His lordship's orders. They are paramount!
Nothing should supersede them!—stand beside them!
They merit all your care, and have it! Fit,
Most fit they should! Give me the letter, Sir.
*Clif.* You have it, Madam.
*Jul.* So! How poor a thing
I look! so lost, while he is all himself!
Have I no pride? [*She: rings the Servant enters,* R.
Paper, and pen and ink! [*Exit Servant,* R.
If he can freeze, 'tis time that I grow cold!
I'll read the letter.
[*Opens it, and holds it as about to read it.*
Mind his orders! So!
Quickly he fits his habits to his fortunes!
He serves my lord with all his will! His heart's
In his vocation. So! Is this the letter?
'Tis upside down—and here I'm poring on't!
Most fit I let him see me play the fool!
Shame! Let me be myself!
[*Servant enters,* R., *with materials for writing.*
A table, sir,
" And chair."
[*The Servant brings a table and chair,* R., *and goes out. She sits awhile, vacantly gazing on the letter—then looks at Clifford.*
How plainly shows his humble suit!
It fits not him that wears it! I have wronged him!
He can't be happy—does not look it—is not!
That eye which reads the ground is argument
Enough! He loves me. There I let him stand,
And I am sitting! [*Rises and points to a chair.*
Pray you, take a chair. [*He bows as acknowledging, and declining the honor.—She looks at him awhile.*

Clifford, why don't you speak to me? [*Weeps.*
*Clif.* I trust
You're happy.
*Jul.* Happy! Very, very happy!
You see I weep, I am so happy! Tears
Are signs, you know, of naught but happiness!
When first I saw you, little did I look
To be so happy! Clifford!
*Clif.* Madam?
*Jul.* Madam!
I call thee Clifford, and thou call'st me madam!
*Clif.* Such the address my duty stints me to.
Thou art the wife elect of a proud Earl—
Whose humble secretary sole, am I.
*Jul.* Most right! I had forgot! I thank you, Sir,
For so reminding me; and give you joy,
That what, I see, had been a burthen to you,
Is fairly off your hands.
*Clif.* A burthen to me!
"Mean you yourself? Are you that burthen, Julia?"
Say that the sun's a burthen to the earth!
Say that the blood's a burthen to the heart!
Say health's a burthen, peace, contentment, joy,
Fame, riches, honours; every thing that man
Desires, and gives the name of blessing to!—
E'en such a burthen, Julia were to me,
Had fortune let me wear her.
*Jul.* [*Aside.*] On the brink
Of what a precipice I'm standing! Back!
Back! while the faculty remains to do't!
A minute longer, not the whirlpool's self
More sure to suck thee down! One effort! [*Sits.*] There!
[*Recovers her self-possession, takes up the letter and reads.*
To wed to-morrow night! Wed whom? A man
Whom I can never love! I should before
Have thought of that. To-morrow night! This hour
To-morrow! How I tremble! "Happy bands
"To which my heart such freezing welcome gives,
"As sends an ague through me!" At what means
Will not the desperate snatch! What's honour's price?
Nor friends, nor lovers,—no, nor life itself!
Clifford! This moment leave me!

[*Clifford retires up the stage, out of her sight.*
Is he gone?
Oh, docile lover! Do his mistress' wish
That went against his own! Do it so soon!—
Ere well 'twas uttered! No good-bye to her!
No word! no look! 'Twas best that so he went!
Alas, the strait of her, who owns that best,
Which last she'd wish were done! What's left me now?
To weep! To weep!

[*Leans her head upon her arm, which rests upon the desk—her other arm hanging listless at her side. Clifford comes down the stage, looks a moment at her, approaches her, and kneeling, takes her hand.*

*Clif.* My Julia!

*Jul.* Here again?
Up! up! By all thy hopes of Heaven, go hence!
To stay's perdition to me! Look you, Clifford!
Were there a grave where thou art kneeling now
I'd walk into't, and be inearthed alive,
Ere taint should touch my name! Should some one come
And see thee kneeling thus! Let go my hand!
Remember, Clifford, I'm a promised bride—
And take thy arm away! It has no right
To clasp my waist! Judge you so poorly of me,
As think I'll suffer this? My honour, Sir!

[*She breaks from him, quitting her seat.*
I'm glad you've forced me to respect myself—
You'll find that I can do so!

*Clif.* "I was bold—
"Forgetful of your station and my own."
There was a time I held your hand unchid!
There was a time I might have clasped your waist—
I had forgot that time was past and gone!
I pray you, pardon me!

*Jul.* [*Softened.*] I do so, Clifford.

*Clif.* I shall no more offend.

*Jul.* Make sure of that.
No longer is it fit thou keep'st thy post
In's lordship's household. Give it up! A day—
An hour remain not in it!

*Clif.* Wherefore?

*Jul.* Live

In the same house with me, and I another's ?
Put miles, put leagues between us ! The same land
Should not contain us. " Oceans should divide us—
" With barriers of constant tempests—such
" As mariners durst not tempt !" Oh, Clifford ! Clifford !
Rash was the act, so light that gave me up,
That stung a woman's pride, and drove her mad—
Till, in her frenzy, she destroyed her peace !
Oh, it was rashly done ! Had you reproved—
Expostulated,—had you reasoned with me—
Tried to find out what was indeed my heart,—
I would have shown it—you'd have seen it. All
Had been as naught can ever be again !

*Clif.* Lov'st thou me, Julia ?

*Jul.* Dost thou ask me, Clifford ?

*Clif.* These nuptials may be shunned—

*Jul.* With honour ?

*Clif.* Yes.

*Jul.* Then take me ! Hold !—hear me, and take me, then !
Let not thy passion be my counsellor !
Deal with me, Clifford, as my brother. Be
The jealous guardian of my spotless name !
Scan thou my cause as 'twere thy sister's ! Let
Thy scrutiny o'erlook no point of it,—
And turn it o'er, not once, but many a time ;—
That flaw, speck, yea, the shade of one,—a soil
So slight, not one out of a thousand eyes
Could find it out,—may not escape thee ; then
Say if these nuptials can be shunned with honour !

*Clif.* They can.

*Jul.* Then take me, Clifford ! [*They embrace.*

*Enter* MASTER WALTER, R. U. E., *comes down*, R.

*Wal.* Ha ! What's this ?
Ha ! treason ! What ! my baronet that was,
My secretary now ! Your servant, Sir !
Is't thus you do the pleasure of your lord,—
" That for your service, feeds you, clothes you, pays you ?
" Or tak'st thou but the name of his dependent ?"
What's here ?—a letter ! [*Snatches letter from table*, R.]
Fifty crowns to one

A forgery! I'm wrong. It is his hand.
This proves thee double traitor!
*Clif.* Traitor!
*Jul.* Nay,
Control thy wrath, good Master Walter. Do,—
And I'll persuade him to go hence.
[*Master Walter retires up the stage*, R. *with letter, and remains there till Clifford is off.*
I see
For me thou bearest this, and thank thee, Clifford!
As thou hast truly shown thy heart to me,
So truly I to thee have opened mine!
Time flies! To-morrow, if thy love can find
A way, such as thou said'st, for my enlargement,—
By any means thou can'st, apprize me of it,—
And, soon as shown, I'll take it.
*Wal.* (R.) Is he gone?
*Jul.* He is—this moment! If thou covet'st me,
Win me and wear me! May I trust thee? Oh!
If that's thy soul, that's looking through thine eyes,
Thou lov'st me, and I may!—I sicken, lest
I never see thee more!
*Clif.* As life is mine,
The ring that goes thy wedding finger on,
No hand save mine shall place there!
*Wal.* Lingers he?
*Jul.* For my sake, now away! "And yet a word.
"By all thy hopes most dear, be true to me!
"Go, now! Yet stay!" Oh, Clifford, while you're here,
I'm like a bark distressed and compassless,
That by a beacon steers;—when you're away,
That bark alone, and tossing miles at sea!
Now go! Farewell! My compass—beacon—land!
When shall mine eyes be blessed with thee again!
*Clif.* Farewell! [*Exit*, L.
*Jul.* Art gone? All's care! All's chance—all's darkness! [*Is led off by Master Walter*, R.

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* EARL OF ROCHDALE'S.

*Enter* HELEN *and* FATHOM, L.

*Fath.* The long and the short of it is this—if she marries this lord, she'll break her heart! I wish you could see her, madam. Poor lady!

*Hel.* How looks she, prithee?

*Fath.* Marry, for all the world like a dripping wet cambric handkerchief! She has no colour, nor strength in her; and does nothing but weep—poor lady!

*Hel.* Tell me again, what said she to thee?

*Fath.* She offered me all she was mistress of, to take the letter to Master Clifford. She drew her purse from her pocket—her ring from her finger—her ear-rings from her ears; but I was forbidden, and refused. And now I'm sorry for it! Poor lady!

*Hel.* Thou should'st be sorry. Thou hast a hard heart, Fathom.

*Fath.* I, madam! My heart is as soft as a woman's. You should have seen me when I came out of her chamber—poor lady!

*Hel.* Did you cry?

*Fath.* No; but I was as near it as possible. I a hard heart! I would do anything to serve her, poor sweet lady!

*Hel.* Will you take her letter, asks she you again?

*Fath.* No—I am forbid,

*Hel.* Will you help Master Clifford to an interview with her?

*Fath.* No—Master Walter would find it out.

*Hel.* Will you contrive to get me into her chamber?

*Fath.* No—you would get me into mischief.

*Hel.* Go to! You would do nothing to serve her. You a soft heart! You have no heart at all! You feel not for her!

*Fath.* But I tell you I do—and good right I have to feel for her. I have been in love myself.

*Hel.* With your dinner!

*Fath.* I would it had been! My pain would have soon been over, and at little cost. A fortune I squandered upon her!—trinkets—trimmings—treatings—what swallowed up the revenue of a whole year! Wasn't I in love? Six months I courted her, and a dozen crowns, all but one, did I disburse for her in that time! Wasn't I in love? An hostler—a tapster—and a constable, courted her at the same time, and I offered to cudgel the whole three of them for her! Wasn't I in love?

*Hel.* You are a valiant man, Fathom.

*Fath.* Am not I? Walks not the earth the man I am afraid of!

*Hel.* Fear you not Master Walter?

*Fath.* No.

*Hel.* You do.

*Fath.* I don't.

*Hel.* I'll prove it to you. You see him breaking your young mistress's heart, and have not the manhood to stand by her.

*Fath.* What could I do for her?

*Hel.* Let her out of prison. It were the act of a man.

*Fath.* That man am I!

*Hel.* Well said, brave Fathom!

*Fath.* But my place!—

*Hel.* I'll provide thee with a better one.

*Fath.* 'Tis a capital place! So little to do, and so much to get for't. Six pounds in the year; two suits of livery; shoes and stockings, and a famous larder. He'd be a bold man that would put such a place in jeopardy. My place, Madam, my place!

*Hel.* I tell thee I'll provide thee with a better place. Thou shalt have less to do, and more to get. Now, Fathom, hast thou courage to stand by thy mistress?

*Fath.* I have!

*Hel.* That's right.

*Fath.* I'll let my lady out.

*Enter* Master Walter, *unperceived*, c.

*Hel.* That's right. When, Fathom?

*Fath.* To-night.

*Hel.* She is to be married to-night.

*Fath.* This evening, then. Master Walter is now in the library; the key is on the outside, and I'll lock him in.

*Hel.* Excellent! You'll do it?

*Fath.* Rely upon it. How he'll stare when he finds himself a prisoner, and my young lady at liberty!

*Hel.* Most excellent! You'll be sure to do it?

*Fath.* Depend upon me! When Fathom undertakes a thing, he defies fire and water—

*Wal.* [*Coming forward.*] Fathom!

*Fath.* Sir!

*Wal.* Assemble straight the servants.

*Fath.* Yes, Sir!

*Wal.* Mind,
And have them in the hall when I come down.

*Fath.* Yes, Sir!

*Wal.* And see you do not stir a step,
But where I order you.

*Fath.* Not an inch, Sir!

*Wal.* See that you don't,—away! [*Exit Fathom,* L.]
So, my fair mistress,
What's this you have been plotting? An escape
For mistress Julia?

*Hel.* I avow it.

*Wal.* Do you?

*Hel.* Yes; and moreover, to your face I tell you,
Most hardly do you use her.

*Wal.* Verily!

*Hel.* I wonder where's her spirit! Had she mine
She would not take't so easily. Do you mean
To force this marriage on her?

*Wal.* With your leave.

*Hel.* You laugh.

*Wal.* Without it, then. I don't laugh now.

*Hel.* If I were she, I'd find a way to escape.

*Wal.* What would you do?

*Hel.* I'd leap out of the window!

*Wal.* Your window should be barred.

*Hel.* I'd cheat you still!
I'd hang myself ere I'd be forced to marry!

*Wal.* Well said! you shall be married, then, to-night.

*Hel.* Married to-night!

*Wal.* As sure as I have said it.

*Hel.* Two words to that. Pray, who's to be my bridegroom?

*Wal.* A daughter's bridegroom is her father's choice.

*Hel.* My father's daughter ne'er shall wed such bridegroom!

*Wal.* Indeed!

*Hel.* I'll pick a husband for myself.

*Wal.* Indeed!

*Hel.* Indeed, Sir; and indeed again!

*Wal.* Go dress you for the marriage ceremony.

*Hel.* But, Master Walter, what is it you mean?

*Enter* MODUS, R.

*Wal.* Here comes your cousin;—he shall be your bridesman!
The thought's a sudden one,—that will excuse
Defect in your appointments. A plain dress,—
So 'tis of white,—will do.

*Hel.* I'll dress in black.
I'll quit the castle.

*Wal.* That you shall not do.
Its doors are guarded by my lord's domestics;
Its avenues—its grounds: what you must do,
Do with a good grace. In an hour, or less,
Your father will be here. Make up your mind
To take with thankfulness the man he gives you.
Now, [*Aside*] if they find not out how beat their hearts,
I have no skill, not I, in feeling pulses. [*Exit*, L.

[*Helen and Modus stand at opposite wings, make a long pause, then bashfully look at each other.*

*Hel.* Why, cousin Modus! What! Will you stand by
And see me forced to marry? Cousin Modus,
Have you not got a tongue? Have you not eyes?
Do you not see I'm very—very ill,
And not a chair in all the corridor?

*Modus.* I'll find one in the study. [*Going towards*, C. D.

*Hel.* Hang the study!

*Modus.* My room's at hand. I'll fetch one thence. [*Going*, R.

*Hel.* You shan't!
I'll faint ere you come back!

*Modus.* What shall I do?

*Hel.* Why don't you offer to support me? Well?
Give me your arm—be quick! [*Modus offers his arm.*] Is that the way

To help a lady when she's like to faint?
I'll drop unless you catch me! [*Falls against him.—He supports her.*] That will do;
I'm better now—[*He offers to leave her.*]—don't leave me! Is one well
Because one's better? Hold my hand. Keep so.
" I'll soon recover, so you move not. Loves he—[*Aside.*]
" Which I'll be sworn he does, he'll own it now."
Well, cousin Modus?
*Modus.* Well! sweet cousin?
*Hel.* Well?
You heard what Master Walter said?
*Modus.* I did.
*Hel.* And would you have me marry? Can't you speak?
Say yes or no.
*Modus.* No, cousin.
*Hel.* Bravely said!
And why, my gallant cousin?
*Modus.* Why?
*Hel.* Ah, why!—
Women, you know, are fond of reasons—why
Would you not have me marry? How you look!
' Is it because you do not know the reason?"
You mind me of a story of a cousin
Who once her cousin such a question asked.
He had not been to college, though—for books,
Had passed his time in reading ladies' eyes,
Which he could construe marvellously well,
" Though writ in language all symbolical."
Thus stood they once together, on a day—
As we stand now—discoursed as we discourse,—
" But with this difference,—fifty gentle words
" He spoke to her, for one she spoke to him!—
" What a dear cousin! well, as I did say,"
As now I questioned thee, she questioned him.
And what was his reply? To think of it
Sets my heart beating—'twas so kind a one!
So like a cousin's answer—a dear cousin!
A gentle, honest, gallant, loving cousin!
What did he say?
*Modus.* On my soul I can't tell.
*Hel.* A man might find it out,

Though never read he Ovid's Art of Love.
What did he say ? He'd marry her himself!
How stupid are you, cousin! Let me go!
*Modus.* You are not well yet.
*Hel.* Yes.
*Modus.* I'm sure you're not.
*Hel.* I'm sure I am.
*Modus.* Nay, let me hold you, cousin!
I like it.
*Hel.* " Do you ? I would wager you
" You could not tell me why you like it. Well!
" You see how true I know you!" How you stare!
What see you in my face to wonder at ?
*Modus.* A pair of eyes!
*Hel.* " At last he'll find his tongue—[*Aside.*]"
And saw you ne'er a pair of eyes before ?
*Modus.* Not such a pair.
" *Hel.* And why ?
" *Modus.* They are so bright!
" You have a Grecian nose."
*Hel.* Indeed ?
*Modus.* Indeed!
*Hel.* What kind of mouth have I ?
*Modus.* A handsome one.
I never saw so sweet a pair of lips!
I ne'er saw lips at all till now, dear cousin!
*Hel.* Cousin, I'm well,—you need not hold me now.
Do you not hear ? I tell you I am well!
I need your arm no longer—take't away!
So tight it locks me, 'tis with pain I breathe!
Let me go, cousin! Wherefore do you hold
Your face so close to mine ? What do you mean ?
*Modus.* You've questioned me, and now I'll question you.
*Hel.* What would you learn ?
*Modus.* The use of lips ?
*Hel.* To speak.
*Modus.* Naught else ?
*Hel.* " How bold my modest cousin grows!"
Why, other use know you ?
*Modus.* I do.
*Hel.* Indeed!
You're wondrous wise! And pray, what is it ?

*Modus.* This! [*Attempts to kiss her.*

*Hel.* Soft! My hand thanks you, cousin—for my lips
I keep them for a husband! [*Crosses,* R.] Nay, stand off!
I'll not be held in manacles again!
Why do you follow me?

*Modus.* I love you, cousin!

*Hel.* Oh, cousin, say you so! That's passing strange!
"Falls out most crossly—is a dire mishap—"
A thing to sigh for, weep for, languish for,
And die for!

*Modus.* Die for!

*Hel.* Yes, with laughter, cousin!
For, cousin, I love you!

*Modus.* And you'll be mine?

*Hel.* I will.

*Modus.* Your hand upon it.

*Hel.* Hand and heart.
Hie to thy dressing room, and I'll to mine—
Attire thee for the altar—so will I.
Whoe'er may claim me, thou'rt the man shall have me.
Away! Despatch! But hark you, ere you go,
Ne'er brag of reading Ovid's Art of Love!

*Modus.* And cousin! stop—one little word with you!

[*Beckons Helen over to him, snatches a kiss.—She runs off,* R.; *he takes the book from his bosom, which he had put there in former scene, looks at it and throws it down.—Exit,* L.

### SCENE II.—*Julia's Chamber.*

*Enter* JULIA, L.

*Jul.* No word from him, and evening now set in!
He cannot play me false! His messenger
Is dogged—or letter intercepted. I'm
Beset with spies!—No rescue!—No escape!
The hour at hand that brings my bridegroom home!
No relative to aid me—friend to counsel me!

" [*A knock at the door.*

"Come in.

"*Enter* TWO FEMALE ATTENDANTS.

"Your will?

"*1st Attend.* Your toilet waits, my lady;
"'Tis time you dress.
"*Jul.* 'Tis time I die! [*A peal of bells.*] What's that?
"*1st Attend.* Your wedding bells, my lady.
"*Jul.* Merrily
"They ring my knell!
"[*Second Attendant presents an open case.*
"And pray you, what are these?
"*2nd Attend.* Your wedding jewels.
"*Jul.* Set them by.
"*2nd Attend.* Indeed
"Was ne'er a braver set! A necklace, brooch,
"And ear-rings all of brilliants,—with a hoop
"To guard your wedding ring.
"*Jul.* 'Twould need a guard
"That lacks a heart to keep it!
"*2nd Attend.* Here's a heart
"Suspended from the necklace—one huge diamond
"Imbedded in a host of smaller ones!
"Oh, how it sparkles!
"*Jul.* Show it me! Bright heart,
"Thy lustre, should I wear thee, will be false,—
"For thou the emblem art of love and truth,—
"From her that wears thee, unto him that gives thee.
"Back to thy case! Better thou ne'er should'st leave it—
"Better thy gems, a thousand fathoms deep
"In their native mine again, than grace my neck,
"And lend thy fair face to palm off a lie!
"*1st Attend.* Wilt please you dress?
"*Jul.* Ay! in infected clothes
"New from a pest-house! Leave me! If I dress,
"I'll dress alone. Oh! for a friend! Time gallops!
"[*Exeunt Attendants.*"
He that should guard me is mine enemy!
Constrains me to abide the fatal die
My rashness, not my reason, cast! He comes,
That will exact the forfeit! Must I pay it?
E'en at the cost of utter bankruptcy!
What's to be done? Pronounce the vow that parts
My body from my soul! To what it loathes
Links that, while this is linked to what it loves!
Condemned to such perdition! What's to be done?

Stand at the altar in an hour from this!
An hour thence seated at his board—a wife!
Thence!—frenzy's in the thought! What's to be done?

*Enter* MASTER WALTER, L. U. E.

*Wal.* (L.) What! run the waves so high? Art ready, Julia?
Your Lord will soon be here! The guests collect.
*Jul.* (R.) Show me some way to 'scape these nuptials! Do it!
Some opening for avoidance or escape,—
Or, to thy charge, I'll lay a broken heart!
It may be, broken vows, and blasted honour!
Or else a mind distraught!
*Wal.* What's this?
*Jul.* The strait
I'm fallen into, my patience cannot bear!
It frights my reason—warps my sense of virtue!
Religion! changes me into a thing,
I look at with abhorring!
*Wal.* Listen to me!
*Jul.* Listen to me and heed me! If this contract
Thou hold'st me to, abide thou the result!
Answer to heaven for what I suffer!—act!
Prepare thyself for such calamity
To fall on me, and those whose evil stars
Have linked them with me, as no past mishap,
However rare, and marvellously sad,
Can parallel! Lay thy account to live
A smileless life, die an unpitied death—
Abhorred, abandoned of thy kind,—as one
Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace,—
Looked on, and saw her rashly peril it;—
And, when she owned her danger, and confessed
Her fault, compelled her to complete her ruin!
*Wal.* Hast done?
*Jul.* Another moment, and I have.
Be warned! Beware how you abandon me
To myself! I'm young, rash, inexperienced! tempted
By most insufferable misery!
Bold, desperate, and reckless! Thou hast age,
Experience, wisdom, and collectedness,—

Power, freedom,—everything that I have not,
Yet want, as none e'er wanted! Thou can'st save me,
Thou ought'st! thou must! I tell thee, at his feet
I'll fall a corse—ere mount his bridal bed!
So choose betwixt my rescue and my grave:
And quickly, too! The hour of sacrifice
Is near! Anon the immolating priest
Will summon me! Devise some speedy means
To cheat the altar of its victim! Do it!
Nor leave the act to me!

*Wal.* Hast done?

*Jul.* I have.

*Wal.* Then list to me—and silently, if not
With patience —[*Brings chair for himself and her.—She* R., *he* L.] Sit down.—
How I watched thee from thy childhood,
I'll not recall to thee. Thy father's wisdom—
Whose humble instrument I was—directed
Your nonage should be passed in privacy,
From your apt mind that far outstripped your years,
Fearing the taint of an infected world;—
" For, in the rich ground, weeds, once taking root,
" Grow strong as flowers." He might be right or wrong!
I thought him right; and therefore did his bidding.
Most certainly he loved you—so did I;
Ay! well as I had been myself your father!

[*His hand is resting upon his knee, Julia attempts to take it—he withdraws it—looks at her—she hangs her head.*

Well; you may take my hand! " I need not say
" How fast you grew in knowledge and in goodness,—
" That hope could scarce enjoy its golden dreams,
" So soon fulfilment realized them all!
" Enough. You came to womanhood. Your heart,
" Pure as the leaf of the consummate bud,
" That's new unfolded by the smiling sun,
" And ne'er knew blight or canker!

" [*She attempts to place her other hand on his shoulder—*
" *he leans from her—looks at her—she hangs her head*
" *again.*

" Put it there!"
Where left I off? I know! When a good woman

Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,
How good soe'er before! I found the man
I thought a match for thee; and, soon as found,
Proposed him to thee. 'Twas your father's will,
Occasion offering, you should be married
Soon as you reached to womanhood: you liked
My choice—accepted him.—We came to town;
Where, by important matter, summoned thence,
I left you an affianced bride!
*Jul.* You did!
You did! [*Leans her head upon her hands and weeps.*
*Wal.* Nay, check thy tears! Let judgment now,
Not passion, be awake. On my return,
I found thee—what? I'll not describe the thing
I found thee then! I'll not describe my pangs
To see thee such a thing! The engineer
Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower,
" It cost him years and years of toil to raise,—
" And, smiling at it, tells the winds and waves
" To roar and whistle now—" and, in a night,
Beholds the tempest sporting in its place—
Might look aghast, as I did!
*Jul.* [*Falling on her knees.*] Pardon me!
Forgive me! pity me!
*Wal.* Resume thy seat. [*Raises her.*
I pity thee; perhaps not thee alone
It fits to sue for pardon.
*Jul.* Me alone!
None other!
" *Wal.* But to vindicate myself,
" I name thy lover's stern desertion of thee.
" What wast thou then with wounded pride? A thing
" To leap into a torrent! throw itself
" From a precipice! rush into fire! I saw
" Thy madness—knew to thwart it were to chafe it—
" And humoured it to take that course, I thought,
" Adopted, least 'twould rue!
" *Jul.* 'Twas wisely done.
" *Wal.* At least, 'twas for the best.
" *Jul.* To blame thee for it,
" Was adding shame to shame!"—But, Master Walter!
These nuptials!—must they needs go on?

*Enter* SERVANT, L. U. E.

*Ser.* More guests
Arrive.
*Wal.* Attend to them. [*Exit Servant,* L.
*Jul.* Dear Master Walter!
Is there no way to escape these nuptials?
*Wal.* Know'st not
What with these nuptials comes? Hast thou forgot?
*Jul.* What?
*Wal.* Nothing!—I did tell thee of a thing.
*Jul.* What was it?
*Wal.* To forget it was a fault!
Look back and think.
*Jul.* I can't remember it.
*Wal.* [*Up from chair.*] Fathers, make straws your children! Nature's nothing!
Blood, nothing! Once in other veins it runs,
It no more yearneth for the parent flood,
Than doth the stream that from the source disparts.
Talk not of love instinctive—"what you call so,
"Is but the brat of custom! Your own flesh
"By habit only cleaves to you—without,
"Hath no adhesion!" [*Aside.*] So, you have forgot
You have a father, and are here to meet him?
*Jul.* I'll not deny it.
*Wal.* You should blush for't.
*Jul.* No!
No! no! dear Master Walter! what's a father
That you've not been to me? [*He turns his back to her.*] Nay, turn not from me,
For at the name a holy awe I own,
That now almost inclines my knee to earth!
But thou to me, except a father's name,
Hast all the father been: the care—the love—
The guidance—the protection of a father!
Can'st wonder, then, if like thy child I feel,
And feeling so, that father's claim forget,
Whom ne'er I knew, save by the name of one?
Oh, turn to me and do not chide me! or
If thou wilt chide, chide on! but turn to me!
*Wal.* [*Struggling with emotion.*] My Julia! [*Weeping, he holds out his hand to her: she eagerly takes it.*

*Jul.* Now, dear Master Walter, hear me!
Is there no way to 'scape these nuptials?
*Wal.* Julia,
A promise made, admits not of release,
"Save by consent or forfeiture of those
"Who hold it—so it should be pondered well
"Before we let it go." Ere man should say
I broke the word I had the power to keep,
I'd lose the life I had the power to part with!
Remember, Julia, thou and I to-day,
Must to thy father of thy training render
A strict account. While honour's left to us,
We've something—nothing, having all but that!
Now for thy last act of obedience, Julia!
Present thyself before thy bridegroom! [*She assents.*]
Good!
My Julia's now herself! Show him thy heart,
And to his honour leave't to set thee free,
Or hold thee bound.—They come, they come!* Thy father will be by! [*Music.*] "[*Exeunt severally.*

"SCENE III.—*The Banqueting Room.*

"*Enter* MASTER WALTER *and* MASTER HEARTWELL.

"*Heart.* Thanks, Master Walter! Ne'er was child "more bent
"To do her father's will, you'll own, than mine:
"Yet never one more froward.
"*Wal.* All runs fair—
"Fair may all end! To-day you'll learn the cause
"That took me out of town. But soft awhile,
"Here comes the bridegroom with his friends, and here
"The all-obedient bride.

*Enter* "*on one hand* JULIA, *and on the other,*" LORD ROCHDALE, *with* LORD TINSEL *and friends; afterwards* CLIFFORD, C. D.

*Roch.* (C.) Is she not fair?

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* In representation, 'they come, they come!' is inserted as above; and there is no succeeding change of scene:—all the verses and directions marked with inverted commas being omitted. *Heartwell* should enter with the friends of the bride.

*Tin.* (L.) She'll do. Your servant, lady! Master Walter,
We're glad to see you. Sirs, you're welcome all!
What wait they for? Are we to wed or not?
We're ready—why don't they present the bride?
I hope they know she is to wed an Earl.
*Roch.* Should I speak first?
*Tin.* Not for your coronet!
I, as your friend, may make the first advance.
We're come here to be married. Where's the bride?
*Wal.* There stands she, Lord. If 'tis her will to wed,
His lordship's free to take her.
*Tin.* Not a step!
I, as your friend, may lead her to your lordship.
Fair lady, by your leave. [*Crosses to her.*
*Jul.* No! not to you.
*Tin.* I ask your hand to give it to his lordship.
*Jul.* Nor to his lordship—save he will accept
My hand without my heart! "but I'll present
"My knee to him, and, by his lofty rank,—
"Implore him now to do a lofty deed
"Will lift its stately head above his rank,—
"Assert him nobler yet in worth than name,—
"And, in the place of an unwilling bride,
"Unto a willing debtor make him lord,—
"Whose thanks shall be his vassals, night and day
"That still shall wait upon him!"
*Tin.* What means this? [*Crosses,* L.
*Jul.* What is't behoves a wife to bring her lord?
*Wal.* A whole heart, and a true one.
*Jul.* I have none!
Not half a heart—the fraction of a heart!
Am I a woman it befits to wed?
*Wal.* Why, where's thy heart?
*Jul.* Gone—out of my keeping!
Lost—past recovery! "right and title to it—
"And all given up!" and he that's owner on't,
So fit to wear it, were it fifty hearts,
I'd give it to him all!
*Wal.* Thou dost not mean
His Lordship's secretary?
*Jul.* Yes. Away

Disguises! In that secretary know
The master of the heart, of which, the poor,
Unvalued, empty casket, at your feet,—
Its jewel gone,—I now despairing throw! [*Kneels.*
"Of his lord's bride he's lord! lord paramount!
"To whom her virgin homage first she paid,—
"'Gainst whom rebelled in frowardness alone,—
"Nor knew herself how loyal to him, till
"Another claim'd her duty—then awoke
"To sense of all she owed him—all his worth—
"And all her undeservings!"
*Wal.* Rise, my Julia!
*Tin.* Lady, we come not here to treat of hearts,—
But marriage; which, so please you, is with us
A simple joining, by the priest, of hands.
A ring's put on; a prayer or two is said;
You're man and wife,—and nothing more! For hearts
We oft'ner do without, than with them, lady!
*Clif.* So does not wed this lady.
[*Advances*, C. *Julia goes to him as for protection.*
*Tin.* Who are you?
*Clif.* I'm secretary to the Earl of Rochdale.
*Tin.* My lord?
*Roch.* I know him not.
*Tin.* I know him now—
Your lordship's rival! Once *Sir* Thomas Clifford.
*Clif.* Ay, Sir; and once this lady's bridegroom—who
Then loved her—loves her still!
*Jul.* Was loved by her—
Though then she knew it not!—is loved by her
As now she knows, and all the world may know!
*Tin.* We can't be laughed at. We are here to wed,
And shall fulfil our contract.
*Jul.* Clifford!
*Clif.* Julia!
You will not give your hand?
[*A pause—Julia seems utterly lost.*
*Wal.* You have forgot
Again. You have a father!
*Jul.* Bring him now,—
To see thy Julia justify thy training,
And lay her life down to redeem her word!

*Wal.* And so redeems her all! [*Crosses*, C.] Is it your will,
My lord, these nuptials should go on?
*Roch.* It is.
*Wal.* Then is it mine they stop!
*Tin.* I told your lordship
You should not keep a Hunchback for your agent.
*Wal.* Thought like my father, my good lord, who said
He would not have a Hunchback for his son,—
So do I pardon you the savage slight!
My lord, that I am not as straight as you,
Was blemish neither of my thought nor will,
"My head nor heart. It was no act of mine,—"
Yet did it curdle nature's kindly milk
E'en where 'tis richest—in a parent's breast—
To cast me out to heartless fosterage,—
Not heartless always, as it proved—and give
My portion to another! "the same blood—
"But I'll be sworn, in vein, my lord, and soul—
"Although his trunk did swerve no more than yours—
"Not half so straight as I.
"*Tin.* Upon my life
"You've got a modest agent, Rochdale! Now
"He'll prove himself descended—mark my words—
"From some small gentleman!
"*Wal.* And so you thought,
"Where nature played the churl, it would be fit
"That fortune played it, too. You would have had
"My lord absolve me from my agency!
"Fair lord, the flaw did cost me fifty times—
"A hundred times my agency:"—but all's
Recovered. Look, my lord, a testament [*Shows will.*
To make a pension of his lordship's rent roll!
It is my father's, and was left by him,
In case his heir should die without a son,
Then to be opened. Heaven did send a son
To bless the heir. Heaven took its gift away.
He died—his father died. And Master Walter—
The unsightly agent of his lordship there—
The Hunchback whom your lordship would have stripped
Of his agency,—is now the Earl of Rochdale!
*Jul.* The Earl of Rochdale!

*Wal.* And what of that? Thou know'st not half my
greatness!
A prouder title, Julia, have I yet.
Sooner than part with which, I'd give that up
And be again plain Master Walter. What!
Dost thou not apprehend me? Yes, thou dost!
Command thyself—don't gasp! My pupil—daughter!
Come to thy father's heart! [*Julia rushes into his arms.*

*Tin.* We've made a small mistake here. Never mind,
'Tis nothing for a lord.

*Enter* FATHOM, R.

*Fath.* Thievery! Elopement—escape—arrest!

*Wal.* What's the matter?

*Fath.* Mistress Helen is running away with Master Modus—Master Modus is running away with Mistress Helen—but we have caught them, secured them, and here they come, to receive the reward of their merits.

*Enter* HELEN *and* MODUS, R., *followed by Servants.*

*Hel.* I'll ne'er wed man, if not my cousin Modus.

*Modus.* Nor woman I, save cousin Helen's she.

*Wal.* [*To Heartwell.*] A daughter and a nephew has my
friend,
Without their match in duty! You shall marry.
" For you, Sir, who to-day have lost an earldom,
" Yet would have shared that earldom with my child—
" My only one—content yourself with prospect
" Of the succession—it must fall to you—
" And fit yourself to grace it. Ape not those
" Who rank by pride. The man of simplest bearing
" Is yet a lord when he's a lord indeed!

" *Tin.* The paradox is obsolete. Ne'er heed!
" Learn from his book, and practise out of mine.

" *Wal.*" Sir Thomas Clifford, take my daughter's hand—
If now you know the master of her heart:
Give it, my Julia! You suspect, I see,—
And rightly—there has been some masking here.—
Well: you shall know anon how keeps Sir Thomas
His baronetcy, still—and, for myself,
How jealousy of my mis-shapen back
Made me mistrustful of a child's affections,

Although I won a wife's—so that I dropped
The title of thy father, lest thy duty
Should pay the debt, thy love alone could solve.
All this and more, that to thy friends and thee
Pertains, at fitting time thou shalt be told.
But now thy nuptials wait—the happy close
Of thy hard trial—wholesome, though severe!
The world won't cheat thee now—thy heart is proved;—
Thou know'st thy peace by finding out its bane,
And ne'er wilt act from reckless impulse more!

## DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Clifford. Julia.
Helen. Walter.
Modus. Rochdale.
Heartwell. Tinsel.
R. L.

THE END.

No. XVI.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

# DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.

## A Drama

IN THREE ACTS.

by [P. F. P. Dumanoir and Adolphe Dennery]

AS PRODUCED AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE, LONDON,
AT THE PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

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# EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This drama is a transplantation from the Parisian stage, it being the joint product of Messrs. Dumanois and Dennery. It was originally produced at the Porte St. Martin, where Frederic Lemaitre, the celebrated personator of *chevaliers d'industrie*, created a sensation in the character of *Don Cæsar*. The caterers for the London Theatres soon seized upon it; and the present English version was the first produced. It is from the pen of G. A. A' Beckett and Mark Lemon, members of the Dramatic Authors' Society; and was originally performed at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of J. M. Maddox, the 8th of October, 1844. It is the best and most successful of the three versions, which were brought out in London. We have seen that translated for the Adelphi by Mr. Bourcicault, author of "London Assurance"; but though a spirited and effective piece, it is inferior to this. At the Haymarket, Mr. Charles Matthews produced a version to which he gave the title "A Match for a King;" but, though it was favorably received, it did not have a great run. James Wallack was the original *Don Cæsar* at the Princess's. The critic of of the "Athenæum" remarked of him, that if he was not the most agreeable he was the most effective personator of the hero, and appeared "in the smartest and truest version of the piece."

Don Cæsar de Bazan was first produced in America at Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, December 9th, 1844. It was played, a few nights afterwards, at the Park, and has now become a favorite entertainment at all the principal theatres in the United States.

Much of the effect of the piece depends upon its melo-dramatic points and cleverly-contrived situations; but the dialogue is glib and witty, and far above the calibre of an ordinary playwright. The character of *Don Cæsar* is sustained with unwavering spirit. Generous, sanguinary, reckless and audacious, he is a strange mixture of the gentleman and the ruffian—not an altogether unnatural picture, we should imagine, of an outcast nobleman of Spain. His traits, though amusing, have little that is admirable in them. His courage is the courage of heedlessness and unreflecting gayety. He is the very reverse of Joanna Baillie's description of a brave man:

> "The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
> For that were stupid and unnatural;
> But he, whose noble heart its fear subdues
> And freely dares the danger nature shrinks from!"

But Don Cæsar is not presented as a "model for the young men of the age." After we have said the best of him we can say, we must admit he is a desperate bully. He is one of a class, of which there have been too many in every age, and even in our own country: but the class is growing less and less numerous, and by and bye, let us hope, we shall have to look to the stage, that mirror of past times, to find its sole remaining representatives.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | *Princess' Theatre*, 1844. | *Park, Dec.* 1845. |
|---|---|---|
| *Charles II. (King of Spain)* ........ | Mr. Walton. | Mr. Crocker. |
| *Don Jose (his Minister)* ............ | " Fitzjames. | " Dyott. |
| *Don Cæsar de Bazan*.................. | " James Wallack. | " Charles Kean. |
| *Marquis de Rotondo*.................. | " Granby. | " Fisher. |
| *Lazarillo* .......................... | Miss Marshall. | Miss Crocker. |
| *Lopez* .............................. | Mr. T. Hill. | Mr. Anderson. |
| *Captain of the Guard* ............... | " A. Harris. | " M'Douall. |
| *Judge* .............................. | " Honner. | " Johnson. |
| *Pacolo* ............................. | " Cowlrick. | " Gallot. |
| *Maritana (the Gipsey)*............... | Mrs. Stirling. | Mrs. Charles Kean |
| *Countess de Rotondo* ................ | Mrs. Fosbrooke. | Mrs. Barry. |

*Nobles, Soldiers, Men-at-Arms, Alguazils, and Populace.*

## COSTUMES.

THE KING.—A rich brown Spanish dress, trimmed with gold lace, slashed with black satin, silk stockings with gold clocks, black shoes, large Spanish hat with black feathers, one red ditto, point lace collar and cuffs.

DON CÆSAR.—First Dress: Old blue velvet trunks, leather doublet, brown velvet sleeves, old brown sombrero with old feathers, large buff and red striped cloak, torn point-lace collar and cuffs, old silk stockings.—Second dress: Rich emerald green velvet Spanish dress, slashed with white satin, jacket of white satin, cloak of white satin, turn back, embroidered with broad philacteries of dead and bright gold, white hat, white feathers, white silk stockings, shoes, with gold and satin rosettes, and dress trimmed with satin of the same.—Third dress: Blue cloth doublet and breeches, blue silk stockings, jacket looped with black velvet, black velvet hat, blue feathers, point lace collar and cuffs, sword, black boots.

DON JOSE.—Amber jacket, purple velvet cloak, trunks richly trimmed with gold and bows of crimson satin ribbon, drab hat with one blue feather, russet boots, point lace cuffs and collar.

MARQUIS DE ROTONDO.—Scarlet cloth shape, blue velvet cloak richly trimmed with gold lace, bows of blue ribbon, russet boots, white gauntlets, black velvet hat, feather, lace cuffs and collar.

LAZARILLO.—First dress: Green cloth doublet, orange cloth sleeves and breeches, braided with black, loops, and plated buttons, green stockings, russet shoes, black hat.—Second dress: Violet velvet tab'd jacket, full breeches, looped with scarlet ribbon, scarlet silk under-sleeves, scarlet silk stockings, black shoes, rosettes.

LOPEZ.—Brown Spanish suit.

ARQUEBUSIERS.—Buff coats and full Spanish breeches, buff boots, helmets and breastplates.

MARITANA.—First dress: Amber petticoat trimmed with scarlet, scarlet over-dress open in front, scarlet body, Neapolitan apron and cap.—Second dress: White satin with blue flounces, blue body trimmed with black lace.—Third dress: Black velvet tunic open in front, trimmed with silver, under-dress of blue satin, frill of lace, blond veil, head-dress of flowers and pearls, with coronet.

MARCHIONESS.—Scarlet tunic dress over white satin, trimmed with gold and black lace, black velvet head-dress trimmed with scarlet ribbon and lace.

*Time of Representation, one hour and fifty minntes.*

### EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

***N.B. Passages marked with*** **Inverted Commas,** ***are usually omitted in the representation.***

# DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.

## ACT I.

**Scene I.**—*A Public Place in Madrid. A group of Singers and Dancers discovered.*

*Chorus and Dance.*

Comrades, tread a merry measure,
Here are those who'll purchase pleasure ;
Dance ! sing ! dance ! sing !
See ! already, coin in plenty
From their purses they have sent ye ;
Dance ! sing !

*Omnes.* Maritana ! [*Music.*]

*Enter* Maritana, u. e. r., *back of wine house, gaily dressed (as a street dancer), the group make way for her. She is following the* King, *who is disguised in a cloak, &c. ; he regards her attentively.* Don Jose *follows at a distance, watching.*

*Marit.* A maravedi, sir ; only one ; ah ! [*The King takes out his purse.*] I have lost the power of charming coin from purses. [*The King drops money in her tambourine, and exits hastily,* l.] No, no ! what, gold ! a doubloon ! yes, and yet I feared to approach that *noble* cavalier, he seemed so cross and melancholy. [*She turns to group, and converses with them as though narrating her good fortune.*]

*Don J.* (l.) [*Looking off.*] I was not mistaken—it is the King ! Thrice have I found him watching this pretty wench, seemingly spell-bound by her grace and beauty.

*Marit.* [*To the group.*] Yes, friends, it is my birth-day : therefore I devote these pieces to mirth and revelry.

There! [*Throws them money.*] Away with you! I'll join you presently.

[*Exeunt* U. E. R., *into wine store, all but Maritana and Don Jose. Music.*

*Marit.* [*Going, pauses.*] A doubloon! neither song nor dance was worth so large a recompense.

*Don J.* Your good fortune seems to have made you thoughtful.

*Marit.* Signor! Oh, no, no!

*Don J.* A golden piece, was it not? Here is its fellow. [*Gives money.*

*Marit.* For me?

*Don J.* Yes, pretty one, for you.

*Marit.* Thank you Signor, but—

*Don J.* Well, what fear you?

*Marit.* The influence of this glittering tempter. [*Holds up money.*] When I was a child, my step was light, and my song the tuneful echo of my merry heart; but now, when the hopes and fears of womanhood have made both heart and step less buoyant than of old, my reward is greater, should I not fear?

*Don J.* I do not understand you.

*Marit.* You *will* not, Signor. Think you that I am a woman, and know not that I am fair? Men tell me so by words and looks a hundred times a day. Think you that I am a woman and love not the incense that is offered to my beauty? or that I seek not to adorn the shrine that claims so many worshippers?

*Don J.* Go on. I see no cause for fear.

*Marit.* Ah! again you will not. The songstress of the street, the mime who treads the measures for the pleasure of the crowd, knows well the worth men set upon her, Signor; she covets gold to free her from bondage, and grows ambitious of a higher sphere. Each word of praise is as a breath to fan the sleeping flame; each gift is fuel to the growing fire.

*Don J.* [*Aside.*] The very instrument I need!

*Marit.* Have I not cause to fear the end?

*Don J.* No.

*Marit.* No! when thus I'm tempted, [*Shows money.*] haunted as I am by a vague presentiment, a secret hope

*Don J.* Indeed!

*Marit.* Yes, yes; since I attracted the gracious notice of the Queen, I have thought my ambition no longer criminal.

*Don J.* Let me be prophet of your future fortunes; confide in me, and all you desire shall be accomplished.

*Marit.* All accomplished?

*Don J.* I have the power to make your dreams realities. Your wish shall be the law of nobles.

*Marit.* [*Aside and pleasantly excited.*] I cannot breathe.

*Don J.* Come! to-morrow shall see you the glory of Madrid. [*Takes her hand.*

*Marit.* No, no! [*Flourish heard,* L. U. E.

*Shouts within.* Viva! the Queen! viva! the Queen!

*Marit.* Ah! the Queen! I will trust alone to her. [*Exit,* L. U. E.

*Don J.* Indeed, fair maiden! I have mastered more difficult intrigues than the conquest of a woman. The King admires this pretty piece of vanity; hem! The mistress of the King must care for him who raised her to dignity. One obstacle alone presents itself: the humble origin of Maritana. That must be concealed. The Queen will learn the wrong she has sustained, and, woman-like, resent it. [*Goes up.*] Oh, dare I hope so full a consummation of my wildest dreams? [*A noise within,* L. U. E, *and cries of "Down with him."*] What tumult's this! [*Looks off.*] The followers of Maritana? Ah! she appears amongst them, and by her presence has silenced them. The object of their anger comes this way; what strange fantastic fellow have we here?

*Enter* DON CÆSAR, L. U. E., *followed by a crowd, murmuring, and* MARITANA, *who repels them, and then exits with them,* R. U. E.

*Don C.* The curs! but that it would have disgraced my sword, I'd have spitted them like larks. That black scoundrel's stiletto would have found a sheath in the noble Don Cæsar de Bazan, but for yon pretty dancing girl. Where have I seen her? Ah! I remember—at Seville, when I pinked a coxcomb who thought that the cherries on her lips were to be plucked gratis. [*Crosses,* L.

*Don J.* [*Aside.*] As I live, 'tis Don Cæsar de Bazan; my old college friend at Salamanca.

*Don C.* [*Feeling his pockets.*] Not a maravedi! By the aid of the dice box, the rogues have cleaned me out as though they had been noblemen and men of honour. I must now trust to the air and the sky for board and lodging; well, my supper will be light and my room airy.

*Don J.* Am I mistaken in addressing you as Don Cæsar de Bazan?

*Don C.* Eh! no, Signor; what, Don Jose de Santarem?

*Don J.* [*Giving his hand.*] The same.

*Don C.* [*Aside.*] His doublet is of three-pile velvet—what can he want with me?

*Don J.* When last we met, you were young and prosperous.

*Don C.* Ah! you perceive the alteration, [*Looks at his dress.*] but I was always fond of change.

*Don J.* You inherited a noble name and a princely fortune.

*Don C.* True; I've preserved the one and spent the other. Is my name of any service to you?

*Don J.* I thank you, no. I had hoped you would have done great things, Don Cæsar.

*Don C.* So I have; if you doubt me, ask my creditors.

*Don J.* I thought your father paid your debts when you quitted Salamanca.

*Don C.* So he did, worthy soul! so he did; but then, from the force of habit, I acquired new ones.

*Don J.* You have paid somewhat dearly for a life of pleasure.

*Don C.* Possibly; though I have freed myself now from all anxieties. I've no money, so I am not teazed by poor relations. I've no lands, so am without grumbling tenantry. I've no particular destination, so never take a wrong turning. I 've nothing to support but my sword, [*Points to broken scabbard.*] and that keeps a sharp look-out for itself.

*Don J.* Why have you visited Madrid?

*Don C.* [*Tenderly.*] Madrid! my native city! why have I revisited thee? But for the hope, Don Jose, the sweet, though foolish hope, that I should there find I had lost all, ay, all— [*Pauses and covers his face—Crosses,* R.

*Don J.* Your follies?

*Don C.* No, all my creditors; but I was deceived; creditors never die—their number is increased.

*Don J.* Indeed! how?

*Don C.* Most of them have children; creditors will have children, heirs to their ledgers; and the amount of my debts will mingle with their earliest recollections.

*Don J.* What plans have you got for profit?

*Don C.* None. I've not wherewithal [*Shows empty pockets.*] to make stakes with a street beggar.

*Don J.* Your enjoyments, then, will be few, for pleasure is costly.

*Don C.* Hem! I must content me with what I can get; a brisk quarrel is easily procured; so I will amuse myself with fighting. [*Crosses,* L

*Don J.* There, too, fortune is against you.

*Don C.* How?

*Don J.* The Carnival Week commences to-day; and the King has issued an edict making it death to engage in a duel.

*Don C.* What! death for the thrust of a sword? How human nature has degenerated!

*Don J.* Nay, the restriction is but for one week, the Carnival Week; you will have the rest of the year to enjoy yourself.

*Don C.* A whole week! 'tis hard for one who has nothing but a hot temper to warm his thin blood; but you who are—by the bye, Don Jose, what are you?

*Don J.* I—I am nothing.

*Don C.* Nothing! then we are still on an equality.

*Enter* LAZARILLO *and* PACOLO, *a water carrier,* L. H. S. E.; *they get,* C.

*Pacolo.* Nay, Signor Lazarillo, do not spurn my good offices; you have been cruelly used, that's the truth on't.

*Laza.* Thank you, comrade, thank you. Think me not proud or ungrateful; I have but one desire, and that is—to die. [*Crosses,* L.—*Don Jose muses aside.*

*Don C.* To die—before your beard grows?

*Pacolo.* Ay, Sir, he would drown himself.

*Don C.* How! Drown? In water? Exchange this bright and lovely earth for muddy water! The thought on't gives one the ague; at your age to wish for death, you—you can't be plagued by creditors!

*Laza.* No, Signor; I am an apprentice to the armourer who has in charge the arquebusses of the Royal Guards.

*Don C.* Well, that's no reason that you should drown yourself.

*Laza.* No, Signor; but this morning, under the pretext that the arms were neglected, the captain ordered me to receive fifty lashes.

*Don C.* [*Indignantly.*] Fifty!

*Laza.* It was not the number, Signor; I do not mind suffering, but ONE blow is too much to bear.

*Don C.* [*Crosses to Don Jose,* R.] The boy is a true Spaniard; [*Familiarly.*] WE—WE must speak in his favour, Don Jose.

*Laza.* My lieutenant interceded for me, but in vain, Signor.

*Don C.* Possibly; but he will not refuse the request of such noble advocates as ourselves, [*Takes Don Jose's arm.*] Don Jose.

*Don J.* Pardon me; [*Releasing his arm gently.*] but at present, there are reasons for my non-interference.

*Don C.* Oh, very well! then the boy must be dependent upon my influence alone. [*Footsteps heard.*

*Laza.* [*Looks off,* L. U. E.] Ah! I am pursued! I shall be again degraded. [*Going.*

*Don C.* Stay! place yourself behind me, we will defend you.

*Don J.* We!

*Don C.* [*Bows.*] Yes, Don Cæsar and his sword. [*About to draw.*

*Don J.* You forget the royal edict.

*Don C.* The——[*About to utter an imprecation—removes his hat.*] "But it is the Carnival Week."

[*Trumpet.*]

*Enter* CAPTAIN *and* SOLDIERS, L. S. E., *they cross at back to* R.

*Cap.* There is your prisoner, secure him. [*Points to Lazarillo.*

*Don C.* [*Interfering humbly.*] One moment, captain;—allow me, suffer me, to humbly intercede for this young delinquent.

*Cap.* [*To Soldiers, who pause, and not regarding Don Cæsar.*] Soldiers! why do you pause?

[*The Soldiers advance.*

*Laza.* Oh, mercy! captain, mercy!

*Don C.* You do not hear him, captain; the poor lad sues for mercy. Let me [*Uncovering.*] join with him in supplicating pardon.

*Cap.* [*To Lazarillo.*] Back to your duty, sirrah! I heed neither your tears nor the mouthings of this sottish mummer.

*Don C.* [*Indignantly.*] What! [*Recollecting himself.*] That cursed edict! Oh, if it were not the Hanging Week! [*Calmly.*] But, captain, if he returns, no blows; see, tears! they are not easily wrung from so brave a heart. [*Captain crosses* R.] Pardon, captain. [*Detains him by the cloak.*

*Cap.* [*Snatching it away.*] Unhand me! [*Takes stage,* R.

*Don C.* [*Indignantly.*] Dare—[*Recollecting.*] Oh, that edict! that cursed edict!

*Don J.* [*Aside to Don Cæsar,* C., *and going up.*] Hard words, Don Cæsar.

*Don C.* [*To Captain.*] One word more. You are a gentleman and a soldier, so am I; I have pledged my honour to protect this boy, you understand; I have sued, implored you to forgive. [*Crosses round to* R. *with Lazarillo.*

*Cap.* You have my answer. [*Crosses,* L.

*Don C.* No: what I solicited in vain, I must now compel.

*Cap.* Insolent!

*Don C.* Enough. In spite of the royal edict, I must have the *amende*, my noble captain.

*Cap.* How?

*Don C.* How! with my sword, which will ennoble yours by the contact. I am Don Cæsar de Bazan, [*Replacing his hat.*] Count de Garofa, possessing the right to remain covered in the presence of the King. I have sued to you, humbly sued to you, and you have insulted me and the royal edict. [*Draws.*

*Cap.* A challenge!

*Don C.* Yes, which you will accept, if you have either shame or courage.

*Cap.* You shall not doubt the latter; follow me, and receive the proof. [*Exit,* L. U. E.

*Laza.* (R.) You fight for me, oh, no! I will return, Don Cæsar.

*Don C.* (R. C.) You shall, my gallant lad, to your lieutenant, who would have spared you the ignominy of a blow; be patient, and in ten minutes I will make him a captain. [*Exeunt all but Don Jose,* L. U. E.

*Don J.* Don Cæsar was the best swordsman in Madrid; should he retain his cunning, my plans will soon have a happy consummation; the edict enforced, Don Cæsar's reckless nature will make him the easy means of Maritana's advancement. Ah! here comes the fair enslaver of the King.

*Enter* MARITANA, L.; *she wears a scarf of gaudy colors.*

*Marit.* Again the Queen has smiled upon me. It is no idle phantasy that fills my brain; some lucky accident may place me at the height of my ambition. [*Sees Don Jose.*] Ah! Signor.

*Don J.* I would fain know what pleasant thoughts gave birth to such bright smiles, Maritana.

*Marit.* The Queen, Signor, the Queen! you see I have not been a niggard of your gift. [*Shows scarf.*

*Don J.* And you think yourself rich in the possession of such a trifle. Confide in me, and ere long the gayest lady of the court shall yield to you in splendour.

*Marit.* I dare not listen to you. I dare not trust the longing of my heart.

*Don J.* Wherefore?

*Marit.* My roving life has taught me truths beyond the common experience of my years. I have seen the rich man's idol of to-day the outcast of to-morrow. No, no, [*Mournfully.*] my destiny is known to me.

*Don J.* You do not believe your own prophecies; you may gull the dullards who bribe you to promise fortune, but know yourself the cheat. I will show you *my* skill in palmistry; [*Takes her hand.*] to-morrow you shall be a countess.

*Marit.* [*Delighted.*] A countess! [*Pauses.*] A countess but in name.

*Don J.* Nay, by right of honorable alliance. You know me not, or you would not doubt my power to realize the hopes I have awakened. You rescued but now a stranger from the extortions of your band.

*Marit.* Yes, yes; he saved me from insult, I but repaid the debt I owed him.

*Don J.* Though now a ruined spendthrift, he is of noble lineage. He loves you, Maritana.

*Marit.* [*Appears affected.*] Indeed, Signor.

*Don J.* I have promised to be his advocate; should you consent to share his name and fortunes, I will restore him to position.

*Marit.* Have you the power?

*Don J.* Don Jose, the favourite minister of Charles of Spain, could do much more.

*Marit.* And you are—

*Don J.* Don Jose, commissioned by the Queen to raise Maritana to the rank she covets.

*Marit.* Indeed! then I have not dreamed; I have not trusted to phantom hopes.

*Don J.* Before to-morrow, I will prove their reality.

[*Murmurs heard. Maritana appears overpowered.*

*Don J.* [*Looks off—aside.*] Ah! fortune befriends me; Don Cæsar is the victor, and already in the hands of the alguazils. *(Music is heard.)*—[*Aloud.*] Your hand, fair lady; let me lead you to your honours. [*Exeunt*, R.

"*Four Alguazils enter, conducting Don Cæsar, Lazarillo*
"*follows weeping. The crowd of dancers, &c., appear by*
"*gesture to taunt Don Cæsar; he walks proudly.*

"*An Officer and twelve Soldiers enter from opposite side.*
"*Soldiers march round and clear crowd back* R. *and* L.
"*and go off with Don Cæsar,* U. E. R., *crowd taunting him*
"*at end of chorus. Six Soldiers cross from* U. E. L. *to* R.
"*down stage; six ditto down* L., *meet and charge crowd*
"*up, and range* R. *and* L. *All exeunt,* U. E. R. *at end of*

*Clock chimes and strikes Five at change of Scene.*

"*chorus.*"

SCENE II.—*A Prison; doors,* R. *and* L. *Clock* (*at work*). *A Table and Stools.*

*Enter* PEDRO, R. *and* LOPEZ, L.

*Pedro.* Good news, good news! The Royal Idiot has sent you a prisoner.

*Lopez.* Good news, truly! It is now a week since I had the pleasure of turning a key upon any one, but my wife. But are you sure the news is true?

*Pedro.* True? I saw the duel; I saw the hot-blooded ruffler in the presence of the Alcade, who has been idle too long to let a chance escape him. See! here comes the prisoner.

*Enter* DON CÆSAR *and* LAZARILLO, R. *Two Alguazils and two Soldiers appear at the door, and all exeunt but Don Cæsar and Lazarillo.*

*Laza.* Arrested, tried, and condemned, all within an hour; he has but two hours to live!

*Don C.* [*Looking at clock.*] Two hours more; how the deuce am I to pass my time? I shall die of *ennui.* [*Takes a chair and sits,* L. C.—*pause.*] If you were in my place, and had a couple of hours before you, how would you employ them?

*Laza.* In recalling the errors of my past life.

*Don C.* What, in two hours? You must be very ignorant of my biography; recal my past errors—no, there is no time for that. I'll make my will; no, that would not consume two minutes.

*Laza.* Oh, signor, [*Taking his hand and sobbing.*] I have been the cause of this; it is for me you are about to die. Is there no service by which I can show my regret, my gratitude?

*Don C.* Yes, you can oblige me materially.

*Laza.* Oh, how? say how! [*Clinging to his hand.*

*Don C.* By showing a little more regard for my lace ruffle; see, how you've torn it!

*Laza.* Alas! Is there no one to entreat your pardon from the King? No one has *yet* pleaded for you.

*Don C.* Nay, boy, all are not so indifferent to my fate. There was one venerable old man who threw himself in the path of the King, regardless of the wheels of the royal carriage, or the hoofs of the royal mules; he stretched forth his trembling hands, while tears bedewed his aged cheeks, and, in accents broken by emotion, he implored "Pardon, pardon, for Don Cæsar."

*Laza.* Ah! it was "the old count," your father!

*Don C.* No: it was one of my creditors: see how wrong you were.

*Laza.* But of all your noble friends and companions not one has come to visit you.

*Don C.* A mark of their good feeling, Lazarillo; [*Don Jose enters.*] to see me in my present position would be more than they could bear; so out of kindness they keep away.

*Don J.* [*Coming down,* R.] Excepting me.

*Don C.* Don Jose!

[*Lazarillo exits,* R. D., *at a sign from Don Jose.*

*Don J.* You seem surprised; you wrong me; I was always your friend; and do I not prove my sincerity by coming to you when all is over?

*Don C.* If your friendship was to be of any practical service, you might have made your visit a little earlier; but I confess if I had looked for sympathy, yours would have been the last I should have expected.

*Don J.* I may yet be in time to serve you; you have but two hours to live.

*Don C.* I beg your pardon, [*Looking at clock, which now is a quarter past five.*] it is an hour and three quarters; the error is of no consequence, but we may as well be right when we can, for life is *very* short.

*Don J.* Yours may be long enough to enable us to understand each other. Come: let us sit, I wish to speak with you.

*Don C.* With pleasure, [*They sit,*] for my time is all your own.

*Don J.* Well, then, Don Cæsar—

*Don C.* Well, Don Jose.

*Don J.* If I had it in my power to grant any demand, what would be your dying request?

*Don C.* My dying request? to live, to be sure.

*Don J.* As the King's favorite minister, and as your friend, if you will accept the conditions I am about to propose, I swear to grant whatever you ask, always excepting life—that I cannot promise.

*Don C.* It's awkward, as that happens to be almost the only thing I'm likely shortly to want.

*Don J.* Is there nothing else ?

*Don C.* Nothing—stay, you saw a boy, did you not, as you entered ?

*Don J.* The one to whom you owe your present position ?

*Don C.* Yes : I believe I *do* owe him that. But, I owe something to every body. I should not like him to be at the mercy of the world when I am gone ; will you assist him ?

*Don J.* Yes, I will provide for him.

*Don C.* That is kind : I will pay you beforehand—with a thousand thanks.

*Don J.* Have you nothing else to ask—consider ?

*Don C.* Hum, no, I think that's all.

*Don J.* [*Aside.*] He will never accede to my plan, for such a trifling recompense. [*Aloud.*] Don Cæsar, have you thought of the manner of your death.

*Don C.* Yes ! I know all ; [*Rises,*] a rope ! would that death came by sword or arquebuss ; but a rope ! Yes, I think I have one request, Don Jose.

*Don J.* Name it.

*Don C.* I would bequeath the gallows to my creditors ; but let me dispatched by the arquebusses of a dozen brave fellows ; in short, let me die like a gentleman.

*Don J.* You shall have your wish.

*Don C.* You will not deceive ?

*Don J.* I swear it, on the honor of a soldier.

*Don C.* You give me new life ; that is to say, you have taken away half the inconvenience of death, if I receive it at the hands of brave men. I should like to drink with the worthy fellows.

*Don J.* Drink with them ! You, the Count de Bazan ?

*Don C.* I've drunk in worse company ere this ; besides, if I am their superior now, they will soon have the advantage of me. You promised to grant my wish.

*Don J.* And I will : a banquet shall be prepared for you, that shall recall the revels of past times. Is that all ?

*Don C.* Yes, that's all ; and now for your conditions : what do you require of me ? [*Both sit down.*

*Don J.* Not much for a man in your position. I simply require you to marry. [*Clock now at half-past five.*

*Don C.* Hum! to marry! I don't see the use of that. What can be the good of it for an hour and a half?

*Don J.* That is a mystery.

*Don C.* A mystery indeed! It can't be for my fortune, because I have nothing to leave, except my debts and my name. Ah, my name has still some value. I see it all; some woman wishes to be called a countess—is it not so?

*Don J.* It may be.

*Don C.* Well, she shall have it. It is nothing to me. I want to fill up my time: marriage is an occupation, and one may be as good as another; it's for so short a time, we can't have many matrimonial differences.

*Don J.* You agree to confer the title of Countess de Garofa.

*Don C.* Together with my interest in the county of Garofa, if you can find I have any remaining. But, by the bye, what's my wife's name? is she young and pretty?

*Don J.* You must not ask me.

*Don C.* Ah, I understand. I'll wager my life—[*Rises,*] no, by the bye, that's not mine—but the lady is at least fifty! No matter—the bargain's struck, and I'll marry with my eyes shut.

*Don J.* You need not do that: a thick veil will so effectually shut out your face, that it will be unseen by the Countess de Bazan.

*Don C.* Thank you for your delicate consideration—it will spare me from perceiving the full extent of my sacrifice; and the lady, the pain of observing the condition of the bridegroom.

*Don J.* Your attire is hardly suitable to a wedding.

*Don C.* It is my travelling dress, somewhat frayed and stained: I wear it as the last gift of my tailor.

*Don J.* [*Goes up to* L. D.] I have taken care to provide a costume more fitted for the occasion; and in the adjoining apartment you will find all prepared.

*Don C.* Do as you please; I am at your disposal. Deck me as gayly as you will; crown me with roses, ere you lead me to the altar—I shall then seem more fitted for the sacrifice. [*Exit* L. D. S. E.

(*Clock now at a quarter to six.*)

*Don J.* Ordinary diplomatists would let that man be hanged, and make no use of him. By superior tact, I shall make him subservient to the attainment of my fondest wishes. [*Calls.*] Ho! Pedro!

PEDRO *enters*, R.

Let a banquet be prepared in this apartment immediately; send Lazarillo to me; the boy in attendance on the prisoner. [*Pedro exits*, R. S. E.] At length, my fair Maritana, my prediction is about to be fulfilled; this step will bring you nearer to the King. There is now no barrier but this ruined spendthrift. The task to win Maritana was more difficult than I anticipated, but the name of the Queen at last achieved my triumph.

*Enter* LAZARILLO, R. D. S. E.

*Laza.* You sent for me, Signor.

*Don J.* Yes. Come near me, my good lad. Are your parents living?

*Laza.* Alas, sir, no.

*Don J.* What friends have you?

*Laza.* None—at least, but one, and he is condemned to die to-day, and for me—for me.

*Don J.* You mean Don Cæsar; he is, indeed, your friend. At his request, I have promised to take you at once into my service.

*Laza.* At once! Oh, sir, while Don Cæsar lives, let me tender him my unworthy service.

*Don J.* [*Aside.*] Faithful child! he is one that may be trusted. [*Aloud.*] Be it so; to-morrow, then, you will form a part of my household.

*Laza.* And to-morrow I shall be devoted to your service as truly as I am to Don Cæsar to-day.

*Don J.* Go, then, and send hither the soldiers that Don Cæsar has invited as guests.

[*Lazarillo bows and exits*, R. D.

(*Clock now at six.*)

*Don J.* [*Taking some papers from his pocket.*] Hem! a pardon for Don Cæsar. Poor Charles! It is as well that he should do an occasional good action, particularly when his minister has the credit of it. A subject is condemned to death—the King's heart is touched—of course, on the advice of his minister—a pardon is signed, of course dictated by the minister. By—by one of those inexplicable accidents which occur—no one but the minister knows how —the pardon arrives an hour too late. It is a sad affair! Don Cæsar is to be executed at seven—the pardon will arrive at eight; but King and minister will be blessed for the exercise of clemency.

*Enter* LAZARILLO, R. D. S. E.

*Laza.* [*Announcing.*] The guard, Signor. (*Music.*)
[*He retires to the back, and makes a sign to servants, who bring forward a table richly served. Soldiers enter on opposite side; they come down* R. *and* L. *and sit.*

*Chorus of Soldiers.*

Comrades! when the martial drum
Wakes us from our slumbers,
And leaders cry, " The foe—they come!"
We charge, nor fear their numbers.
For then our path, tho' gory,
Is still the way to glory.
Comrades, who could fear, &c.

Comrades! when the muffled drum
Sounds to mar our gladness,
And tells some mortal's hour is come,
Our hearts are filled with sadness.
Though his death be gory,
It has no ray of glory, &c. &c.

*At the end,* DON CÆSAR *enters, magnificently dressed,* L. S. E.

*Don C.* Well, Don Jose, are velvet and gold thrown away upon me? How do they become me?

*Don J.* Famously. See, the banquet is prepared, and guests assembled.

*Don C.* Ah! wine and gold! The pleasures of my past life seem to be brought back to me! Every thing but lovely women. Women—that word reminds me of my approaching marriage.

*Don J.* True; time wears. In a few minutes I will have the pleasure of presenting you to your bride. [*Exit,* R. D.

*Don C.* [*To Soldiers.*] Now, friends, fall to. [*Glances at clock.*] I am compelled, by an appointment of some moment, to limit our revel. [*They all sit,* C., *and fill their glasses.*]

Ah! wine! my old and early friend. [*Holding up his glass.*] 'Tis long since you and I have met. Pretenders to thy name have often wooed and won me, but thou art the true descendant of the vine. Thy rich breath floats about my nostrils, and tempts me to embrace thee. Now, comrades, fill—each to the brim—and pledge me to the health of the Countess de Bazan!

*All.* The Countess de Bazan! [*All rise.*

*Don C.* The Countess de Bazan and her happy widowhood! [*Drinks.*] Music alone should sound the requiem of such a draught. Come; the song!

### A DRINKING CHORUS.

I.

Bright wine is the spell, boys, 'gainst every care,
You'll find each delight that you seek is hid there;
We topers ne'er think how the hours decline,
When the glass of old Time runs smoothly with wine.

[*Pause. Clock strikes for half-past Six.*]

Hurrah! Hurrah!

[*At end of first verse of chorus.*]

*Lopez.* [*Enters, announcing,*] My lord, the judge!

*Don C.* Indeed! admit him, by all means. [*Music.*]

[*Lopez exits.*] *The* JUDGE *and four Alguazils enter,* R. D. *Don Cæsar bows to him with great respect.*

*Judge.* Don Cæsar de Bazan. [*Don Cæsar bows and hands a chair—the Judge reading.*] "The King graciously accords to Don Cæsar de Bazan, Count de Garofa, his royal mercy; the count will not suffer by the hands of the common executioner, his majesty having been graciously pleased to command that Don Cæsar shall be led into the barrack yard, and there shot by a detachment of the Royal Guard."

[*The Judge gives paper to the Officer, and retires solemnly. Don Cæsar salutes him. The Soldiers seem struck with consternation.*

*(Clock now a quarter to seven.)*

*Don C.* [*Sitting down as if nothing had happened.*] Now, comrades, we've just time for the other verse.

II.

The bacchanal asketh no tear drops for him;
Whilst goblets can weep, boys, no eye should be dim;
For he that hath worshipped at Bacchus's shrine
Would only be mourned by the tears of the vine.

*(Pause.)*

Hurrah! Hurrah!

[*Lazarillo, during the singing of the second verse, moves off the guns and returns with them before the end.*

*Soldiers.* Don Cæsar de Bazan! [*Drink.*

*(Organ heard.)*

*Don C.* [*Rising.*] My wife! [*To the Soldiers.*] It is the Countess de Bazan.

*(Clock now ten minutes to seven.)*

[*The Soldiers rise from table and go off,* R. D. DON JOSE *enters, leading in* MARITANA, *closely veiled.* PEDRO *following.*

*Don J.* [*Aside to Don Cæsar.*] Not a word, not a look.

*Don C.* A look would be vain indeed! 'Twould be a piercing glance that could penetrate that veil.

*Don J.* Don Cæsar, your bride waits your hand.

*Don C.* [*Takes her hand.*] It's tolerably soft, and gives me some curiosity to know if so small a hand belongs to a wrinkled face. [*Tries to look through the veil.*] I never saw a woman so muffled in my life. [*Don Jose points to clock—Aside.*] True, what matter? but ten minutes more. [*Aloud and gallantly.*] Madam, to you I devote the rest of my existence.

[*Organ Music. Don Cæsar leads Maritana out, followed by Lazarillo,* R.

*Don J.* [*To Pedro.*] Admit the Marquis de Rotondo and his wife. [*Exit,* R., *following Don Cæsar.*

[*Pedro ushers in the Marquis and Marchioness de Rotondo,* L. S. E., *and exits,* L. *The Marquis and Marchioness look about them with an air of amazement; they then meet face to face, and look at each other.*

*Marq.* Where on earth can we be?

*March.* Is it a prison?

*Marq.* A prison! [*Looking round.*] No, it can't be a prison, for this isn't prison fare; a *fricandeau,* or my nose deceives me.

*March.* Is it a monastery?

*Marq.* Ah! it's more like a monastery; [*Taking up a bottle of wine and looking at it.*] Some wine still left! Then it's not a monastery; your true monk wouldn't leave enough to drown a thirsty spider.

*March.* What place can it be?

*Marq.* No matter, dearest, we have done as Don Jose desired us, and that is enough; he told us to get into a carriage, and we did; he said we should be taken somewhere, and we are taken somewhere.

*March.* That's all very well; but why are you the mere puppet of Don Jose? You can do nothing without him; all you possess seems to be at the disposal of Don Jose.

*Marq.* Madam, do not despise that sacred sentiment which goes by the euphonious name of Gratitude! What were we until we knew Don Jose? I rich, but obscure; you lovely, but unappreciated; my merits were undiscovered, your beauty nobody could ever see. Was it not Don Jose who got me the appointment of governor-general of his majesty's poultry?—aviary, I mean.

*March.* What has a marquis to do with hatching turkeys?

*Marq.* Marchioness, speak more reverently of incubation. For the honour Don Jose conferred on me, I have sworn to devote myself to the wishes of Don Jose, and to comply with all, however incomprehensible he may appear.

*March.* But this blind obedience might affect your honour; it might affect mine.

*Marq.* Your honour! Let any one attack your honour, and this good sword, rusting in honourable repose, will leap from its scabbard. Who has assailed my beautiful, my best?

*March.* Who would have dared—who would have looked me in the face and spoken of love?

*Marq.* Ah! you are ever the best protectress of your beauty. Time treads upon your cheek without leaving a wrinkle; that face can never lose its charms; your beauty's still the theme of all who share my dinners and my wine; how they have praised your youthful air for the last thirty years. [*Kisses her.*

*March.* Fie! some one is coming: now, perhaps, we shall discover where we are.

*Enter* DON JOSE, *leading* MARITANA, R. D.

*Don J.* I wish you joy, Marquis. [*Marquis bows.*] You had better now return to your palace at Saint Fernando, with the Countess de Bazan, your niece. [*Passes her across to* R. C.

*Marq.* [*Aside.*] My niece?

*March.* [*Aside.*] What does all this mean?

*(Clock strikes seven.)*

*Don J.* You will *return with your niece*, whom you have not seen for the last *five* years.

*Marq.* Five years! yes, I think it rather longer than that. Shall I have the honour of receiving my nephew the count, the lady's husband?

*Don J.* The lady's husband is—

[*A discharge of musquetry without.*]

*Marit.* [*Starts.*] What's that?

*Don J.* Hum! nothing. [*Aside.*] Farewell, Don Cæsar.

*Officer.* [*Entering*, R.] My lord, your orders—

*Don J.* Hush!

*Drum—Trumpet—Distant.*

*Tableau.*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Summer Pavilion in the Palace of the Marquis de Rotondo.*

[*Dancing going on in different parts of Stage.* MARITANA *seated, and a group of Cavaliers are standing round her.* DON JOSE *standing opposite to her, with his eyes fixed on her,* L. *The* MARQUIS *and* MAR-

CHIONESS *paying attention to their various guests. Lords and Ladies promenading. Music, which dies away, as they dance up.*

1*st Cav.* [*To Marquis.*] Upon my honor, Marquis, I never saw the Marchioness looking so well.

2*nd Cav.* And so youthful.

*March.* Really, gentlemen, your compliments overpower me.

*Marq.* [*Aside.*] How unanimous they all are! [*Aloud.* You must really come and dine with me to-morrow; I want your opinion of some wine of a rare quality, and you show so much taste in other matters, that I should value your opinion very much. Women and wine, you know—a judge of the one is generally a judge of the other.

*Don J.* [*Still gazing on Maritana.*] Thoughtful and musing! Ah! that's well.

*Marq.* [*Going up to him.*] Well, my lord, do you admire the fête? The women are lovely, are they not? By the bye, speaking of lovely women, have you seen my marchioness? Your lordship's eyes seem fixed on—hem! my niece.

*Don J.* Yes: how well she sustains her new dignity! I really think that you and I have only rectified a little error of destiny, in placing her in the position which is evidently the one for which nature intended her; what is your opinion?

*Marq.* My opinion is, that your lordship's opinion is my opinion, and that you are perfectly right.

*Don J.* Ah, marquis, you are quite a courtier, your tact is unrivalled. How go on his Majesty's birds, of which you are the governor?

*Marq.* I am proud to say, that since I have been at the head of the establishment, the royal birds have reached an unprecedented plumpness.

*Don J.* By the bye, Don Carlo is seriously ill, and if his appointment should become vacant, pray remind me of it.

*Marq.* Oh, this is too much! Don Carlo, grand master of the royal lap-dogs! Oh, could I ever aspire to such a dignity—chief of the precious pets! Can I be worthy of such a position?

*Don J.* Your peculiar talents design you for the situation. [*Pointing to Marchioness.*] But my dear Marquis, do you see those two young tall gallants paying attention to that lovely wife of yours? Upon my honour, I think she grows younger every day.

[*He turns away, and approaches Maritana.*

*Marq.* He, too, is struck with the beauty of my wife; poor young creature, she little knows the havoc she is making with her charms!

*Don J.* [*To Maritana.*] You seem thoughtful; are you not pleased with the fête? There is all that wealth and taste could bring together; nothing is wanting.

*Marit.* [*Partly aside.*] Nothing is wanting but one whose absence leaves a void within my heart, and makes me loathe the splendor which surrounds me.

*A* SERVANT *comes down and speaks aside to* DON JOSE.

*Ser.* The person whom your lordship expected has arrived. [*Goes up.*

*Don J.* 'Tis well. [*Aside to Marquis.*] Get rid of these people at once.

*Marq.* [*Aside.*] At once! that's rather unceremonious; but it must be done. [*Aloud.*] Gentlemen, pray lead your partners to the adjoining room; there is something provided there, which I flatter myself will gratify and astonish you. [*Aside.*] Sandwiches and wine! [*Music. All the guests go off,* L. C.] It was necessary to get rid of them, as Don Jose desired it; that wine must do it.

[*The Marquis and Marchioness are about to follow guests, when Don Jose stops them.*

*Don J.* The lovely countess had better remain here; will you also oblige me by doing so, my good host?

*Marq.* Certainly, it is we that are obliged; I am particularly obliged.

*Don J.* [*Aside to Maritana.*] This fete shall be complete, even "to his presence whose absence leaves a void, and makes this splendor nothing."

[*Exit, leading Marchioness,* L. C.

*Marit.* [*To Marquis.*] Did you hear his lordship's last words? You are the host—'tis you that invite the guests —will it be as Don Jose has promised?

*Marq.* I daresay it will. [*Aside.*] I did not hear what

Don Jose said, but I think it was my duty nevertheless to echo it.

*Marit.* What does all this mean? why this mystery? This marriage, which I was told was the wish of the Queen, my gracious benefactress? If I ask to see the Queen, I am told to wait. If I inquire where is the husband to whom I was so mysteriously united—whether he is an exile, whether he is alive, when he will return—I am told to wait; always the same reply. Tell me, Marquis, am I deceived? has Don Jose been deceiving me?

*Marq.* I hope not; for if he has deceived you he is capable of deceiving me, and my hopes with regard to the royal lap-dogs would be blighted forever; but have you never seen your husband since you married him?

*Marit.* I did not see him then.

*Marq.* Your love must have been particularly blind.

*Marit.* Not so: it was his generosity that I admired, [*Enter* Don Jose, c.,] that inspired in me the strongest interest towards him; for my sake he has suffered much, perhaps suffers now. I will demand of Don Jose when shall I see the Queen? when shall I see my husband?

*Don J.* [*Coming down*, c.] I am glad I am just in time to answer the question, lady; you shall see your husband to-day.

*Marit.* To-day?

*Marq.* [*Aside to Don Jose.*] Isn't he dead, then, after all?

*Don J.* Silence!

*Marit.* Surely, count, I must have misunderstood you.

*Don J.* Be calm, and listen to what I am about to say.

*Marq.* Now I shall hear something—now, then.

[*He is approaching to listen, when Don Jose makes a sign to him to retire; he does so with an air of disappointment, bowed up* c. *by Don Jose.*

*Marit.* You wished us to be alone; now let me hear of my husband.

*Don J.* (r.) He is at hand. [*The* King *enters* c. *from* r.] He is compelled to keep himself concealed, being in hourly danger from the law; for your sake, and your sake alone, he has ventured here. [*Crosses up*, l.

*Marit.* Oh, we will find him a place of refuge! where is he!

*Don J.* Here!

[*The King advances, puts his cloak off on chair*, R. C. *Maritana recoils with an exclamation.*

*King.* (R.) Lady! Maritana! Do you not recollect me?

*Marit.* [*Aside.*] He! [*To Don Jose.*] That is not my husband. He to whom I gave my hand was—

*Don J.* (L.) [*Aside.*] Don Cæsar de Bazan—behold him there!

*Marit.* No, no! I never felt an interest but for one, and HE, you told me, was Don Cæsar.

*Don J.* I did but deceive you for your good. [*Gets up*, C.

*Marit.* Oh, wretched Maritana!

*King.* Do you not remember in the Public place, one whose eyes followed you wherever you moved; one who, of all the multitude around, was alone charmed by the melancholy of your songs?

*Marit.* I remember you, Signor. [*Aside.*] For I trembled whilst I sought his bounty.

*King.* It was because I loved you; it was because my happiness was centred all in you, that I determined to raise you to the station which you coveted. I resolved that you should share my love and—

*Don J.* (C.) [*Interrupting.*] But being then proscribed, Don Cæsar could offer you nothing but his name.

*King.* But now we meet again under happier influences; give me but one word, one look, to bid me hope for your love, and you shall be my sovereign mistress. I will live for you, yes, for you alone. [*Passionately.*

*Don J.* Don Cæsar, remember, some one may overhear.

*King.* Lovely Maritana, my return must be unknown, but my danger need not separate me from you; we can be happy separated from the world. Let us hence together.

*Marit.* Together!

*King.* A few miles from Madrid there is a retreat, where love may revel in security; thither let us fly.

*Don J.* [*Looking off*, R.] You must not delay: the guests will soon grow weary of the dance.

*King.* My Maritana, come! Why this ungenerous hesitation?

*Marit.* [*Aside.*] Oh, heaven! [*Aloud.*] But to leave thus suddenly, without even saying farewell to the Marquis.

*Don J.* [*Aside.*] The guests are returning. [*Aloud.*] Don Cæsar, the Countess is right. It might awaken suspicion if she were to quit the fête thus suddenly. She will follow you.

*King.* A carriage will be waiting at the door of yonder garden. Remember, your lover—[*Don Jose looks at him,*] *your husband* waits for you.

*Don J.* Some one comes, quick, quick, begone!

[*Music. Takes King's cloak from chair and puts it on him. Ladies and gentlemen cross from* L. *to* R.

*Marit.* Oh, I am justly punished! how I hate these gauds, purchased, as they must be, by days of misery!

[*Music. The King exits rapidly,* C. *and off,* R.

*The* Marchioness *enters, and at a signal from Don Jose, leads out Maritana, who is in tears,* L. C.

*Don J.* How every obstacle that stood between me and my desires melts into air!

Don Cæsar *enters, in the disguise of a monk,* C. L.

*Don C.* [*Approaching Don Jose with great humility.*] Alms for our monastery, son. [*Don Jose crosses to* L.] So, Don Jose, here I am once more! [*Throwing off disguise and discovering himself.*]

*Don J.* You! Don Cæsar! not dead!

*Don C.* Not yet.

*Don J.* Who saved your life?

*Don C.* You did, by rescuing me from the gallows.

*Don J.* But I saw you led out to execution; I heard the muskets.

*Don C.* So did I. [*Aside.*] And here are the bullets extracted in good time from the guns by my faithful Lazarillo. [*Shows bag containing bullets.*] Yes, here they are, six in number; they're better in my pocket than in my body. I never expected to receive them with so much satisfaction. [*Crosses,* L.

*Don J.* But you fell.

*Don C.* Of course I did; I could not do less when six gallant soldiers took the trouble to make me their target; I should have wounded their pride if I had made them think they had missed their aim.

*Don J.* I have been deceived.

*Don C.* And so have I; the illusion was so perfect, that I really thought I was dead, and, consequently, all my creditors paid, till I found myself among some of my old companions, with a dice-box in my hand and a flagon before me. [*Crosses* R.

*Don J.* Who can have betrayed me?

*Don C.* [*Aside.*] Thank heaven, he does not suspect the dear boy. [*Sitting down unceremoniously. Aloud.*] There seems to be a fête here.

*Don J.* There is. You are in danger! Why did you come?

*Don C.* I'll tell you, if you'll have a little patience. I happened to see a carriage with my own arms upon it, and on inquiry, I found it belonged to the Countess de Bazan; so here I am. Where's my wife? for you know I've not much time to lose, if the sentence of that cursed edict is to be respected.

*Don J.* [*Aside.*] He is not aware of his pardon. [*Aloud, with dignity.*] Tell me, Don Cæsar, what are your plans?

*Don C.* To see my wife; she's mine, and I may as well take possession; you gave her to me, and I have come to you, therefore, to profit by your benevolence.

*Don J.* [*Aside.*] Must all my designs be thus o'erthrown? No it shall not be.

*Enter* MARQUIS, C. *from* L.

*Marq.* My guests are merry fellows, they do nothing but drink to the Countess de Bazan.

*Don C.* (R.) The deuce they do! the Countess de Bazan! my wife! where is she?

*Marq.* I beg pardon, are you Don Cæsar? Are you the gentleman that is—not dead?

*Don J.* (L.) [*Aside to Marquis.*] Not a word, not another word; evince no astonishment at anything you hear or see. Do as I wish. [*Crosses,* L.

*Marq.* And the lap-dogs?

*Don J.* Shall be yours. [*Crosses to Don Cæsar. Aloud.*] Don Cæsar, your rights are sacred, and they shall be respected; your wife, the Countess de Bazan, is here, and shall join you immediately; wait for her.

[*Exit,* C. *and off,* R.

*Don C.* She comes, and I shall see her as I have seen her in my dreams, radiant in youth and beauty. [*The Marquis is going.*] Stay near me, Sir, and support me, I am sure I shall require it, the rapture will be too much for me; that soft white hand haunts me like a spectre.

*Enter* DON JOSE *leading in* MARCHIONESS, C. *from* L.

*Marq.* [*To Don Cæsar.*] Don't agitate yourself, be calm, I know what it is to await the coming of a lovely woman; I have a marchioness!

*Don J.* [*Looking significantly at Marquis.*] Don Cæsar, behold the Countess de Bazan. [*Presents Marchioness.*

*Don C.* The Countess—the devil!

*Marq.* [*Aside.*] He's giving him my wife! [*The Marchioness smiles.*] She likes it.

*Don C.* [*Bows formally. Aside.*] No wonder she wore a veil; sixty, by the mass!

*Marq.* He's struck with her!

*Don C.* [*To Marquis.*] Will you—will you show me the nearest way to the door?

*Don J.* Don Cæsar, the Countess de Bazan is prepared to fulfil all the duties of a wife to him—who has right to demand them.

*Don C.* I trust she will make no sacrifice on my account. [*Marchioness turns away. To Don Jose.*] You can make out another warrant for my execution; I should prefer it to this. [*To Marquis.*] My good friend, did you ever see such a perfect Gorgon? Frightful, isn't she?

*Marq.* [*Aside.*] Frightful, Don Cæsar? The man's troubles have ruined his eyesight.

*Don J.* The countess awaits your bidding. She is prepared to share your state and fortunes.

*Don C.* Madam, I will not take advantage of the accident of fate, charmed as I must be at the generosity of her who would share the lot of so poor, so dunned, so desperate a libertine as myself.

*Don J.* She knew your position when she consented to the union.

*Don C.* Did she? Then I will not be outdone in generosity. [*Crosses,* C.] Madam, I will not take you from those to whom you are endeared by years, [*Looks at her,*] *long years* of tender association. At your age—I mean—that is—in fact, madam, I free you from every tie; I am no longer a husband. [*Crosses*, R. C. *To Marquis.*] Did you ever see such infernal wrinkles?

*Marq.* Dimples, Sir, dimples! [*Aside.*] I shall betray myself, and lose the lap-dogs.

*Don C.* Perhaps, Madam, at some distant period, some *very* distant period—[*She turns to him.*] No, I can never venture. [*To Marquis.*] As a reasonable man, Marquis, I ask you, if, on any consideration in the world, you would call that venerable woman—wife?

*Marq.* Hem! [*Aside.*] This is too bad. [*Aloud.*] If you don't like her yourself, you needn't make other people dissatisfied.

*Don C.* Other people! Is there any foo—pray let me not stand in anybody's way.

*Don J.* [*Who has conversed apart with the Marchioness.*] Come, let us end this business; [*Crosses*, L.] you know, Don Cæsar, that the object of this marriage was your title and not yourself.

*Don C.* I am willing to stand by *that* bargain.

*Don J.* At your nuptials you had scarcely ten minutes to live.

*Don C.* Ah! I was happier then than I am now.

*Don J.* The Countess does not love you.

*Don C.* What wonderful unanimity in man and wife!

*Don J.* Your chains may yet be golden ones; your wife is rich, you have nothing.

*Don C.* Your estimate of my property is singularly exact.

*Don J.* You shall have a pension of six thousand piasters, if you quit Madrid forever.

*Don C.* Quit Madrid? the city of my birth! the home of my creditors!—the last apostrophe has decided me, I'll go.

*Don J.* You must also renounce all right acquired by your marriage.

*Don C.* Forego the bliss of—[*Peeps at the Marchioness.*] It's a bargain.

*Don J.* Will you sign a paper to that effect?

*Don C.* [*Hurries to table*, R.] Will I? Dictate the terms—the more binding the better.

*Don J.* [*Dictating.*] Don Cæsar, Count de Garofa, engages, on the honour of a gentleman, to quit Madrid forever.

*Don C.* [*Pauses.*] Forever; my poor creditors!

*Don J.* And renounces the Countess de Bazan, his wife.

*Don C.* Six thousand piasters for that; I would have purchased the same advantages at double the amount. [*Writes.*] My wife.

*Don J.* Never to claim the name of husband.

*Don C.* Oh, never, never!

*Don J.* Sign.

*Don C.* Don C—

*A* Servant *enters at back, and calls,* L. C.

*Ser.* The carriage of the Countess de Bazan.

*Don C.* [*Pauses.*] Eh!

*Don J.* Sign, sign, Don Cæsar. [*Goes up to him.*

*Ser.* Make way for the Countess de Bazan.

Maritana *passes at back from* L. *to* R., *attended by Nobles.*

*Don C.* I have been deceived; what do I see?

[*Maritana exits,* R. C. *Don Cæsar is about to follow, when Don Jose interposes.*

*Don J.* Stay, your signature! you have pledged the honour of a gentleman.

*Don C.* [*Tears the paper.*] I see the trick. There!

*Don J.* Don Cæsar, remember you are a condemned criminal; a word from me would be the signal of your death.

*Don C.* Ah! at last you throw off the mask; now we understand each other.

*Don J.* Flight is still possible. I will aid you on one condition.

*Don C.* No! no more shameful bargains.

*Don J.* Be warned! Pursue your wife a single step, and it will lead you to destruction.

*Don C.* She *is,* then, my wife? Give me free passage, or I shall owe the law another life; away!

[*Pushes him aside, and rushes off.*

*Don J.* Ho! guards! [*Drum—Soldiers enter, from* L.] Pursue that man; if he resist, fire upon him immediately.

*Music. General Movement. Tableau.*

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon furnished, windows and balcony,* C., *doors* R. *and* L. *A Madonna,* R., *chair,* L.

LAZARILLO *discovered, arranging table,* R.

*Laza.* All is prepared for the arrival of Don Jose What can be the meaning of these mysterious proceedings ? This house so suddenly engaged ; this lady for whom he seems to entertain so great a respect ? Should the Queen hear of this, farewell to the count's hopes of conquest. Ah ! he is here !

*Enter* DON JOSE, L. S. E.

*Don J.* Has any one arrived ?

*Laza.* Yes, my lord, the lady ; she is now in that chamber.

*Don J.* The servants and horses ?

*Laza.* Returned instantly to Madrid. Shall I announce your lordship ?

*Don J.* No. Do you remember the cavalier who addressed me yesterday, near the Escurial ?

*Laza.* Yes, my lord ; was it not the King ?

*Don J.* Silence ! [*Passes him to* L.] He will be here tonight ; he alone must be admitted to this apartment.

*Laza.* Should any others present themselves, my lord ?

*Don J.* Refuse them admittance. If they insist, you have your arquebuss—use it.

*Laza.* I will use it, my lord.

*Don J.* Go ! [*Lazarillo exits,* L. S. E.] This Don Cæsar, whom I thought dead—how did he escape ? His presence at this moment would ruin all. I will delay no longer ; to-night shall see my plans accomplished. The King will be here anon, and I have already dispatched a message to the Queen, apprising her of her husband's infidelity. She comes to-night to the neighboring palace of Aranguez ; there will I seek her, and urge a suit, which, in revenge, she may accord me. [*A horn at a distance.*] Ah ! the signal of the King.

*Enter* MARITANA, R. S. E.

*Marit.* What means that? [*Sees Don J.*] Ah! the Count de Santarem.

*Don J.* [*With ceremony.*] I trust that my orders have been punctually obeyed, madam; there is nothing you require?

*Marit.* Nothing, nothing, I thank you.

*Don J.* Then your bright dreams are realized; you have title, splendor, homage. Did I not prophesy rightly, madam? I have kept every promise.

*Marit.* You have, Don Jose; though the Countess de Bazan already regrets the wishes of Maritana. [*Weeps.*

*Don J.* Wherefore? why these tears?

*Marit.* Oh, think me not ungrateful to you and to the Queen: but 'midst the splendor which surrounds me, I often sigh for the free course and happy thoughts of the poor dancing girl.

*Don J.* Hush!

*Enter* LAZARILLO, L. S. E.

*Laza.* HE is here, my lord.

*Marit.* Who?

*Don J.* Your husband, madam.

*Marit.* My husband! [*Weeps.*

*The* KING *enters,* L. S. E.

[*Don Jose salutes him respectfully, and signs to Lazarillo, and both exeunt,* R.

*King.* [*Aside.*] At length we are together. [*Aloud.*] Maritana!

*Marit.* [*Aside.*] Heaven! how I tremble, even at his voice!

*King.* Why do you not answer me? why do you not approach me?

*Marit.* Pardon me, my lord, but—

*King.* Your lips are colourless; [*Takes her hand,*] your hand is icy as death.

*Marit.* [*Taking away her hand.*] I—I—[*Aside.*] I cannot speak.

*King.* Wherefore this chilling welcome? are you not happy?

*Marit.* [*Aside.*] Happy! [*Aloud.*] How shall I answer you? Can you wonder at my uneasiness? Our strange marriage, the distance which separates us, the noble and the beggar; I still feel how much you are my superior; I dare not raise my eyes to yours; I—I—fear you.

*King.* Fear me! [*With hauteur.*] We would know—[*Pauses.*] Oh, Maritana, how you wrong me by such feelings! I love you, and would sacrifice all to know my love returned. [*Kisses her hand, which she withdraws.*

*Marit.* Oh!

*King.* What? Don Jose told me you waited my coming with impatience. He has deceived me.

*Marit.* Not you alone, my lord; I also have been deceived.

*King.* How?

*Marit.* By this union. The husband that he assigned me, was one proscribed and ruined; but still both brave and noble. His sword was ever the defender of the weak; his voice, the advocate of the oppressed; where'er he went, mirth followed after. A wanderer like myself, I felt almost his equal. I thought that he would know my heart, and from his memory of the past, forgive the errors of the present.

*King.* Nor shall you be deceived. Each luxury shall minister to your desires. My love shall be so prodigal, that in despite of all, you shall return my passion. [*Embracing her.*

*Marit.* [*Disengaging herself.*] Unhand me, count; unhand me.

*King.* [*Enraged.*] I understand. You love another, Maritana; your heart, I thought, never beat with passion or desire. I am deceived. For this I've made you what you are! Ingrate! To your chamber, madam; you must learn the duty you owe your lord and husband.

*Marit.* I obey you; you have reason for your anger; I obey you, my lord and my master. [*Exit,* R. D.

*King.* Doth she relent? why should I hesitate? [*Going towards* R. D.] She may yet be won.

(*A shot heard.*)

DON CÆSAR *enters over Balcony,* L. C.

*Don C.* That's a villanous way to receive a guest.

What the devil have I done to be continually made a target? [*The King retires and observes.*

Lazarillo *enters*, l. c., *with an arquebuss in his hand.*

*Laza.* [*Starts.*] Ah! Don Cæsar. [*Exit*, l. d.

*Don C.* Well! [*Sees the King.*] Pardon, Signor, I had not the honor of seeing you till this moment.

*King.* [*Bows.*] Why did you enter by that window?

*Don C.* Well, Signor, simply because the door was shut!

*King.* I am in no humour for jesting: what is your motive?

*Don C.* A pardonable one. By the light of the moon, I saw in the next balcony a very pretty woman, and I wished to speak to her.

*King.* What, Sir?

*Don C.* I knocked at the door, the porter refused me admittance how was: I to get in? There was but one opening, and that was this window; I was about to ascend, when whizz came a bullet through my hat. [*Shows hole in hat.*] Sacred hospitality, how you are insulted!

*King.* What is your business with this lady?

*Don C.* Pardon me, I never violate confidence; I merely wish—to see her—that's all.

*King.* Impertinent! I desire you to quit the room.

*Don C.* After the trouble I 've had to get here? Are you—

*King.* The master of this house.

*Don C.* The master of this house—hum! this house, where I have seen the Countess de Bazan!

*King.* You know her, then?

*Don C.* Very slightly; I've only seen her for about ten minutes. But, if she resides here, may I ask your name?

*King.* [*Haughtily.*] I am—[*Pauses, looks at the door of Maritana's chamber.*] I am Don Cæsar de Bazan. [*Sits.*

*Don C.* Eh! Don Cæsar de Bazan! [*Aside.*] Egad! I excel the Phœnix, for two Don Cæsars have arisen from my ashes.

*Enter* Lazarillo, c.

*King.* Now that I have satisfied you, I demand to know your name.

*Don C.* [*Aside.*] The unblushing rascal!

*Laza.* [*Whispers aside to Don Cæsar.*] It is the King. [*Exit,* L. D. F.

*Don C.* Eh, Lazarillo?

*King.* You hesitate, sir.

*Don C.* [*Aside.*] The King here; I understand all.

*King.* My question embarrasses you. I demand an answer.

*Don C.* Certainly. If you are Don Cæsar de Bazan, [*Seats himself* L. C. *with dignity, and places his hat on his head.*] I am the King of Spain.

*King.* What! The King?

*Don C.* The—King—of—Spain.

*King.* You!

*Don C.* [*Tauntingly and pleasantly.*] As surely as you are Don Cæsar de Bazan. Ah! it astonishes you to see majesty unattended at this hour of the night, at the door of a pretty woman who is not the Queen. There's nothing surprising in it, I assure you. I was out of spirits—Kings require relaxation sometimes; but not a word of this royal folly; though with you, Don Cæsar, I may rest satisfied; you will not betray our secret.

*King.* [*Aside.*] Insolent! Who can he be?

*Don C.* Ha! by the bye, I remember Don Cæsar; I know all my subjects—a witty, gallant fellow, somewhat of my own humour. He killed the captain of our guard in a duel, in spite of our royal edict. He was shot in the outer court of the barrack. [*Rises and advances to the King.*] Be kind enough to answer me one question—If you are Don Cæsar, what right have you to be alive? If I were to denounce you, every loyal Spaniard would be ready to pink you. [*Calmly.*] But we will not betray you.

*King.* [*Rises.*] Your Majesty forgets—

*Don C.* 'Tis possible. The keeper of the King's memory has gone hunting with the keeper of the King's conscience. But what has our Majesty forgotten?

*King.* You forget that Don Cæsar received the pardon of the King.

*Don C.* Indeed!

*King.* At eight o'clock on the night of his condemnation.

*Don C.* His pardon at eight! [*Aside.*] But I was shot at seven. [*Aloud.*] I remember; we did pardon Don Cæsar—an hour too late, [*Aside,*] though I don't grumble.

*King.* You see it would be useless to denounce me.

*Don C.* As useless as for me to retain a title which does not belong to me.

*King.* Then you are *not* the King of Spain?

*Don C.* No; you suspected as much, I suppose. Am I right?

*King.* And you are——

*Enter* LAZARILLO, L.

*Don C.* A man who need not fear to meet a legion of Alguazils. I am——

*Laza.* [*Down,* L.] Sire, a private messenger.

[*Kneels and gives letter.*

*King.* [*Crosses to Lazarillo quickly.*] What is this? [*Reads.*] Eh! treason! The Queen knows of my absence; at the palace of Aranguez. My horse, boy; stay. [*Aside to Lazarillo.*] You are attached to Don Jose?

*Laza.* Yes, sire.

*King.* Keep close watch on that man. Let him be removed; and above *all,* learn his name. [*Exit,* L.

*Laza.* Don Cæsar, is it you?

*Don C.* Yes, me that you rescued from a dishonourable death.

*Laza.* I had nigh performed the office of executioner myself.

*Don C.* [*Shows hat.*] True.

*Laza.* But I knew not that it was you. I——

*Don C.* Psha! could I doubt you, Lazarillo? But tell me, am I to leave this house?

*Laza.* Such are my orders.

*Don C.* If I refuse—if I resist?

*Laza.* Resist! Who will oppose you? There is no one here but myself; I am the servant of Don Cæsar.

*Don C.* Good lad! should I ever grow rich——

*Laza.* You will retain me in your service.

*Don C.* Service! you shall have a dozen lacqueys to wait on you; but, Lazarillo, there is a lady in this house?

*Laza.* Yes.

*Don C.* I wish to see her—you must take me to her.

*Enter* MARITANA, R.

*Laza.* She is here, my lord.

*Marit.* A stranger!

*Don C.* Leave us, Lazarillo. [*Exit Lazarillo,* L. S. E.] Well, madam, we have met at last—[*Maritana starts at his voice and listens intently; as her recognition of him occurs, she evinces pleasure,*] not without some trouble and some danger on my part. I've been hunted by a full pack of Alguazils, and fired at by a tolerably good marksman, and all for this interview.

*Marit.* That voice! "I fear to satisfy myself, lest my "new-born hopes should wither."

*Don C.* You seem surprised; you do not know me, Maritana—"nevertheless, we are known to each other; so "well, that I can tell you your history.

"*Marit.* Signor! [*Aside.*] To what will this lead?

"*Don C.* Maritana, you are called beautiful—[*Looking at* "*her*]—*very* beautiful. You knew that you were so, and "grew dissatisfied with your humble station; you thought "so fair a flower ought not to fade in the streets, whilst the "*salons* of Madrid might be adorned by its beauty. The "thought pleased you, and from that time it became a de-"sire. Was it not so?

*Marit.* "You are right, Signor; and" you are—

"*Don C.* Your judge, madam; but one that would not "judge so harshly of you, as of myself; for you but sought "an honourable position, he has abandoned one.

"*Marit.* Go on.

"*Don C.* Though I have belied my rank, I have pre-"served my honour and my name?

"*Marit.* Why ask this of me?

*Don C.* "Because I am" your husband, Don Cæsar de Bazan.

*Marit.* You! [*Regards him passionately.*

*Don C.* "You doubt me," Maritana. I "now" know all. You thought my death was certain; you paused not to acquire the title you coveted even in a prison. When you left the altar, you listened for the sounds that were to bring death to me, and liberty to you.

*Marit.* [*Horror stricken.*] What say you?

*Don C.* Thus did you to acquire title and a name, which you have consigned to infamy. "It was more than criminal—it was cowardly."

*Marit.* 'Tis false! I have never wronged my husband's honour, even in thought. [*Tenderly.*] But are you indeed my husband? another has claimed the title of Don Cæsar, and—

*Don C.* Mockery! The King of Spain needs not the influence of so poor a name. [*Crosses,* R.

*Marit.* The King of Spain!

*Don C.* Ay, the King of Spain! Royal wooers seldom sue in vain.

*Marit.* Stay; prove to me your right to question, and I will answer all. What proof have you to give that you are not deceiving me—that you are my husband?

*Don C.* "What proof?" My honour.

*Marit.* Ah! you spoke to me but once. Do you remember the words you then addressed to me?

*Don C.* Perfectly, madam: "To you I devote the rest of my existence."

*Marit.* You are my husband; those are the words you uttered! [*She is advancing—He repels her.*

*Don C.* Your pardon, madam; your royal lover brooks no rival. [*Crosses,* L.

*Marit.* Oh, Don Cæsar—husband! let not my sufferings be thus repaid. Hear me, and then condemn me if you can. On the day—I—I saved you from the fury of the mob, Fate threw me in the way of one who professed an interest in my welfare, and told me he was commissioned by the Queen to raise me to the station I coveted. The means proposed were—

*Don C.* [*Sarcastically.*] Most honourable.

*Marit.* Yes, most honourable; for in marrying you, I believed I wedded one who had professed a regard for me, [*Tremulously,*] one for whom I had felt a deeper interest than for any other being.

*Don C.* Are you deceiving?

*Marit.* Are these tears the offspring of deceit? [*Seizes his hand and kneels.*] Oh, husband! I have suffered for my pride; but be thou the judge how I have preserved thy honour. If I have been faithless, let me answer with my life.

*Don C.* Fearful conditions, Maritana.

*Marit.* I dare abide the issue. Oh, Don Cæsar! you know not to what a thing of power that love has grown, which had its birth almost at the altar. The hours of fear and self-reproach which I have passed, have made your image an idol to my heart.

*Don C.* [*Embracing her.*] I must believe you, Maritana. Don Cæsar, the adventurer, is no more; the Count Garofa will live worthy of his name, since you must share it with him. [*Drum heard.*] Ah! soldiers approach the house.

*Marit.* Then fly; save yourself.

*Don C.* Fly, when the King is at your chamber door?

*Marit.* Fear not for me; go seek the Queen. She is at Aranguez; tell her that Maritana is in danger. She will rescue me.

*Don C.* Not whilst I have a sword to second a stout heart.

*Marit.* [*Clinging to him.*] I know how much I ask of you, who would rather trust to your own arm, than seek succour of a woman. But for my sake—for her who will prove how deeply she adores you—go to the Queen.

*Don C.* [*Kisses her.*] To the Queen! [*Exit*, C.

[*She kneels before a Madonna.*

*Organ heard.*

*At the end of Organ,* LAZARILLO *enters,* L. D.

*Laza.* Madam, the King.

*Marit.* What is to be done? Do not leave me, Lazarillo.

*Laza.* He will order me to withdraw.

*Marit.* True, you must obey him; but at least let me have some protection. [*Takes a dagger from his girdle.*] At the worst, this will free me from his power.

*The* KING *enters,* L.

*King.* [*To Lazarillo.*] Where is the stranger that I left here?

*Laza.* Gone, Sire.

*King.* What has brought him here?

*Laza.* He had escaped from prison, Sire.

*King.* Leave us. [*Lazarillo looks at Maritana.*

*Marit.* Lazarillo, obey the orders of his Majesty.

[*Exit Lazarillo,* L. D

*King.* Majesty! who has dared to betray me?

*Marit.* He that has betrayed you, Sire, is the same who counselled you to commit a meanness unworthy of a King.

*King.* How, madam!

*Marit.* He who has made a mockery of the altar—who brought you to me as my husband, the Count de Bazan.

*King.* Maritana, I am the King. My pride has long revolted at the deceit we practised on you. Now that you know me for what I am, listen to me.

*Marit.* Leave me, Sire, I implore you—leave me.

*King.* Leave you! you—the only one I have ever truly loved!

*Marit.* Oh, Sire! in pity, go. Be generous—be merciful.

" *King.* But one embrace—one.

" *Marit.* [*Draws dagger.*] One step nearer, and I strike."

*King.* What, Maritana! am I so loathsome to you?

*Marit.* No, Sire; but I am wife of one who must find me worthy of him, or find me no more.

*King.* Of whom speak you?

*Marit.* Of my husband, Don Cæsar de Bazan.

*King.* He is dead.

DON CÆSAR *enters*, L. D.

*Don C.* Not yet, Sire, thanks to your Majesty's gracious pardon.

*Marit.* Ha! [*Crosses to him, and throws dagger down.*] My husband will protect me.

*King.* Your husband!

[*Don Cæsar crosses* R., *locks both doors, and takes out keys.*

*King.* What have you done, sir?

*Don C.* (R. D.) Locked the doors, Sire, that no one may enter—that no one may hear that to which we alone should listen. [*Crosses,* C.

*Marit.* [*Aside.*] What will be the end of this?

*Don C.* [*Fiercely.*] If the persecutor of my wife had been a gentleman and soldier like myself, I fear that I should have denied him even the chance of an encounter—I think that at once I should have dispatched him; for in such a case one does not look for reparation, but revenge; you, Sire, are my King, [*Presents his sword,*] and thus do I disarm my vengeance.

*King.* You are speaking, sir, to the King of Spain.

*Don C.* To whom else should I speak? We cannot always subdue the will or restrain the hand. I will render both powerless. [*Throws away sword.*] But reparation must be made.

*King.* [*With effort.*] Proceed, sir; your audacity pleases me.

*Marit.* Remember, Don Cæsar, it is your King.

*Don C.* Yes, it is my King. Sire, this poor weak woman, against whom such power has combined, has sought the protection of our beloved Queen.

*King.* The Queen!

*Don C.* Yes, Sire, I was her messenger to the Palace of Aranguez.

*King.* Then you have seen the Queen?

*Don C.* You shall hear, Sire. When I arrived at the palace, I was denied admittance; but, regardless of the guns of the sentinels—

*Marit.* Ah! you have been in danger.

*Don C.* No; you forget that I am bullet-proof.

*King.* Well, well.

*Don C.* I climbed the garden wall; under the shadow of some trees, I crept close to a pavilion, whence proceeded two voices—that of a man and a woman's. The woman, though greatly moved, spoke proudly; the voice of the man trembled with passionate emotion. I heard this —"Madam, you are deceived—your husband meets his mistress to-night. Some officers of the King shall follow him to a secluded chateau in the forest, and bring you proof of his infidelity."

*King.* Who has dared to place a watch upon my actions?

*Don C.* The man was Don Jose de Santarem, your favourite minister; the lady—was the Queen.

*King.* 'Tis false! if it were true—

[*Crosses up* L. *towards doors.*

*Don C.* [*Coolly.*] Your Majesty forgets that I have locked the doors.

*King.* Traitor! [*Comes down,* L.

*Don C.* I told you, Sire, that reparation must be made; do you understand me now? The minister betrays his King, the subject would dishonor his Queen.

*King.* Don Cæsar, on your allegiance open that door.

*Don C.* The wrong you would have inflicted on me, another now practices towards you; yet you cannot leave this room. [*The King puts his hands to his face, and falls in a chair.*] Each moment is an age of agony, and yet you cannot quit this place to satisfy your doubt. All that you made me suffer, you are now enduring; and yet you cannot stir but at my will.

*King.* [*Points to door.*] Don Cæsar, at your peril hesitate a moment longer.

*Don C.* This retribution is terrible, is it not?

*King.* Take up your sword; [*Rises,*] I am a King no longer; your treason forces me to become your equal. Defend yourself, and save me from becoming an assassin.

*Marit.* [*Crosses* C. *and is put back by Don Cæsar.*] Oh, Sire, for heaven's sake!

*King.* (L.) Take up your sword, or I will strike.

*Don C.* You will be too late.

*King.* Too late! How?

*Don C.* When did a Spanish gentleman hesitate to revenge an insult to his King? Think you I have spared the man who would have made my dishonour the stepping-stone to yours? No, Sire, I have struck. Sire, your honour is preserved. It is now your turn to deal with mine.

[*Kneels and points to Maritana.*

*King.* [*Raises him.*] Rise, Don Cæsar.

[*Drum heard, and cries of "The King! The King!"*]

*The doors are burst open, and Nobles enter. Lazarillo takes back chair.*

*Officers.* It is the King.

*King.* Yes, gentlemen, we have visited Don Cæsar de Bazan, one of our most faithful servants. [*All seem surprised.*] Don Cæsar de Bazan, we have appointed you Governor of Valencia.

*Don C.* The government of Granada is also vacant, Sire.

*King.* Why rather Granada than Valencia?

*Don C.* Granada is twice the distance from Madrid, [*Points to Maritana,*] and that doubles the obligation; and besides, there I've no creditors.

*King.* [*Smiles.*] Be it as you wish. We appoint our faithful subject, Don Cæsar de Bazan, Governor of Granada.

### *Finale.*

Long live the King! Long live the King! Long live the King!
Who e'er repays our love with love again,
Let peace be joined to length of days,
Let peace be joined to bless his happy reign.

## DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Soldiers. Soldiers.
Ladies. Nobles. Nobles. Ladies.
Maritana. Don Cæsar. King.

THE END.

LE.C
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